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"CAP'N GEORGE FRED"

THE HOME PORT

FROM PAINTING BY

HARRY NEYLAND

"CAP'N GEORGE FRED"

HIMSELF

by CAPTAIN GEORGE FRED TILTON

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PAINTINGS
AND DRAWINGS BY
HARRY NEYLAND
AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
M. D. C. CRAWFORD

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T473

1928
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FIRST EDITION

HARRY NEYLAND

Who inspired and encouraged its publication,
this book is affectionately dedicated
by the author

201265

NOTE

The author wishes to acknowledge his indebtedness to the following friends who assisted materially in making this work possible:

To the whalemen of New Bedford and those from many other ports who have experienced adventures on the seven seas and with whom it has been my privilege to associate.

To Harry Neyland, whose illustrations are found on many of these pages.

To Joseph Chase Allen, who wrote for the *Vineyard Gazette* "Life and Adventures of Captain George Fred Tilton, as told to Joseph Chase Allen," a portion of which appears as a part of this book.

To the many thousands of people who have heard my lectures aboard the ship *Charles W. Morgan* and elsewhere and have persistently demanded some record of my life.

G. F. T.

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**Reproduced from a drawing made by Mr. Harry Neyland from wood blocks cut by whalers and printed in old log books now in the possession of Mr. Neyland.

INTRODUCTION

Cap'n George Fred is the best story-teller it has ever been my good fortune to listen to, and in the interest of the thousands of boys, old and young, who would delight to hear him, I want to make it impossible for George Fred Tilton, the author, to be swayed by any false respect for the trade of writing and omit any of the salty experiences which have delighted his friends for years.

Homer's Iliad must originally have been a fine and spicy tale. Then the literary men of Greece smoothed it out and in making it more elegant undoubtedly lost the flavour of the original narrative. I am doing my part to prevent this modern Homer of Martha's Vineyard from leaving out those personal episodes for which no literary elegance could possibly compensate.

My own whaling experience covers the seven seas and extends over a half century of time. It contains neither hardships, nor inconveniences, nor exertions. In fact it has not been necessary for me to get out of an easy chair to enjoy it. I have gotten most of it sitting either before a comfortable fireplace in Harry Neyland's studio surrounded by walrus tusks, ships' models, canvasses,

harpoons, blunderbusses, carved ivories and curiously shaped bottles of ancient workmanship (and some neither so old nor so curious), or with Cap'n George Fred aboard the old *Charles W. Morgan* now safely cruising through space as the world spins round the sun but otherwise comfortably and substantially cradled at Round Hills. This to my judgment is the best way to go whaling. Cap'n George Fred is my favourite captain.

Breathless but comfortable I have sat while he buffeted the pagan Gods of the North for thousands of frozen and bitter miles with a sled drawn by a half dozen wolfish dogs, two smoky Eskimo as his companions, behind him three hundred-odd comrades caught in the ice beyond Point Barrow, and before him a faint point of hope and succour. I have felt the lash of the driven sleet and pangs of hunger; I have tossed on a thirty-seven mile wide strait in a leaky dory. I have thrilled to the red pennant of courage as he licked a once and justly famous prize-fighter in the heyday of that worthy's fame in a palace of more or less entertainment in San Francisco. I have attended the weddings of Princesses in the Hawaiian Islands and the subsequent celebrations incident to these affairs. I have ranged alongside whales with harpoon poised and a choppy sea running; I have seen the fog come down and the storm raise—and all without the necessity of taking my feet off the table.

The profession which Captain George Fred Tilton

originally belonged to began when the first venturesome savages straddled a log and paddled across some Neolithic river. It will continue when men find at last a way from star to star and trade with the moon for the treasures of Mars with canned beef from Chicago and cotton prints from New Bedford. He is now experimenting with a more recent trade—to give it no harsher name—that of telling about things rather than doing things. I salute him with a salutation so familiar in the old days of whaling—"A Greasy Voyage!"

M. D. C. Crawford.

"CAP'N GEORGE FRED"

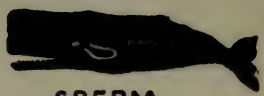
HUMP BACK

COW FISH

BOW HEAD

BLACK FISH

FIN BACK



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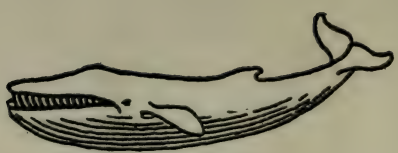

SULPHUR BOTTOM

Chapter I

HOME OR THE SEA?

ONLY a few scattered bricks and the cellar hole are left to-day to show where the house stood where I was born, January 12, 1861. This old-fashioned, oak-framed, story-and-a-half dwelling built by my great-grandfather in Chilmark on the island of Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts, was known as the Oliver Tilton House. The upper floor was never "finished off," although a couple of rooms were partitioned from the open attic. The rafters and roof boards were thus exposed and it was none too tight. Often, as a boy, I turned out in the morning and had to wade through a snowdrift in my bare feet to get downstairs. I guess that sort of thing is what made us all so healthy.

I was the fourth one of ten children—eight boys and two girls—and here is a funny thing: my mother also was one of ten children—eight boys and two girls. One

of the girls lived just one day and one of the boys died in infancy; the same thing happened in our family.

Of course I went to school as soon as I was old enough, but I didn't go much. We had a fall term and a spring term. I was only able to attend in the fall. In those days the townspeople were always hollering about "keeping the town's money at home," and so the oldest girl that finished school in the fall was generally the teacher when school opened in the spring. How in the devil could you expect children to learn anything under such conditions? I was full of deviltry anyway, and used to run away from school, and from home for that matter, every chance I got. But there was one term when I really learned something. Thurston Tilton was the teacher, and I was so scared of him that I couldn't help learning. Then one winter I went to a private school kept by the late Judge Beriah T. Hillman. I learned something there too, and my brother Welcome helped the judge to dig the cellar for his house on the Middle Road, to pay for my schooling. I've never forgotten that.

All of our family had a liking for the water and I was in it or on it about as soon as my legs were strong enough to carry me to the beach. I had a chum about my age that I always played with and whenever I went anywhere with him I always got into trouble.

I remember one time there was a wreck on Naushon, across Vineyard Sound. Everyone was talking about it

and of course all the boys, including myself, were interested. Two of my older brothers, my chum and myself went over to the shore, and there we found that the devil himself had greased the ways for us. Laying alongside of the old paint mill clay wharf was a big cat-boat. We knew that it belonged to a man from Cuttyhunk, and we also knew that he wouldn't be after it until late in the evening. It didn't take us long to decide to take that boat and sail over to visit the wreck.

We were all small, but we made sail, cast off, and headed across Vineyard Sound. There was very little wind, which was a mighty good thing for us, but it made our progress slow. It was still daylight when we got over to Naushon, where we found that the wreck was nearly all under water. We soon saw all we wanted of it and started back. It was dark by that time. There was no wind at all and the Sound was full of all sorts of steamers and vessels. We couldn't do much but drift, although we kept one boy at the wheel and another on lookout. We had instinct enough for that.

In the meantime the owner of the boat had showed up at the paint mill wharf and found that she was gone. He suspected us right away and went to see my father. Well, just as soon as Father and Mother had made sure that we boys were nowhere about, Father took a row-boat and started out to look for us.

It was pretty dark out there on the sound and you couldn't see far, but all at once the boy on the lookout

sung out: "There's a boat!" My brother William, who really was in command, shouted, "Keep her off!" It sounds mighty funny now when I think of it. He didn't know where the boat was nor whether to keep off or luff, and he couldn't have done either one if he had tried, for we had no steerage way. It was Father's boat, as you might expect, and the next minute he shot alongside and came aboard. Well sir, he made each one of us take an oar and pull that catboat home with his rowboat towing astern. Talk about galleys!—we were nearly dead when we landed.

We started walking home from the beach and when we got to the proper place, Father told my chum to go home. He started all right, but he didn't go far, just dropped back and trailed us, for he knew that he had an awful licking in store for him. He didn't have any parents and the folks he lived with treated him pretty mean.

When we got near our home I remember Mother coming to the door and calling Father, asking him if we were all there. He told her we were and when we got in we had some supper and went to bed, for Father thought that he had punished us enough by making us pull the boat.

I knew that my chum was hanging around the house, though, and I raised the window and called for him as softly as I could. When he showed up, I told him that I'd come down and let him in as soon as the folks

turned in. I did it too, but Father was on to me and came right up a few minutes later and found him there. He let him stay, though, and went home with him in the morning and squared things with his folks by telling them how he made the boy work.

The boy left the Vineyard while still young and I never saw or heard anything of him for more than forty years. Then one summer he came to the Island and started to hunt me up. He went to my house and found out that I was at the beach, so he started to meet me. Well, he ran into my brother and myself and he said, "I know that you are Welcome and George Fred, but I don't know which is which." Of course I didn't know him at all, and when he told me who he was I said, "Well, by Godfrey, I hain't going home!" "Why not?" he asked, rather surprised. "Because," I said, "I never came home from anywhere with you in my life that I didn't catch the devil or get a licking!" I didn't get either one that day, though, for a wonder.

Along about the time I was thirteen years old I began to cruise about with a boy by the name of Eugene Francis. He was about one-quarter Gay Head Indian and perhaps two years older than I. When we were together our talk was always about whaling, for we both wanted to go.

You see, I worked for Captain Granville Manter, who was a famous whaling captain. He used to tell me stories of the sea and of the whaling business, of the

islands and ports that the ships touched at, and of all manner of things that happen aboard ship, and you can bet that I kept my ears pricked up every minute while he was talking.

But that wasn't all. There were a number of men in the neighbourhood who were whalers and everyone was more or less interested in the business and talked about it all the time. My two oldest brothers had already gone to sea, and every time I heard of the life a whaler led and of the money to be made by whaling I longed for the day when I could go to sea. So Gene Francis and I read all of the shipping news and talked the matter over and over.

Gene's mother was willing for him to go to sea. She didn't pay much attention to him, anyway, but my folks wouldn't let me go. Of course, I could run away, but even in those days there was law against shipping a boy without the consent of his parents. Gene and I talked it all over, and one day when we found that the bark *Spartan* was to sail from New Bedford on a date not far distant, he said that he was going to sail on her, and that I should go with him. But how about my parents' permission? I was only fourteen years old and they flatly refused to allow me to go to sea. Nothing was easier than to overcome this obstacle, according to Gene, and to prove it, he wrote out a very formal and well-worded permit for me, signing it with my father's name. It satisfied me and I felt sure that it would be accepted by

any agent or master, so we set to work to perfect our plans.

There were two boats a day from the Vineyard to New Bedford, and we planned to wait until the day before the ship was to sail, then to take the last boat from the Vineyard, in order to lessen the danger of pursuit.

This plan was carried out without a hitch. We landed in New Bedford, found the ship's agent without any trouble or delay, and applied for berths on the *Spartan*. He never looked twice at my permit, but laid it aside and signed us both on the articles. Then he asked us if we had any money, and finding that we had none, he sent us to a sailors' boarding house on School Street to await the hour of sailing.

At this point I should explain that my mother was a New Bedford woman and that all her people lived there, including my grandparents, whom I had never seen. My grandfather was employed by an outfitter, J. T. Richardson. This is all mentioned by way of making clear the happenings which followed.

The first boat from the Vineyard on the day following my departure brought my father hot on my trail. He went at once to my grandfather and asked his assistance in locating me. Grandfather knew all about the sailings and went right to the agent of the *Spartan*, found my name on the articles—for I hadn't been smart enough to use a fictitious one—and immediately bawled out that agent and threatened him with arrest for shipping a boy

without a permit. But when the agent produced the permit he had to admit that there was no case for law. The agent told him where I was and he and Father decided to give me a scare that would cure me of the desire for seafaring, temporarily, at least.

Gene and I were at dinner in the boarding house. I wasn't any too contented or easy, for I was in a strange element. I was just a kid, fresh from the country—the picture of innocence, you might say. In came a couple of cops and I smelled a mouse right away. They came right over to us and spoke: "Is your name George Fred Tilton?" I said it was. "Well, come with us!" I started to get up from the table, when one of them said: "Finish your dinner first, boy." But I said no, I'd had enough. My appetite had left me entirely and I was just a scared kid.

Instead of taking me to the jail as I expected, they took me to the outfitter's store, where my grandfather was. He told me who he was and thanked the police, who left. Then turning to me he said, "You're a lucky boy! I had to talk to those officers for two hours to keep 'em from locking you up! Know that? You forged your father's name, and forgery is one of the most serious crimes there is!"

I tell you, he laid into me until I felt like a criminal who has gone down the scale until life imprisonment is the very least he can expect if caught, but I wouldn't give Gene away. He had tried to help me as a good

Whalers in Home Port

"Cap'n George Fred" at the Age of Fourteen

chum should, and the least I could do was to keep still and let him get away.

Well, after scaring me almost to death, grandfather gave me his home address on a piece of paper and told me to go there and report to my grandmother. I was tickled, all right! After getting worked up to a point where I had expected almost anything to happen to me, then to be sent to my grandmother—well, I was just about as happy and contented as they make 'em until I stepped into Grandfather's house and there, by Godfrey, was Father.

We had quite a session there, but everything worked out all right and Father announced that he was going to stay in the city for a few days. He stayed there, as a matter of fact, and during that time I had the run of the place. They weren't afraid of my running away; or anyway, that's what I thought. I roamed around the waterfront and got pretty gloomy. The *Spartan* had sailed with my chum aboard, my plans had all gone askew, and I felt beaten, but I was still determined to go to sea if any opportunity presented itself.

Then one afternoon I met a captain of a schooner who was looking for a boy. 'T wasn't a whaler, but I didn't mind that. I told him my story and also that I could steer and find my way about aboard a vessel. He agreed to give me a berth on his vessel and said that he would come ashore for me at eight in the evening, the schooner being anchored in the river.

That night I sneaked out and hustled for the dock. Sure enough, that captain was there and in a very few minutes we were aboard the schooner. Now, I didn't know it, but it appeared that someone of the family had been following me wherever I went around the city and I had no more than boarded that schooner when my uncle ran alongside in a rowboat.

"You're a pretty slippery young fellow," he said, "but you're not quite slippery enough! Get into this boat, body and breeches!" Then he gave the captain hell and took me ashore. When we landed he led me by the hand all the way home and that night my father slept with me, by Godfrey!

The next day we took the boat for the Vineyard, and landing at Vineyard Haven, we walked home, about eleven miles—and I was right back where I started from, pretty blue, but not yet beaten.

When I say that I felt blue, I mean just that. I missed my chum something awful and I mourned all the time because I had failed to sail with him. But I said to myself, "I'll get away yet!" and I worked better than ever, too, as Father should have noticed. And—I still watched the paper for shipping news.

The next thing that attracted my attention was the announcement that the schooner *Union*, also of New Bedford, was fitting out for a fifteen months' voyage. She was being fitted out by the man that employed my grandfather and was to sail on May 17, 1875. This date

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was about a week off, and I made up my mind that when the *Union* sailed, George Fred would be among those present, but I kept right on working and being the best behaved boy you ever saw.

At that time old Captain Daniel Flanders ran a little sailing packet between Menemsha Creek and New Bedford. His boat wasn't over six or seven tons burthen and he ran her alone, taking over wool and salt fish or whatever freight anyone had, and bringing back small lots of freight for anyone who wanted anything.

Early in the morning on the day before the *Union* was to sail I ran away from home and walked to Menemsha Creek. I found Captain Flanders and asked him if I could make the trip over and back with him for pleasure. "Yes indeed," said he, "you're just the boy I want to help me pole her out of the creek. We'll be back to-morrow."

Everything appeared to work my way. We got out of the creek about ten in the morning, the wind was light and we didn't get into New Bedford until four in the afternoon. We had some coffee and hardtack then and after that the old man had to go up-town to order his freight and left me in charge of the boat. While he was gone I went over to the Union street wharf where the *Union* laid. There were boys playing around on the wharf and on the vessel, and a number of men standing around talking. A few questions here and there gave me all the information I needed, which consisted mainly in the hour

set for sailing. I then returned to the packet. When Captain Flanders came down aboard I told him I wanted to take a walk up-town myself, and he gave me a quarter before I left. I went back to the *Union* again. The boys were still playing there and I joined the crowd. Watching my chance I dropped down into the hatchway, then into the lower hold, and worked my way clear up into the "eyes" of the vessel, just as far forward as I could get. There I made myself as comfortable as I could, and settled down for the night. I didn't have a very pleasant night's rest, but if I was afraid, it was mostly of being caught.

In the morning things began to happen. I didn't have any way of knowing what time it was, but I found out later that a tug pulled the schooner out into the stream at eight o'clock. She anchored then and the crew was put aboard, and about 1 P.M. the tug took her to sea.

All this time I laid there in the dark hold, scared almost to death for fear some one would come down and find me. As we got further out into the bay, perhaps somewhere near Hen and Chickens lightship, I could hear 'em making sail, and the bow began to "chow" through the sea. It sounded like the devil and it seemed as if the water would burst right through the planking. There was an awful smell down there, too, mostly of oil casks and bilge water, but I was too scared to be sick. I stayed right there until the second morning. Then I crawled over the casks to the hatchway. One of the

hatches was off as is customary when the weather is good, and I reached up, caught hold of the coamings and hauled myself on deck. There was no land in sight. My first voyage had really begun.

The captain's name was Allen and in addition to him there were two mates, Long and Tuttee, a Portugee; also three boatsteerers, Lee, Black and Duff, in the afterguard. Of course, I didn't find out any of this until some time later, but the first man I saw was the first mate, Long.

"Where did you come from?" he hailed me. I realized the truth must be told and I did it. "How old are you?" was his next question. I told him "fourteen" and then I received my first order board ship: "Go aft to the captain; that's him on the poop!"

Chapter II

JOHN BROWN'S BODY

I walked mighty slow. All the tales of tough skippers that I had ever heard came back to me and I dreaded the reception that I felt might be waiting for me on the poop. I wished that the deck was a mile long, but it didn't seem to me that I had taken more than a couple of paces before I stood at the break of the low poop deck, before the captain.

Without any ceremony I told him that the gentlemen in the waist had sent me aft and explained that I had stowed away. The captain seemed astonished.

"What in the world did you stow away for?" he asked. "Because my people wouldn't give me permission to ship," I answered. "Do you know where you are going?" inquired the captain. "Why whaling, I suppose," I replied. "Yes, you are," said the captain, half to himself; "I can't put back now." Then he wanted to know where I was from, what my age was, and if I knew anything about boats.

I told him the truth about everything except my age,

and it ended with my name's being put on the articles and my being assigned to the mate's boat, at the stroke oar. This oar is nearest the stern and the lightest in the boat. Oilskins and clothing were then issued me from the slop chest, and I went forward. There I found a spare bunk and stowed my outfit away, but almost from the minute that I found out that I wasn't going to be killed, I commenced to get seasick. And good Lord, wasn't I sick! But I had to turn to and do my work just the same, as long as I was able to stand up. The discipline aboard ship was a devilish sight different from what I'd been used to at home, and I found it out right at the start.

I got over the seasickness, though, and found my sea legs. Then I began to take notice of things, first of all my companions in the fo'c'sle.

We had a mixed crew, and it was well mixed too. There were niggers, Portugees, and several other nationalities. A young fellow by the name of McDermott and myself were the only two Yankees forward. McDermott was about twenty-three years old and had been whaling a voyage or two before. In the bunk right over mine was a Russian Finn about fifty years old. The name he went by was John Brown, and he had it tattooed on his arm. Well, he had been on a big drunk ashore before sailing and as the effects of it begun to take hold, he developed a good case of delirium tremens. He was quiet enough, but as crazy as a loon, and ought to have been put in a strait

jacket, but appearing harmless as he did, he was left alone.

On the seventh night out it was my watch on deck, and everyone below was asleep. At seven bells, that's eleven-thirty, I was sent forward to call the watch below. As I put my head down the scuttle, I smelt blood.

I thought it was crazy Finn right away, and I didn't know but what he had killed all hands, but being too young to be cautious I jumped right down into the fo'c'sle and lit a light. There laid Brown in his bunk, with his throat cut from ear to ear, but I saw that he was still alive. I let out one yell, "John Brown has cut his throat!" and you'd ought to have seen those Portugees and niggers getting out of there. They knocked me down and walked over me doing it, but when I could get up I followed them. Once on deck they capered around, yelling and hollering, until the captain and mate came forward. When I told them that Brown was still alive, they went down and sewed him up and did what they could for him, but it was too late. He died in about half an hour.

The next morning they brought him out of the fo'c'sle, laid him out on the carpenter's bench, and after sewing him up in canvas with a bag of sand at his feet, slid him over the side, while the captain read the burial service.

Now, after I had awakened the boys the night before no one had gone back into the fo'c'sle, and even after Brown had been disposed of they didn't want to go. But

I had been roughing it good and plenty. My bunk was the poorest aboard—that's why no one had taken it—while Brown's was the best. Not only that—I had no mattress. The captain had told me that he would get me one at the first place we touched, but that wouldn't be soon, I knew, and I begun to think. Things were a mess in that fo'c'sle, but I got some hot water from the cook and cleaned up the bunk. Then I dumped the straw out of Brown's mattress and washed it, also the tick, and dried the whole business out thoroughly and took the bunk and mattress for myself. McDermott gave me a hand in this work and for a week he and I were the only men who slept below.

Eighteen days out we made Bermuda, and there the captain claimed to be sick. I figure that it was all planned ahead of time, but anyway, after turning the command over to the mate, Mr. Long, he left the ship and went home. The captain never went to sea again, but kept a grocery store in Dartmouth for many years.

Promoting the mate to the captain's berth had the effect of boosting the other officers up a notch. Tuttee was given the mate's berth and one of the boatsteerers was made second mate. This left a vacancy for a boatsteerer and they took McDermott out of the fo'c'sle, leaving me, the only Yankee forward. It wasn't the choicest position in the world, I can tell you, and besides, although I was still in the mate's boat, it was a

different mate. I figure that I had a right to feel uneasy, and I did.

Three days out of Bermuda we raised a sperm whale, and I was the most excited and anxious boy in the world. I wanted to lower and get him and I don't suppose that anyone ever moved any faster than I did when we got the order to lower. We went on to him and got fast without any fuss, but believe me, from that time on nobody wanted to get away from him any worse than I did. I thought that anyone must be perfectly crazy to attempt to kill such a thing. He only made sixty-five barrels, so you see he was a lot smaller than a great many that have been taken, but I was scared blue. When they sung out to "haul ahead," that is, close to the whale, I wasn't but little account, but when they said, "Stern all," I was as good as any man in the boat.

Well, we got our whale, cut him in, tried him out, and stowed the oil below, but I hadn't got over my scare enough to learn just how it was done. I will tell more about how these things were done, and about the different kinds of whales, later on. After that we cruised until fall on the western ground and from there we ran to the Cape Verde Islands.

We lowered several times but never got any whales, and little by little the men began to get dissatisfied. There was growling in the fo'c'sle and growling aft. Nothing was done without more or less friction and the effect of it all showed in the conduct of every man aboard.

We had a Baltimore negro forward. He was twenty-seven years old and weighed one hundred and seventy-five pounds. Whenever he felt particularly grouchy, he used to lick me. I don't know how many times he beat me up, but one day after he had finished with me, I decided I'd had enough. I went on deck and got a handspike—a club quite a bit bigger and longer than a baseball bat. Then I went to the fo'c'sle scuttle and sung out; "Come up here, nigger!" He made a jump for the deck and when his head came above the companion way I came down on it with the handspike. If he had been a white man, 't would have killed him deader than King Tut. As it was, it knocked him out and cut his scalp for about three inches. The captain came forward and patched him up and then had me put in irons and set me up on the rack way aft, where the spare oars and poles are carried. After about two hours the captain came and asked me why I had nearly killed the negro. I told him, and he immediately let me go. Then he called the negro aft and warned him to let me alone, and after that I never had any more trouble.

Finding no whales around St. Vincent, we sailed for Fayal, Azores, arriving there on January 9th. Here, all the officers went ashore to the American consul and wanted to leave the ship. I guess they gave all kinds of reasons for wanting to do this, but of course I don't know. There was more or less business transacted and

while we laid there, my fifteenth birthday, January 12th, came around.

On the day following we sailed, supposing that we were bound for home, but instead of that we went to Bermuda again. From here letters were sent home, asking for new officers, and the next steamer brought a captain and mate to take charge of the ship and continue the voyage. During the time that we laid there, every man forward deserted the ship, but me, and I was too young and scared to go.

The departure of the officers and desertion of the crew had been timed by the sailing of a steamer for home and I was left alone on the schooner in the harbour of St. George, captain, mate, crew, and cook, all combined. Howsoever, I didn't do so bad. There was plenty of provisions aboard, both anchors were down and I had a skiff to go ashore in. For a week I was the whole works, and then the new captain and mate arrived.

The day after they came we shipped a steward from a bark that had been cast away shortly before—her name was the *Edward Everett*, I remember—and also three Bermuda darkies. With these men we sailed once more for the Cape Verdes to pick up a crew. In Brava, when we arrived, we shipped a second mate, two boatsteerers and men enough to make up our complement. We laid there for several days, and being spring, it looked pretty good ashore. I didn't get there, though, and I was a

whole lot wiser with the company we had than I had been at Fayal.

You see, I had drawn a new outfit of clothes and oilskins from the ship's chest when I was first signed on, but I had no money. Well, those fellows came out to us with boat loads of apples and little goats' milk cheeses. When we sailed I didn't have a thing left but the clothes I stood in, but my bunk was full of apples and cheese. I had to draw more clothes and I was more careful with them, so that I wasn't short of anything when we left Brava for the western ground.

This is what you might call mid-Atlantic, and we cruised all summer, but things continued to go bad aboard of us. The captain and mate didn't get along at all and neither one would coöperate with the other. The result was that there was devilish little done and our summer's cruise netted us just seventeen barrels of oil.

On the 20th of August we docked once more at New Bedford, after being at sea fourteen months, and I left the ship considerable bigger and stronger than I was when I went aboard. I also was richer in experience, and darned little else, for I owed the ship thirty-five dollars.

Chapter III

LIQUOR AND SAVAGES

It was the custom in those days for the agents to help a man out a little when he landed under such circumstances. By doing that they figured to get him to sail for them again and thus work out his debt. So I was taken up to Richardson's and there fitted out with an "in-fit," which means a suit of shore clothes. I wish you could have seen them clothes. Coat and vest were of different cloth and colour and I guess the pants were made of dog's hair and camel's wool, stirred up with thunder. Then they give me a derby hat that settled down on my head and made my ears stand out like a pair of stun's'ls. As I started for Martha's Vineyard I looked just like Peleg W. Pillsbury of Oldtown, Maine.

I had changed some, as I've mentioned before. I weighed sixty-five pounds more than I did when I sailed. 'T was queer, too, for we lived mighty plain. We had salt horse, and fish that we caught, beans, and hardtack. We also had potatoes, but not so often, and "soft-tack"—that is, flour bread—twice a week. On Sundays we had duff, a sort of a boiled dumpling with a few raisins in it, and a sauce of sour molasses to put on it. No white man on earth could eat it, but our Portuguese crew did.

Well, I walked home from Vineyard Haven, after landing, and got there about eight o'clock. Never thinking about my appearance, I walked right into the house, and I got a call-down from my sister right away: she didn't know me.

Mother did, though, and she was mighty glad to see me, too. There wasn't anyone else at home right at that time. Father was out, two of my brothers were at sea, and one was probably at prayer meeting or some other place.

Nobody said one word to me about running away and for two weeks I stayed around home. Everyone I knew was glad to see me and I felt like considerable of a hero among the folks of the neighbourhood. I had been across the ocean and at sea for over a year, had seen whales killed and returned to tell the tale. What more could a boy want?

At the end of that time I went to New Bedford, where I met my brother Welcome. He was on a coasting schooner, *Matthew Vassar*, running box boards from Marion to New York, and he got a berth for me on the vessel. I stayed on her until we were frozen in at Marion and then went home, where I spent the winter.

In the spring I shipped again out of New Bedford on the three-masted coasting schooner *Jessie Murdock*, Captain Slocum, carrying coal from Philadelphia to New Bedford. I got a seaman's rating on her.

Captain Slocum was one of those sanctimonious fellows

—belonged to the church and wouldn't sail on Sunday. He'd work like the devil though to get away Saturday night, and then, of course, we had to keep on going. Tell you how cranky he was on religion. In those days all vessels carried an "iron," or harpoon, for spearing porpoises. They would grind up the porpoise meat and mix it with salt pork, making it up into something like hamburg balls. It went pretty good. Well, one Sunday I slid out on the martingale and got a porpoise. We cleaned him up and carried the meat to the cook. Do you know, the old man wouldn't eat a mouthful of that meat because the porpoise had been struck on Sunday? Not only that, but he forbade me to strike another on the Lord's Day as long as I should remain on that vessel.

I stood the backing and filling on that schooner for three months and then I left her. The brig *A. J. Ross* was fitting out for a Greenland voyage, and I shipped as preventer boatsteerer. A boatsteerer's job was to strike the whale and then to handle the boat while the officer killed it, and the term "preventer," attached to anything, meant spare or extra.

My position, therefore, was this. If one of the regular boatsteerers was taken sick or left the ship, or if for any reason he was reduced in rating, then I would automatically take his place and receive the additional lay, or share or the voyage that went with the berth. It has happened many times that a man has shipped as

seaman and been called upon to take a higher berth, in which he served for an entire voyage, and yet been unable to collect more than his seaman's lay at the end of it, simply because it was not so stated in the articles. Of course, such a thing would only be done by crooked masters and owners, but such men were plenty enough at that time.

We sailed for Greenland, and cruised up off Cape Farewell. There wasn't any ice but the weather was the dirtiest I had ever seen. We found whales, so tame that we couldn't help getting them, and got four in the first three days that we cruised.

I had an experience during those three days that has always made me think. I couldn't speak of it as a close call, for I wasn't in any danger, but if the hand of Fate ever moved to save a man I guess it did then. We had gone on to a whale and got our boat stove up pretty badly, and one of the other boats came down and picked us up. The mate, his name was Edgar Crapo, mentioned running down with the ship to pick up the wrecked boat, for she couldn't be towed, and I volunteered to stay in her and keep her bailed out until the ship arrived. He wouldn't let me do it, and do you know, a squall came up and we never saw the boat again. It's easy enough to figure where I'd be if I had stayed in her.

For three weeks after getting those whales we laid around in thick fog. We couldn't see whether there were any whales around or not, and I don't imagine we

would have lowered if we had seen 'em. Not being able to find our way into any Greenland port or bay, the old man got mad and started for the coast of Africa, after "right" whales.

Our first port was in the Canary Islands, and we had a great time. No one was allowed to go ashore, but the "bum-boats" came off in fleets loaded with everything under the sun to trade or sell. There was a watchman stationed in the gangway to see that no liquor came aboard, but it came just the same. The brig had what is called a to'gallant-fo'c'sle; that is, it was all above the deck like a house. Well, while the watchman was keeping track of the deck and gangway, the men were stuffing pants and shirts out of the hawse pipes and bottles of aguardiente were being passed in. No one could see them and they got a good supply, and good Lord, if they didn't get crazy drunk! None of them had had any liquor for quite a while, and it wasn't hardly any time before the whole crew was in a free for all fight on the main deck, while the officers guarded the cabin and quarter-deck with rifles and revolvers, threatening to shoot any man who came aft. I was just about the scaredest kid you ever saw, and the busiest, too, for I had to keep moving all the time to keep from getting all fouled up in one of those bunches of fighting sailors. But the fighting came to an end without fatal results, and believe me, all those men suffered while the rum was being worked out of their systems.

We stood right across to the coast of Africa and anchored in a bay there, where we laid for three weeks. There were natives on the shore who were savages and we never landed unless they were a good distance off. Just as soon as they noticed us on the beach they would come running for us, and we would shove our boats off and get clear. Then those people would stand on the shore and open the robe they wore to show that they had no weapons, but we wouldn't trust them. There were tracks of all kinds of animals in the sand, but we never saw any of them and the people seemed to live principally on fish. The back country, as far as we could see, was just a desert, and there was no danger of any man deserting, I can tell you.

After laying there for three weeks and seeing no whales we sailed for the Cape Verdes again. There at St. Vincent we were given shore liberty and, naturally, everybody got drunk.

It was the first time that I had ever been ashore on liberty in any port, and it was also the occasion of my taking my first drink. I didn't take many more after the first one, either, before I was half corned, and I got away from the rest of the crowd and slept that night in an old shack. We were supposed to go aboard at nine o'clock in the morning, so I went down to the beach, but there was no one in sight. Instinct, I suppose, took me to the calaboose, and there I found seven of the crew locked up. They were a sorry looking bunch. They

had spent all their money for liquor and hadn't had any grub, so I sold my shoes for a dollar and a half and bought some bread and coffee for them.

When the Old Man came ashore I met him and told him about the men, so he went up, paid their fines, and had them turned loose. Before he could get them aboard, three ran away and never were caught. On the next day the other watch was given liberty and I had to stay aboard. Most of those men came aboard, in good shape, and the day after we sailed.

Being short three men, we ran for Brava, and there in "Bean Bay"—the Portuguese name doesn't matter—we anchored and the captain went ashore. No liberty was allowed, but naturally a boat's crew went ashore with the Old Man, and I was one of them. Three of us, a boatsteerer, a sailor and myself, talked the matter over and decided that we would leave ship. There wasn't anything wrong with her, you understand, but it was just that we were full of deviltry, so we skipped and went up into the mountains.

There we got separated and I lived for three days on raw sweet potatoes and sugar cane, while hiding and waiting for the ship to sail. You see, a deserting sailor could be arrested by any officer and brought back to the ship, as long as she was in port, and a reward was sure to be paid for his return.

On the third day I met a Portuguese who had been whaling and could talk some English. He told me that

he would stow me away and see that I didn't get caught. That tickled me to death, and I went with him to a place where he left me, feeling safe and contented. Then the son-of-a-gun went down and told the Old Man, who gave him five dollars for capturing me!

Of course, they came after me and took me aboard, but they didn't do anything to me at all. The other two men were never caught, and the Old Man gave me a boat to steer—the boat that had belonged to the man who deserted. I have always remembered that. I had signed on for that purpose, of course, but after my attempt to "jump ship" the Old Man would have been justified in giving the boat to another.

Well, we shipped six more men and sailed for Bermuda, the Old Man planning to write home to the owners for provisions and to refit and go back to Greenland. But we got orders instead to come home, which we did without any unusual events.

That time, when I was discharged, I broke about even. I didn't owe the ship nor the ship didn't owe me. I was certainly glad to be off the ship, though. She was the most uncomfortable craft I ever sailed on. Built on the lines of a combination of butter box and old-fashioned Dutch churn, she couldn't lay at the dock without rolling. And, good Lord, how she would ship water! What she didn't take over her weather rail, she would roll to looward and scoop up when it came under her!

Chapter IV

FLOOD AND FEVER

I came home after being discharged from the *A. J. Ross,* and stayed about a week. That sort of thing was common to all sailors then. Sometimes they wouldn't stay more than twenty-four hours. Then I went back to New Bedford and shipped in the three-masted coaster, *B. B. Church,* with Bill Kelley as master.

Coasters were pretty tough in those days, and on our way to Philadelphia after a load of grain I was harassed around considerable. I don't know whether it was because of my age, whether I was the easiest to pick on, or because I didn't do my work—maybe 't was a combination of all three—but anyway, they made things so unpleasant for me that when we docked I took my clothes and left without my pay. I was perfectly dissatisfied, and I went to a sailors' boarding house.

I ought to say a few words about these sailors' boarding houses. They weren't run by the finest class of people on earth, nor they weren't furnished like any gilded palace. The grub was generally a good deal worse than a man got at sea, too, but of course when a seaman found himself without a berth and without money, such

places came in handy. They would take a man in if he had a chest or a bag of clothes that could be held for his board, and the boarding house master had "runners" cruising about all the time looking for men. They picked 'em up on the street and in barrooms, even went aboard ship and got 'em to desert, "stole" them, as they called it. After getting them in the house they would hold on to them until they found a berth, and then the boarding house master would put in his claim against the sailors' "advance" money. You see, a man would get from one to three months' pay in advance before sailing, and those crimps always managed to get every cent of it.

A house like that one supplied crews for deep water ships and those ships discharged their crews at the end of each run. Now if a man was discharged in Liverpool, for instance, he wouldn't have scarcely any money and would have to ship right over. That meant that he would be forced to take anything that was offered and in that way he might be shoved around from pillar to post for years without having a chance to get home.

I was boarding in that house a week and I didn't like it a bit better than when I first got there. Then one day my oldest brother, William, showed up. He was on a coaster and had found out where I was. He advised me to get away from there even if I had to leave my clothes, and explained what it might mean to be shipped out of such a place. He urged me to go aboard of the vessel he was in and get back to New Bedford, which I did, and

there shipped in the schooner *Young Teaser*, a two hundred and fifty-ton craft, loaded with salt for Galveston, Texas. We had a rather stormy passage, but nothing of interest occurred, and we never touched anywhere on the way.

After discharging our salt we chartered to load molasses and sugar at Morgan City, Louisiana, for New York, and accordingly ran up there to load. Morgan City was quite a town and I liked such people as I met first rate, but the land is all low down there, and there was a lot of sickness. This, by the way was the year following the big yellow fever epidemic of that state.

Well, we got partly loaded when I had a row with the mate and left the vessel, going ashore for the second time without my pay. I went to board with an old fellow by the name of Rabb—one of those hard old cases that would shoot first and ask questions afterward—and I begun to look for work. One week later a northern firm started work on a rice plantation on the Bayou Atchafalaya, and I got a job.

I said that the country around there is low. Some of it is even lower, and around those bayous it is the lowest above water. The land is all overgrown with bamboo cane and moccasin snakes. All buildings have to be built on high posts on account of floods and at that time the niggers received rations from the government in flood time, so that all they did was to sit on the bank and pray for high water.

Well, the company sent down about fifty men of all nationalities to clear off the cane and plow. We built a big bunk house on four-foot posts. It was fitted up just like a ship's fo'c'sle, and we had a cook to prepare the grub for us.

The company had sent down four yokes of oxen to plow with, but the ground was so soft that they couldn't be used at all, so they were shipped away and two steam engines were sent down with a couple of double-ended six-pointed gang-plows. These plows had six points on each end, so that they could go forward or back. The engines were set up on planks at each end of the field, and hauled the plows across with a cable and winch. When a plow reached the end of the field, it was thrown into reverse, so to speak, by means of levers, and hauled back by the other engine. Of course, we had to fleet the engines along each time to make them haul straight with the line of furrows. In about three months we had cleared about fifty acres of land and were ready to plow.

After the ploughing and planting was done the gang was all discharged but me. They gave me an outfit for the camp, a shotgun and plenty of ammunition, and hired me as a caretaker to keep off the rice birds. I had a skiff to go to Morgan City in—it wasn't but about six miles away—and I got along first rate.

I had been there about four months when one morning it begun to breeze from the southeast. It blew for six or eight hours and then hauled to the southard and

blew a gale. Well sir, the water begun to rise. It came up all over the plantation and kept right on rising, and on the second morning when I turned out, it was level with the floor of the house.

I decided that it was no place to stay and I got my clothes together with the idea of going down to Morgan City, but when I looked for my skiff it was gone! It wasn't any time to sit down and speculate, with the water rising all the time, and I got to work right away. When the oxen had been in the camp, we had made a big trough for them to eat from. It was large enough for all eight of them to eat from at one time, four on each side, with compartments in it so that one ox couldn't steal another's feed. We had fastened it to the ground with heavy stakes spiked to it, and it was still there. I got an axe and waded through the water to it, knocked it adrift, and shoved it to the house. There I knocked out the compartments, loaded in my goods, and taking two bunk boards for paddles, I got aboard and went down the bayou to Morgan City. Of course, the water soon went down and I went back to look over the place, but there was salt enough in the water to make it brackish, and it had ruined the rice. It didn't die right off, but turned red, and anyhow, that was the end of my plantation job.

Back in town once more, I ran into a man called High-Water Brown. He was a timber man and employed a gang of eight men. He had a big flatboat to live on, and some scows, and he would go away up the river and inlets,

thirty or forty miles from town, and cut cypress logs. When the high water came, he floated them down. He gave me a job, and we went into the timber swamp.

We were up there seven weeks, and it was a mighty good gang to be with, but it was an awful country. We cut the logs from springboards, so as to get above the roots. They come way up above the ground. And then we used to go squirrel hunting along the bayou. One time when out hunting, I got lost; couldn't find my canoe to save my life. It begun to get late in the afternoon and I was getting ready to build a crow's nest to sleep in, so that the panthers and alligators wouldn't get me, when the boys at camp realised that something was wrong and came looking for me. We all had to do a lot of shooting before we located each other.

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As the time approached for us to leave the timber, we began to make preparations for town, and of course shaving and hair cutting was most important, for no one had had any barbering done since we started. A search through our effects disclosed the fact that there was only one razor in the crowd, and that belonged to a young fellow named Darling. Every man wanted to borrow it, and Darling was more than willing to lend, but he pointed out that the last man to use the razor would have a mighty dull tool to work with. So in order to be fair, as he said, he suggested that all shave at the same time. Following his suggestion, we all sat down on the scow rail, and Darling shaved one side of his own face and

passed the razor to the next man. So it went on until every man had shaved one side of his face, and it was Darling's turn to finish his shave. Well sir, that man cleaned his beard all off in good shape, and then hove the razor overboard! We all had to go down to the city with one side of our faces shaved and the other covered with whiskers. What did we do to Darling? Nothing! What the devil could you do to a man like that? 'T was just a joke.

My next job was quartermaster's berth on one of the Morgan steamers—passengers and freight from Morgan City to Houston, Texas. I made three trips and was then taken off and given a position on the wharf at Morgan City.

It was then in the spring—summer was close at hand —one day I learned that a friend of mine was dead, and without thinking anything about it, I went to the funeral. Come to find out it was yellow fever and it begun to spread and spread mighty fast. I was boarding with a family named Bigelow. There was a man and his wife, two boys and three girls. With the fever spreading as it did, the town was quarantined, and it was only a few days after that one of these children came down with the fever. The next one to have it was myself and it went right through the house, with the result that when the epidemic was over, only Mrs. Bigelow and myself were left alive.

I went back to my job on the wharf, feeling pretty

weak and discouraged, and I hadn't really got my strength back before I had swamp fever. That's a funny disease. You feel fine, then you get sleepy. You go to sleep and burn like fire, and when you wake up you're as weak as a rag. I doctored for a few weeks and then decided that there were healthier places to be found and that I would find one. So I wound up my affairs and took a train for New Orleans, where once more I went into a sailors' boarding house.

Chapter V

OFF CAPE HATTERAS

I had only been there a few days when I shipped in a Maine bark, the *Florrie M. Hurlburt,* loaded with casks and general cargo for Havana, Cuba, there to load sugar for New York. She was ancient—now don't you forget it—and there was mighty little sailorizin' to be done aboard her. It was all pumping. In the twenty-five or twenty-six days that we were making the run I figure that we pumped at least three quarters of the Gulf of Mexico through her. After discharging we begun to load sugar. The loading was all done by lighters then, and even before we had finished, we discovered that the ship was leaking worse than before. This worried the men and they didn't want to sail in her, but those were the days when a sailor had no rights whatever, just the rule of knockdown and drag out, and I want to tell what happened, just to show how things were done at that time.

Two days before she was due to clear, all hands refused to go to sea and demanded a survey of the vessel, stating

the belief that she was unseaworthy. There was, of course, an American consul in Havana, but in those days it was of no use for a man to appeal to a consul—they always favoured a captain. But the Old Man went ashore and brought the consul aboard, who took down the deposition of the crew and then went back and brought off two or three men to make the survey.

Now when a survey is made of a vessel, and made properly, she is pretty well looked over. The pumps are sealed for a certain period, and then the well is sounded. Competent men examine the rigging and sails, everything in fact, to see if she is seaworthy. In this case, nothing at all was done. They all went into the cabin and stayed for perhaps half an hour, and then came on deck and called all hands aft. They told us then that we would either have to go to sea or to jail, and to take our choice. Our answer was that we had refused duty while in port, and that we didn't believe that they could jail us without making a survey. They all went into the cabin again for a few minutes and then went ashore.

On the day of sailing, a boat came out bringing a bunch of men who turned to and made sail, got the ship under way, and sailed her out of the harbor. The second mate was at the wheel and the boat followed us until we were outside; then it came alongside and took the shore gang off.

The captain then called all hands aft and wanted to know if we still refused duty. That meant mutiny.

We all told him as pleasantly as we could that we had refused duty in port, that we did not intend mutiny, but wanted to go back.

"Well," says the captain, "the ship is at sea, bound for New York, and to New York she shall go. If you men refuse to work I shall act and act damn quick!"

We figured that he would shoot—those men usually would—and realising that we had been bunkoed, we didn't care to do anything different than to work ship and that meant to pump nearly all the time. Life was just one turn at the pumps after another and before very long, everyone was pretty well worn out. But the worst was ahead of us.

We were about three hundred and fifty miles from Cape Hatteras one dark night, sailing under full tops'ls and courses with the whole watch at the pumps. There was a strong breeze and we were sailing in the trough of the sea with the vessel shipping heavy water, when all at once the pumps choked. The second mate was in charge of the deck and as soon as he was told of the trouble he started for some tools to fix the pumps. When he got there he found that the deck was stove in clear aft to the carpenter's shop, and that all the water that had been coming aboard had been running down into the cargo. It was that sugar that had choked the pumps.

All hands were called at once, the ship was hauled to the wind, tops'ls hauled down and courses clewed up. Our yawl was stowed and lashed on top of the house,

and we cut the lashings and put her overboard. Everybody worked hard, for we knew that our time was short, and in very few minutes we were in the boat shoving clear.

The ship had sternway on and we had to shove out ahead. By so doing we nearly lost our lives, for as we rounded the bow she pitched into a sea and her martingale came down inside the boat to within an inch of the bottom. Two men grabbed it as it came up and shoved the boat clear. We never saw the ship again, but she must have gone right down.

We were in a pretty bad predicament. We had no food or water, no compass, mast or sail. As we had never dared to undress before turning in, all hands were fully clothed. One man who had been sleeping on a chest, wrapped up in a blanket, had brought the blanket on deck with him, and it was put into the boat. We made a drag of the oars that night and laid to it until daylight. Then we hauled it in and stepped the largest oar for a mast, rigging the blanket on it for a sail, and headed in the direction that we thought the land lay. After we had been in the boat without any food or water and but very little sleep for fifty-two hours, another storm began to come on, and it was then that we sighted a vessel to looward, running sharp on the wind. We swung off and ran for her, knowing that if she didn't pick us up we were all gone geese. We got within half a mile of her before anyone saw us. We could see the captain walking

back and forth on the poop, and men moving about. All at once we saw the captain stop walking; then he went to the wheelhouse and got a glass, which he levelled. We could see it all as plainly as could be. Then back came his foreyards and he hove to. We were safe.

We ran down and luffed to under her lee and took in our blanket sail, then we got out our oars and pulled alongside. Our boat was hoisted in and we were filled up with coffee and grub, after which we all turned in and had a good sleep. The vessel was a Russian barkentine, bound from Cienfuegos, Cuba, for Boston, and as soon as we had rested up, we all turned to and helped work ship.

That night there came up a terrific storm. We were hove to for forty-eight hours under a balance-reefed mains'l and we all realised that if we had been caught in our yawl, no one would have been left to tell the tale.

After the storm we stood inshore and raised land near Louisville, Delaware. A signal was set and a pilot boat came off and took us all, landing us at Louisville. On landing, our captain told us that we were now in the United States and must shift for ourselves. We went off by ourselves for a few minutes and talked this over. There we were, hundreds of miles from the port we were bound for, with no money or clothes and no prospects of getting a berth. Then we returned to the captain and repeated the words that he had said to us on sailing, but with few additions.

"We are heading for New York and to New York we are going, and you had better see that we do or you won't arrive!"

He probably got orders from the owners, but we followed him all day and that night he gave each man a ticket to New York. Arriving there, we went to the shipping commissioner, who told us that the ship would have to pay wages up to the day she sank. This was done a few days later, but we didn't get anything for the clothes we had lost, even though we were forced to go to sea against our will. That's the way things were done in those days and it wasn't a particle of use for a man to go to law. A master or owner would pay the sailor's lawyer to drop the case and it would be done.

The night after being paid off I took the Fall River boat for New Bedford. As I went aboard the first man I met was my old captain.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"Home," was all the answer I gave him.

"So am I," said the captain, and went on to explain that he lived in Old Orchard, Maine.

"Well," says I, "you'd better, and when you get there, stay there." Maybe he took my advice; anyway, I've never seen him since.

It was late fall when I got back to New Bedford, and you can imagine that my illness and other experiences of the year past had taken considerable of the starch out of me. Not that I was weak or gallied, but I just felt like

keeping still for a while so as to sort of get my bearings, so I went home to the Vineyard and I spent the winter there.

After spending the winter at home I was flat broke, and in the early spring I borrowed a dollar to get to New Bedford, where I shipped in the coasting schooner *Joseph Hay* of Cohasset. The captain's name was Butler, "Picayune Butler," he was called, and he wasn't a bad skipper at all, but he had peculiar notions about feeding men. We were running from New Bedford to New York and Philadelphia with general freight, ordinarily, but once in a while we made an "off-trip," as I'll explain.

You see, we lived on smoked herring mostly, and the old man got his supply from his home port, Cohasset. When the herring ran low, we would always get a freight for that port and I got so that I could go under the to'gallant-fo'c'sle and by sizing up the number of sticks of herring, figure out just where we were going next and how long it would be before we ran for Cohasset again. I never figured wrong. I stayed with her, though, for the whole season and then came home for the winter once more.

The following spring I shipped out of New Bedford again, this time in the schooner *Helen*, Captain Perry. We carried grain from New York to New Bedford, and nothing of importance occurred while I was aboard her, but on June 5th, Leander Brightman of New Bedford

came down to the docks looking for me, and offered me a boatsteerer's berth in the whaling bark *Mermaid*.

I agreed to go and left the coaster at once. The ship wasn't going to sail for a month however, and so, in order to keep me, Brightman sent me out to his father's farm in Dartmouth to work until the ship was ready. I was to be paid at the rate of twelve dollars a month and of course my board. Old Israel Brightman was a Quaker and as fine an old man as ever lived. I had the finest kind of a home there and they fed me on the best of everything. But the work was something else. If it hadn't been that I felt tremendously elevated over getting that boatsteerer's berth I wouldn't have stayed there twenty-four hours.

I don't mean that the work was hard, but it was the cows. They were scared to death of me and not a day passed that every one didn't get an opportunity to kick me into the middle of next week, and they did it! One week before the bark was to sail my grandfather in New Bedford sent a man with a team out to the farm with a message for me. He wanted to see me, and wanted me to return with the messenger. So I went into the city and when I got to Richardson's I found that Grandfather and the sharks he worked for were working one of the games that were common at that time.

They wanted to steal me from Brightman to sail on one of their own vessels, the schooner *Admiral Blake*, and offered me the same berth that Brightman had. The

Blake was to sail right away from Marion for a four months' voyage in the Atlantic. Of course, I hadn't signed articles to sail on the *Mermaid*, and I suppose that the thought of those devilish cows helped me to make up my mind. I agreed to go.

Chapter VI

LIFE IN A WHALESHIP

Before I tell of my first experiences as a boatsteerer, on the *Admiral Blake,* I want to say a few things in general about whalemen, whaling, and the critters themselves that so much blood was sweat over.

First, the captains, a special breed, take 'em as a whole, with more authority than any master that ever went afloat, and themselves governed by customs that probably originated with Noah.

This unusual authority was necessary, as I will explain. In the first place, an ordinary ship clearing from the custom house is bound for some destination which she must go to as soon as she is able or there is a devil of an inquiry made and everybody concerned is in hot water or perhaps jail.

But when a whaler clears for a three or four year voyage, she has a roving commission. The master becomes agent and owner, judge, executioner and everything else you can think of. He can go anywhere on earth, enter any port he likes, and sell the ship and cargo as legally as the real owner.

He can draw on the owners for money through any merchant or bank, and if the owners have a dollar in

their company they must pay these drafts if the captain's name is on them. The captain can even go so far as to give a "bottomary bond," which means on the ship's keel, in order to raise money, and the owners must settle the claim in order to release the ship.

It may be that having all this authority made a good many old-timers think that they really were the owners, for they certainly practiced economy in every way possible. They had an idea that nobody aboard had any right to live unless he was in the afterguard, and this was a funny thing, because no master that was worth a cuss ever climbed aboard through the cabin windows. Considering all this, it is hard to understand why most of the old-time masters were so devilish mean, about little things especially.

The water, for instance. When a ship clears for a three or four year voyage, the whole ground tier of casks is full of fresh water. Probably there are at least two thousand barrels of water aboard. None of this could be used for washing clothes. Rain water, caught in the boats or on deck, was used for such purposes when it could be had, but clothes were ordinarily washed in other ways not as pleasant to talk about. This large amount of water, then, could only be used for cooking and drinking purposes.

In "tween-decks" was a scuttlebutt, holding fifteen barrels, which held the water supply used by the crew. When the level got down to a couple of feet the mate

would report it and more would be broken out of the hold to fill the butt again.

From the butt, a pipe ran up through the main deck, with a hand-pump at the foot of the mizzenmast. If the cook or one of the hands wanted water he would go to this pump and get it. Ordinarily a tin cup was hung on a hook screwed into the mast beside the pump, for the men to drink out of.

Now, according to law, a master must give shore liberty to his crew at least once in four months, and this means that he must land at some place where he can get more water if he needs it, so that no one would suppose that the water supply would be anything to worry about. But I've sailed with men that started to economise on water as soon as the anchors were catheaded.

They would have the drinking cup hung at the masthead so that if a man wanted a drink he had to go aloft after the cup first and then take it back. And he wasn't allowed to pass the cup to another man who might happen to be thirsty. No indeed, the first man had to take the cup back and the second man had to make his two trips to the masthead too.

The officers would get their water in the cabin, for the steward usually keeps a pitcher filled for that purpose, but I have seen captains so stingy and mean about water that the officers would try to get it when he wasn't around if possible.

This thing might go on for two or three weeks and

then if the ship struck whales and got a big cut of oil, say a hundred and fifty to two hundred barrels, they wouldn't have room for it when they started stowing down and would have to pump fifty or seventy-five barrels of fresh water overboard to make room for the oil.

I have seen a lot of mean and rough things done by captains of whaleships, but the cruel and inhuman punishment of men that you read about must have been before my day, for I never saw any of it. I have seen men knocked down and otherwise abused, but I never saw a man tied in the rigging and thrashed, or anything like that.

Of course there were occasionally things that called for action, like stealing, for instance. The sailors living in the fo'c'sle as they did, couldn't keep their property under lock and key, and now and then a light-fingered lad would be found among the crew.

I remember one time when nearly every man had his jackknife stolen, all disappearing at about the same time. It was reported to the captain, who called all hands on deck and then sent two boatsteerers into the fo'c'sle to bring out every chest. When the chests were searched on deck they found one with the fifteen or sixteen jackknives in it.

The owner of the chest was punished by being ordered to wear a board hung around his neck with the words: "I am a Thief" painted on it. And this had to be done in particular when we gammed another ship. He didn't

dare to take it off, and I consider that worse than being sent to jail.

The usual punishment for any ordinary offense was to take away a man's watch below in the daytime and to give him some hard or disagreeable job about the ship. Sometimes he would have to stand an extra "masthead" and I've seen a man kept on lookout all day, without even a chance to eat. But anything of this sort was accepted as a part of the game and didn't hurt anybody.

The whale is a peculiar animal, never fully understood, and the men who were successful in catching him had to be more or less peculiar too. If they weren't born that way, the life they led would make them so and the worst of them had their good points.

And they must have been peculiar in another way, too, if it is true, as some doctors say nowadays, that a man can't be strong unless he eats so much of vegetables and other very special foods.

They used to figure on a cost of seven dollars a month to feed a man in the fo'c'sle and I guess that was more than enough for a good many agents. The principal articles of food carried to sea were salt beef, salt pork, twice as much beef being taken as pork, flour, hard tack, molasses, tea, coffee, and potatoes.

The beef was saltier than Lot's wife, and had to be soaked in a "steep-tub" overnight before it was cooked. Saltpetre would eat all the fat off it, and it was pretty tough eating. The pork was all right, but we didn't get

it as often. The coffee was called "bootleg"—I suppose it was made from old boots parched and ground. It came in four or five pound packages that smelled musty before they were ever opened.

The tea looked as if it had been used, dried out and rolled up again, and where they got the molasses from, God only knows! It was the poorest to be found, black and sour, and mixed with salt water besides, to make it go further. That is what we had to sweeten our tea and coffee with.

When I first went whaling we got "soft-tack," or bread, just once a week. Butter wasn't dreamed of. But we always had plenty of hard-tack. The bread-barge, a keg with a hole in the side, was always kept full. The law compelled ships to carry vegetables to a certain amount, and these were mostly potatoes, but they were scarce. We got them about once a week and often only one apiece. If your potato happened to be a poor one, that was your hard luck. Perhaps some other fellow would get a poor one next time.

I have seen a crew go aft and complain to the captain about not getting enough potatoes and the captain would call the cook and give him the devil.

"Haven't I always told you to give these men plenty of potatoes?" he would yell, at the same time shaking one finger under the cook's nose. That meant "one apiece."

Once a week we had duff—flour and water with a little

rising, boiled in a bag. One for each watch. There was a sauce made of the sour molasses to go on it, the sauce being coloured up with saleratus, which made it turn yellow, and there was a saucepan full for each duff.

I'll never forget one "duff day" on my first voyage. We had been breaking out grub and water from the hold and at eight bells I was sent to the galley to carry the grub below for the watch. The officers had gone below for dinner and two boatsteerers were in the hold waiting to be relieved.

I had carried the grub and duff forward, and was going with the molasses sauce when I looked down the hatchway. There were the boatsteerers sitting on a cask. One had his hat off and was telling the other how long he had had it.

It was an opportunity that only comes once in a lifetime and I dumped that pan of sauce into the hat, stumbling and falling at the same time, on purpose, of course. My bluff at falling didn't work, though. I had to scrub bright work for a week, with no watch below and the watch raised hell over the loss of that sauce. After that everything that went wrong was laid to me—a lot of things that I wasn't guilty of, although the Lord knows I did plenty.

Now in spite of the poor grub and hard usage on such voyages, the sailors and boatsteerers were really the most comfortable men in the ship, for when they were at liberty or on watch below there was nobody to bother

them at all. They might be treated rough now and then, but there were regular periods each day when they could take comfort. But the officers, never could take things easy, and never could be congenial.

With the master and three or perhaps four officers aft, the captain would announce a meal when the bell rang by speaking to his first officer: "Dinner, Mr. Jones." Then he would go below and sit down at the table. The first officer would wait until the captain had had time to start his meal, then he in turn would speak to the second officer in the same manner, "Dinner, Mr. Smith," and go below to his own dinner.

This program was followed through until the officers had all been formally notified that dinner was ready, and the result was that they didn't really eat together at all, for the captain was half through his meal by the time the last officer got below.

Not only that, but they were never congenial. There was little or no talk, and many of the officers acted as if they were afraid to eat all they wanted and always felt uncomfortable. In all other parts of the ship the men were relaxed and enjoyed themselves.

This was the general rule on all ships down to very recent years, and it was one of the things that they were never able to teach me.

The rules regarding quarters were strict and might seem unfair, but they work out pretty well. The officers had the run of the ship on deck and could go anywhere

below if necessary. The fo'c'sle and steerage were inspected regularly, but unless there was some unusual disturbance the officers never entered either one except for this inspection.

The seamen had to stay forward of the try-works, unless on duty; the boatsteerers were obliged to keep to the waist; and if a man left his section of the ship without a good reason he was generally punished.

If a man went aft to speak to an officer or to relieve the wheel he passed to looward of the officer of the deck. It wasn't healthy for him to go to windward.

Most people have an idea that a whaleship is dirty and that her crew is dirty also. These people have only seen them in port, fitting out or discharging cargo. At sea, a whaler is as clean as any ship. Everything on deck is kept scoured and scraped, and there is considerable painting done. The spars are carefully kept and the rigging is the best obtainable. Things aloft do sometimes get blackened up with smoke, but that can't be prevented.

As for the quarters, they were always neat and clean. The fo'c'sle was kept whitewashed and in the palmy days of whaling it was a rather cheerful and attractive place.

The owners supplied blankets and mattresses. They had to be paid for, of course, but every man had them. Every man had curtains for his berth and many of them had pillow covers to match the curtains, some gay-coloured cloth being chosen for the purpose.

It was customary for every man to have a chest, and

these were placed around the fo'c'sle and used as seats. The first mate had authority to give each man a piece of canvas big enough to cover his chest with. This was cut four inches larger than the chest, with the edges ravelled out and tied into tassels. It kept the chest clean and was usually thrown away at the end of a voyage.

Chapter VII

FIGHTING THE WHALE

Tassels are all right, and sailors like such gear, but the gear a whaleman's living depended on, and that it was worth his life to keep in order, was in the whaleboat.

There is much more to the rigging of a whaleboat than many people would suppose. Everything must be in its place and must be carefully inspected to see that each article is sound and satisfactory. Neglect in either case could cost the lives of the men.

As to the equipment, there, first, are two tubs of line, which has been stretched, dried and softened. This is coiled down in flakes in the tubs, that is, it is coiled so that no part lays across another and so that it uncoils from the middle. Although in two tubs, it is all one piece, and that two hundred and fifty fathoms of it. That's supposed to be fifteen hundred feet, but it will usually run over that. Seamen measure rope by calling the spread of both arms a fathom as the line passes through their hands, and we always picked a tall man to do such work.

This line runs from the "big tub" to the loggerhead

in the stern. The loggerhead is a bitt or sort of a post. Passing around the loggerhead the line runs forward along the center of the boat above the thwarts, or seats, and above the oars when the men are rowing, resting upon them. At the bow just forward of the spot where the harpooner stands is the "box," where fifteen fathoms of the line are coiled down. This gives line enough to dart the harpoon and also for the boat to get clear of a whale before there is any pull on the line. It passes through the bow-chock, a groove in the bow that is fitted with a brass roller or leaded to prevent friction. On either side of this groove is a hole through which a wooden peg is thrust to keep the line in the chock, but in case the peg breaks, there is a cleat on each gunwale abreast of the box, which will catch the line and prevent it from being carried aft by a whale.

Now there are three lances on the port side, three spare irons on the starboard side and two irons set up in the bow. "Iron" is the whaleman's name for harpoon. One of these irons is bent on to the main line, the other is on a short warp of six fathoms' length, which is attached to the main line by a running bowline outside of the side of the boat. The warp is coiled down in the box. In striking a whale the harpooner aims to put both irons into him. If one pulls out the other will probably hold. Any good boatsteerer will succeed in doing this, except on a "try" chance, perhaps, when a whale is going down. In that case the second iron is hove overboard. I should

say, too, that the first iron used is the one on the main line.

There are five oars and a steering-oar. While not at his work of striking the whale the boatsteerer, or harpooner, in the bow, pulls a starboard oar, painted with five stripes to indicate its place. Next comes the "bow" oar, to port, painted with four stripes; then the "midship" oar to starboard, three stripes; then the "tub" oar, to port, two stripes; and last the "stroke" oar, to starboard, one stripe. Since, when the boatsteerer is rowing, there are three oars to starboard against two to port, the midship oar is made longer, in order to balance the purchase. The rowlocks and the oars at the point where they rest in the locks, are covered with leather, partly to prevent wear, but mostly to avoid making a noise and so warning the whale. The steering-oar, manned by the officer, is a long one swung on the stern post. A rudder is sometimes used, as when sailing, but in a pinch the steering oar is better. Now the men are all trained to pull or move as their numbers are called, and when working around a whale the officer will call: "Pull Two!" or "Stern Three!" for instance, at the same time using the steering oar to turn the boat to one side or the other. It can be done as quick as a wink. A mast that can be quickly stepped in, a sail, and five paddles are part of the boat's equipment.

Other things in the outfit are a lantern-keg, which contains a lantern, candles, matches, tobacco, hardtack, torchlight and compass, a water keg, some piggins to drink out

of, a bailer, and three red flags or "waifs" on seven foot poles. While it was not always included in the equipment, all boats that I ever was in carried a bomb-gun hung on beckets in the "box." One other important article is the "drug" or drag. This is a doweled plank, six inches through, with a post about twenty inches high set right in the middle of it. The post is fastened to the plank by means of a heavy iron bolt, which, passing through the post from end to end, terminates in a ring at the top of the post, and after passing through the plank and a square iron plate, is secured by a large nut, hove up tight. You will see in a minute how the drug is used. There are also the boat-spade, a cutting tool that looks a good deal like a big putty knife on the end of a four or five foot pitchfork handle, and one knife in the bow and one in the stern—both in leather beckets.

The waifs mentioned have a variety of uses. In the first place one flag raised means "whale dead," two means "boat stove," three, "man hurt." But there is another purpose for which they are more often used. At times when a school of whales is encountered a small one will be stuck without hurting it much. The whale won't raise any disturbance to scare the others but will run slowly along with them. At such times the whale will not be killed at once, but allowed to tow the boat along in the school. When he comes close enough to other whales the officer will lance them as they are passed. As the other boats, which are following, approach the wounded whales,

Whale boat and gear. From the collection of Harry Neyland.

Cutting In a Sperm Whale

the officers will lance them and stick a waif in all the whales which have been killed so that they can be found. It's often easy to kill whales in the manner I have just described and I have killed as many as six myself before the school got gallied. After that of course the whale that has towed the boat is killed. Kind of tough on him after what he has done.

Now in going on to whales you will either row or sail according to the distance you have to go, and if there is a breeze or not. In case it is a dead flat calm you will use the paddles when you approach the whale, so as to avoid making a noise and scaring him. But whether you paddle or sail the oars will be out about as soon as the iron strikes, because you have got to get clear of the critter and do it in a hurry. In sailing on to a whale the mast will be left standing until the boat strikes him, then unstepped. This is easy because the mast thwart is rigged with hinged "partners," which make it unnecessary to lift the mast more than two or three inches before lowering it.

The boatsteerer lets his irons go, the officer at the steering oars sings out "Stern all!" the boat backs away, and then the officer and boatsteerer change places, for while the boatsteerer's job is to strike the whale the officer must kill it. If the whale runs the line will be held by a turn around the loggerhead so that the boat will have to be towed along behind him. This is what they call a "Nantucket sleigh ride," although the Lord only

knows what Nantucket has to do with it any more than any other place.

Whenever the whale slows up, the men will haul in on the line, getting as close to the whale as possible without coming too close to his flukes. If he stops, then it's out oars and pull alongside, and then the mate, using the lance or bomb, will kill him.

On the other hand, if the whale sounds, or swims toward the bottom, you can't hold on, unless you feel like doing some submarine exploring, and sometimes the line will all run out. In case another boat is near enough the line will be passed to it, and their line bent on to that which is on the whale; if not, the drug will be bent on before the end of the line goes overboard, to hold the whale back and tire him out. One way or another, a whale is usually captured, but occasionally one will get away with one or two boats' lines.

If the whale turns and fights, as sometimes happens, there is a great game of tag to play. If the whale is tagged he may be injured some, and if the boat gets tagged it's plenty sure that repairs will have to be made. Lots of boats are smashed into matchwood, and men used to be killed fairly often while fighting whales. But assuming that nothing serious happens and that the bomb or lance does its work, then the boat's crew find themselves laying alongside of a thing that is as big as a whole flock of elephants. The "dead whale" signal is made, and if there is any wind the ship will come to pick them

up. If it is calm the whale is towed to the ship. In towing to looward, the line is made fast to the flukes by cutting a hole through them with the boat spade, but if towing to windward, the whale is towed by the head, because the motion of the flukes as they are stirred by the sea will help to move the whale. This may sound queer, but it's the truth that a dead whale, adrift, will always work up against the wind.

Chapter VIII

THE CRITTERS THEMSELVES

I have been whaling most of my days and I've lived and associated with whalers, experienced men, some of whom had been in the game longer than myself. Through it all there has always cropped up one matter that has been a mystery to me from the start. Why is it that these men could chase whales, kill them, cut them up and handle the parts, and yet never learn anything about them?

This is the Gospel truth. Hardly any whaler ever learned much about the critters he killed. Almost no one can tell you anything very definite about them. They handled them like a stevedore handles freight on a dock. On one side of him is a ship that has come from the other side of the world. On the other, a store or maybe forty of them, but all the stevedore knows is that he has to rassel cases and bales that are dirty and cussed heavy.

Well, that's the way with whalers, or most of them, anyhow. They never gave any thought to what caused the effects that they noticed, nor to what might happen after they got through themselves.

Being a Yankee and especially a Vineyarder, I was born

with an overdose of curiosity, and I've seldom let an opportunity to learn something slip by me. That's why it is that I've noticed things about whales that lots of men never saw, and that is also why I've done some little investigating to find out why those things were so. I might say that in the matter of whales I came out in better shape than I have done in some matters that I've pried into.

Taking up the subject of the sperm whale, which is best known, I'm not going into figures at all. Those things are pretty well used up as far as their interest is concerned. Good deal like women's bust measures. Everybody knows that a perfect thirty-six makes a proper armful, and likewise most people know that a ninety-barrel sperm whale is a big one. Anybody can figure both ways from either dimension.

But here's one thing. About one third of the sperm whale's oil comes from his head, if he is in prime condition. Some of this comes from the "junk," which is the forward and upper part, and the "case," which is really a tank of oil inside.

Scientists and others who know and have studied whales have never agreed on the purpose of these things. The junk is blubber or fat that is full of fibers, and the oil in the case is a liquid that has to be bailed out with a bucket. It is from the case oil that spermaceti is obtained, and that is the stuff that they made candles of.

Well sir, these students have called the case everything

from a storage battery to a ballast tank, and in my opinion, none of them's right.

That case is just like a camel's hump. It is a reserve supply of nutriment that the whale lives on when he shifts his berth from one feeding ground to another, and the junk is used for the same purpose.

Everybody will agree with me when I point this out to them. A whale seldom stops to feed when making a passage. Now if you catch a whale when he first lands on the feeding ground you will find that the blubber on the body is just as fat as any, but the case will be low and the junk will be shrunken so that there won't be much oil in the head.

It won't be but a short time, though, before those parts will fill right up, if the whale finds plenty to eat.

Now then, the sperm whale eats devilfish, octopus, or giant squid. All the names are right, even if they belong to different fish, but I favour devilfish, because they all look like the devil. There are folks that claim that the devil made 'em and I figure that if he did, he got his idea from something he saw when he had the snakes.

Some folks that write about whales will tell you about their running down their grub and grabbing it on the fly, so to speak. It isn't done. How the devil could a whale swim with his mouth open big enough to let in a load of hay? He could move, but he couldn't catch anything.

No sir, the whale sounds, goes to a certain depth

and lays there with his mouth open. The inside of his mouth and throat are just as white as marble, and there is something about it that attracts the octopus.

What he thinks it is the Lord only knows, but he walks right into the whale's mouth like a half-drunken boatsteerer going into the bridal suite of a hotel, and there he makes himself comfortable.

This last is no idle talk, for he may lay there quite a spell before he realises that a horrible mistake has been made, for the whale won't shut his mouth until it is full or he has to come to the surface to "blow".

Maybe two or three octopuses will go in or perhaps just one big one, and they do grow big. Anyway, a good many times the quarters are overcrowded and they hang over the outside. Well, when the whale closes his mouth, he cuts off whatever hangs over the side and those parts come to the surface. The whale, that is, a sperm, will never pick them up, nor any other floating object in the way of food, and so when whalers see such stuff adrift, they know that whales have been feeding close to.

It seems as if the mention of whales and octopuses always brings up the subject of ambergris, because I know that scientists claim that the octopus has a good deal to do with it. They have always said that the octopus bills caught somewhere in the whale's cargo space and blocked up the gangway by collecting all manner of stuff that whale swallowed and that ambergris formed from that.

Now if this is true, why is it that only one species of sperm whale has ambergris in it, when all of them feed more or less on the octopus? Porpoises, grampus, cowfish and blackfish—all eat octopuses, but you never find ambergris in 'em.

No, and I'll tell you the only reason that anybody ever thought of that theory is that they do find octopus bills in ambergris. They are a good deal like the bills of parrots, but I know when ambergris starts to form that there are no bills in it.

Ambergris starts to form in the first stomach, right under the whale's swallow. It looks like a light yellow, sticky jelly with a lot of fibers running out from it that make fast to the whale's stomach all around. They are anywhere from four to twelve inches long.

As it ages, the fibres grow thicker and shorten up and during this process, while it is still sticky, it collects the octopus bills. They stick to it and as it draws together it holds them.

The mass keeps drawing together more and more, turns amber-coloured and the outside hardens into a sort of crust, and all the time it grows larger and heavier. It rolls and vibrates shaping itself into a ball and finally breaks loose. If it weighs less than twenty pounds it won't be any good, probably because it isn't fully developed.

Now when that ball gets adrift it rolls around and works aft into the second stomach, and finally gets into

the passage where it lodges. The most valuable ambergris will completely block the intestines and if the whale isn't captured, it will kill him.

Such whales can be detected when they are in a school. They don't act like the others and the yarn they tell about whales discharging ambergris when they are killed is all wrong. They don't do it because they can't.

A normal whale will empty the bowels and intestines when struck with an iron, but a whale carrying ambergris never does. That's one way to detect it.

The explanation of how ambergris is sometimes found on the shore is simple enough. The sperm whale is a tropical critter. I have already told you that the ambergris will kill him. Well, now, if a whale dies in the latitudes where he is most likely to be found, he will "blast" in a couple of days. His carcass will swell up like a balloon and finally he will blow up like a dynamite bomb, and about everything inside of him will be scattered over a considerable area of ocean.

Everybody knows that if you heave a handful of chips overboard they will float in all directions. So do the pieces of whale, and that's how the ambergris, blown into small pieces, will sometimes reach the land.

The normal sperm whale when he isn't scared is as regular as a clock in his movements. Sight one when he comes up to blow, especially a big one, and if he stays up fifty minutes, as he normally does, he will go

down and stay fifty minutes to a second. And he will keep it up just as long as nothing bothers him.

Of all I have ever handled I never saw one that didn't go into a "flurry" before he died, striking a circle about a quarter of a mile round, and after forming it would never come out of it, so that we could slack our line and lay on the edge of the circle and watch him. They will circle smaller and smaller until they get to nothing, and then they will always turn head to the sun and one fin out to die.

You can talk to almost any whaler that has been from fo'c'sle to the master's cabin and he will tell you that a whale can't stay under water over an hour and a half. But don't you believe it.

I've been fast to a whale that stayed down all night with two boats fast to him. We thought he was dead. The next morning we got the ship close aboard and tried to haul him up. When we got him within twenty fathoms of the surface the lines slacked quick and we thought that the irons had drawn out, when all at once that whale broke water, spouting clear as a bell, and started to windward, and we nearly lost him. That was only a small one; he tried out fifty-five barrels of oil.

I don't imagine that many people know that a sperm whale carries a supply of fresh water. Of course, I don't know whether he takes it into his system, but I know that he carries it and I don't see any reason for it unless, like other seafarers, he uses it when making passages.

Inside of the whale, and back of the lungs, that is, if he stands up, is a flat surface like skin on either side of the backbone, extending fore and aft from the throat to the hump. It is ten to fifteen feet long and five to seven feet wide and it holds rows of cells extending athwartships of the body.

These cells are from six inches in diameter down to the size of a marble, with the largest up next to the backbone. All of these cells, except the largest, are full of air, but the big ones are full of fresh water. Where it comes from I don't know, but I believe that the whale carries some sort of a natural condenser. Maybe he uses some of this water in his radio batteries, for he certainly does use some kind of radio or instinct by which he can communicate with other whales or know of the presence of dangers or ice floes, as mentioned later.

They tell you that a whale spouts water. If people stopped to realise that a whale is an animal they would know better. A whale spouts air and nothing else, and he draws in just as much as he spouts, and with just as much noise. When he draws in his breath, his spout-hole will close with a slap, then he will dip his head, wetting the spout-hole, and when he blows there will be a little spray. Perhaps in cold weather there will be a little vapor, too, but you don't find sperm whales where 't is cold.

This breath is hot. I have been close to looward of a whale and felt it, and it is always heavy enough to

be seen. Another thing, a whale can stay down under water until the air in his lungs is all gone if he wants to. There is no fixed limit to the time he stays below.

Now all whales spout differently and an experienced whaler can tell what kind of a whale he is looking at by that sign alone. A sperm whale has one spout-hole to the left of the center of his head. He spouts a short bushy spout, three or four feet high, curving forward and to the left in a bow. The finback spouts a thin spout, straight up. Right whales and bowheads have two spout-holes in the center of their heads with just a thin separation between—like a pair of nostrils. If you get aft of them you can see two spouts going up about seven or eight feet, separating and falling to port and starboard. The devilfish or California gray has a low heavy spout. It rises six feet or less, and all in a bunch, like a cloud.

Don't ever let anybody tell you that a whale don't know anything. I have cruised off Black Rock on the coast of Japan and when the time came for the whales to migrate, some of them would leave and shape their course for Kodiak, two thousand miles away. If anything drove them off their course they'd come right back again, while we on the ship had to take the sun nearly every day in order to find our position.

These whales would stay north until the weather begun to get cold and then they'd go back to the coast of Japan.

Not all of them would go to Kodiak. Some would

go around the Horn into the Atlantic. Now, then, how do they find their way? They never hit a reef or go ashore, while men use charts and instruments and still get into trouble pretty often. But a whale always knows when he is coming to reefs or land. He knows a lot.

Now here is a matter that must be explained by somebody that knows a lot more about pressure than I do. It is the depth that a sperm whale can sound.

As I have said, there are two hundred and fifty fathoms of line in a whaleboat, fifteen hundred feet. I have known a whale to go down with all the line from four boats, with a drug on the end of that, and I don't know how much further he went. The line was right straight up and down as long as it was in the boat, which seemed to show that the whale went right down into God-only-knows what pressure. And yet when he came up he was in perfect condition.

How was it that he didn't collapse? Someone else will have to answer that question.

Right whales and bowheads feed different from the sperm, having no teeth. They don't eat any large things at all, nor any animal matter either, so far as I know. In my opinion they feed on vegetable matter. What they eat looks like brown seed about as big as a matchhead and the water will sometimes be filled with them. When they die, they turn red and show up in big masses on the surface with a sort of greasy slick going from them. This is commonly called by whalemen "whale food".

Now the bone whales, meaning any kind of whale with bone in the mouth, have strips of bone hanging from the upper jaws, the upper ends of the strips being widest, and tapering down to a point. The inner edges of these strips are covered with stiff hair with something of a kink in it, while both sides of the jaw and the roof of the mouth are lined with the same stuff.

Two tremendous lips cover this bone and when the whale goes under the surface to feed, he drops these lips just like opening a pair of old fashioned cellar doors, exposing the bone. Then he swims slowly along, swinging his head and filling his mouth and throat with a great mass of these tiny seeds that catch in the hair.

When he gets his mouth full he closes it slowly, so as not to wash the food out, and then coming to the surface he works his tongue and the corners of his mouth until he gets the water out. Then he swallows the food. This whole program takes about seven minutes.

He will repeat this performance until he is satisfied, which takes between an hour and a half and two hours.

These whales aren't behind the sperms a bit when it comes to intelligence. Whales and whaleships go into the Arctic about the same time in the spring. The whales, as I have said, shape their course and stay on it, unless disturbed.

Now it might happen and often does that a ship and whales may go north in company, so to speak. The whales may be seen, but no attempt made to capture any

on account of their swimming too rapidly for the boats to overtake them. And so the whalers will keep some little run of these whales so long as they are in the vicinity, following along the same general course and waiting for a chance to lower.

Well, under such circumstances I have seen a bowhead whale going up into the Arctic and taking the same course that everything must take, when without any apparent reason he would alter his course and bear off at right angles, to use a landsman's term.

I remember one such instance in particular. The weather was fine, the sea smooth and not a bit of ice showing from the masthead. A big bowhead was in sight and suddenly he altered his course as I have described.

"Now what is the meaning of that?" I thought to myself, and I puzzled over it for some time. But thirty-six hours later we raised a solid wall of ice dead ahead and we also had to change our course, bearing off in the same direction that the whale had taken. He knew that the ice was there, but how? That's what I'd like to know.

I don't know of but two species of whale that will stand by their young in case of danger. These are the hump-back and the devil-fish, or California gray whale.

The humpback is so afraid of hurting her calf that she won't fight at all when attacked. When humpbacking during the calving season it is the custom to harpoon

the calf well aft toward the "small," so that it won't be killed. The mother will hang around and die rather than leave it.

The gray whale acts differently and probably got its nickname, "devilfish," from its actions at such times. It will not desert its young and if you injure the calf the mother will go into a rage that is something awful to see. She will tackle the boats and smash or drive them ashore, and is just as liable as not to kill her calves in the fighting by flapping her flukes and fins around trying to destroy her enemy.

These whales are always found near land, feeding along the edge of the weed, and are sometimes called "kelp" whales.

The humpback has fins, one on each side, that are eight to fourteen feet long. If she gets an idea that there is any danger near, she will call her calf to her, and the calf will swim up close to the mother and on top of one of the fins.

The whale will then start seaward, carrying the calf on one fin and swimming with the other. Using only one fin, she will go faster than any boat can travel, and usually gets away from any danger. When she gets calmed down she will work back, of course, into shoal water.

No other species of whale, so far as I have seen, will stand by its young at all, but will make a break for safety as soon as danger threatens.

In order to render oil, the blubber is taken off the body of the whale in large blanket pieces about five feet wide and fifteen feet long. These pieces are then cut into what are called "horse pieces" about six or eight inches wide and two feet long. They are set on what is termed a "mincing horse" that goes clear across a large tub that will hold four barrels of this blubber. This "mincing horse" has a hole in the end close to the edge of the tub so that the blubber will drop through this hole into the tub after being minced. A large knife with a handle at each end of the blade, which is two and one-half feet long and five inches wide, is used for slicing the blubber. These slices or slivers are sometimes called "bible leaves" and are never entirely cut off from the large piece, which, after being minced, is carried to the rendering works or try works.

The try works contain two large kettles each capable of holding seven or eight barrels of oil. Fires are started in the archways under these kettles in the forward part of the try works. Two smoke stacks carry off the smoke from the works. A bucket of water is always thrown into each kettle to prevent burning the blubber when the fire is started, as the making of good oil is a very essential thing. This water soon evaporates when the rendering commences.

After all the oil is rendered out of the blubber large scraps, which compare favourably to crisp bacon, are left in the kettle. These are removed with a long-handled

skimmer and thrown down on the platform and used for fuel. A whale will more than supply the fuel for his own rendering.

Blubber forks with short tines and long handles are used for pitching the pieces of blubber into the pots where the hot oil is.

When the kettles are nearly full of oil that has been rendered it is bailed into a small tank called the "cooler" with a long-handled bailer which will hold over a gallon of oil. It is then run into a cask by means of a funnel which runs from the cooler to the cask. After the cask is filled it is bunged up, rolled away and lashed against the side of the ship to prevent it from rolling around the deck. Another empty cask then takes its place, and this method is followed until each cask is filled or the rendering ceases.

After the oil cools off in the casks it is run into what is termed a "hose tub" lashed up under the deck and fastened by rings which hold the tubs in place. Then the scuttle is lifted and the cask rolled over the hole. The bung is then knocked out allowing the oil to run from the hose tub through the hole to the final cask, which is stowed in the ship's hold for that purpose.

The oil is never allowed to cool enough to prevent it from running freely through the hose. As soon as the final casks are filled with the warm oil they are bunged up and marked "*SPERM OIL.*" The oil, being warm, will shrink enough to allow a small space in each

cask, and there is no danger of an overflow should the ship sail into a warm, tropical climate.

In later years, a spigot was placed in the cooler and the oil was allowed to flow through this into pipes which led to another cooler in between decks. This cooler generally held from seventy-five to eighty barrels of oil. From this second cooler, the oil was carried through a leather hose and allowed to run into the different casks in the hold of the ship until they were all filled.

I have gone off my course a bit to explain these things, but what I have said ought to make many of the experiences I will tell about a lot clearer.

Chapter IX

BOATSTEERER AT EIGHTEEN

As I have said, I decided when I was in New Bedford to leave the Brightman farm and cows, give up the chance to go as boatsteerer on the *Mermaid*, and go instead as boatsteerer on the schooner *Admiral Blake*. I went back to the farm and got my clothes, and two days later sailed from Marion.

The *Blake* was a two-boat ship, that is, the captain lowered, also the first officer. The second mate was the captain's boatsteerer, and I was assigned to the mate's boat. Just as soon as we were outside of the lighthouse we began to get these boats rigged, and of course, as this was the first time that I had ever had any responsibility I was as about as fussy over that boat as a hen with one chicken. It was arranging all the gear in my boat, and cleaning the irons and so on that kept me busy at the start of the voyage. This is the boatsteerer's job, and I was only too glad to do it. As I have said, if this gear is not in the best of shape or if it is in the wrong place in the boat whales or even the lives of men may be lost, and I realised my responsibility. In fact, after a whale is killed and the boat hoisted in, the

boatsteerer is given time to put everything in order in it before doing anything else. Naturally, if it takes him too long, he is apt to hear about it. While I was working on my gear, and after everything was ready I was always on the lookout for whales, for I wanted a chance to show what I could do. I was not yet eighteen years old and a boatsteerer, and a prouder man never walked a whaler's deck. I would rather have died than missed a whale.

Well, we finally raised whales, but I didn't get much excitement or glory out of it at first. The Old Man got the first one. I struck "second boat," that is, the same whale, for the rest of the school ran. We killed him easy and he made thirty-five barrels. The second whale was taken in the same way, and I got discouraged. I wondered if the Old Man's boat was going to get all the whales.

The third whale we lowered for was a lone whale, what they called a ninety-barrel bull. The old man went alongside and the second mate missed as fair a chance as I ever saw. I don't know whether he was scared or not, but the whale went down and we never got him.

The very next day, however, we raised another school, and that time, by Godfrey, I got fast first. We got three whales, lancing them as we were being towed and they made sixty barrels of oil. The captain never got a whale. I was prouder than ever and I had more confidence and nerve than the judge of a beauty contest.

A week after we raised a small school of whales to looward, and the captain ran down with the vessel as close as he thought safe, and hove to. He didn't know that the whales were working toward him and they came so close that they got gallied. They ran off for a distance and begun to thrash.

Well, we lowered, and my boat was first to get down to the school. There were about thirty whales, lying in a half circle, with three little ones in the middle. They were all small, but the largest one was on the outside of the half circle. Really, the mate should have steered me on to one of the outside whales, but instead he took the boat inside of the circle. I stood in the bow with my iron ready, but I had my eye on that largest whale. Just before we got to the little ones, they settled some and I let the boat go right over them to get at the big cuss. We were right over them when I let my iron go into him, and just as I did those three little ones came up right through the boat. They knocked the bottom clear out of it and dumped everybody overboard.

Everything was mixed up, but my first thought was to cut the line so that the whale couldn't carry off our gear. I did that easy enough, for I could swim like a fish, and then I looked around for the rest of the crew. Three of them were hanging on to the boat and as I looked a Dutchman came up. His nose was running and he couldn't swim, so he grabbed at the leg of one of the men on the boat. Just to show how a man gets

shaken up at such a time, that fellow on the boat let go his belt and let his pants slide off before he realized that it was his shipmate, trying to keep from drowning, that had hold of him.

I noticed, then, that the mate was a poor swimmer, so I pushed him an oar and helped him to the boat, but he was all in and two men had to hold him.

All this time the captain's boat was coming towards us, but it was still half a mile away, and that big whale that I had struck wouldn't leave us. All the rest had gone, but he would swim off a little way and then come back. I didn't like his looks or actions a bit, but he didn't bother us.

Then the captain arrived and took us aboard, towing our boat alongside the ship. Then we took the spare boat and went and got the whale. It was a thirty-eight barrel cow.

A few days later just outside of the Gulf Stream we raised another lone bull. We lowered both boats and the captain got close, but the whale either saw or heard him and went down. We raised him again from the ship, going to looward, and chased him with the ship for three hours. Then he stopped and begun to "lobtail." When a whale "lobtails" he stands on his head in the water with perhaps a third of his length sticking straight up. Then he swings his tail from side to side, striking the water with a slap that you can hear for a mile. Well, we hove to about three quarters of a mile off, lowered,

and went down to him. He kept right on lobtailing, and the mate "put me right on," instead of waiting for the whale to straighten out, as he should have done. As we got almost to the whale and I got ready to strike I heard the mate say that he once saw a boatsteerer driven clear throught the bottom of a boat by a lobtailing whale. That bothered me, and as the boat shot up underneath that tail I let go both irons, and then jumped overboard just as far as I could. When I came up I saw that the boat hadn't been touched, but she had filled two thirds full of water, the line was running out, and the mate was shouting, "Come back here, you darn fool!" I got aboard and I don't believe a man ever got a bigger call-down than I got. The whale took one tub of line and then broke water. Then the captain got fast and used his bomb-gun for the first time. It was all over, and the whale made ninety barrels.

We got several more small whales after that without any accidents, but the season was almost up and we were all anxious to fill the ship and start for home. Then one evening just after sunset, we raised a big whale. Now whales are seldom lowered for after sunset, especially big ones, but the captain said "lower" so the mate went down, growling, and the captain followed.

I don't think that the mate wanted to tackle the whale with night coming on, and the way we went on to the whale was pretty good proof of it. It was a dead flat calm, but we never used the paddles, just pulled right

up with our oars. We were about ten fathoms off when the whale heard us and lifted his head to settle. I knew that I wouldn't have any chance to use my irons that distance, so I grabbed my bomb-gun that was laying right there loaded and ready, and let him have it. The whale rolled clear over toward the boat and came near enough for me to get both irons into him, then he sounded.

The first thing I knew, though, was the end of the line going out at fifteen fathoms. Somebody, I never knew who, had cut the line, and I didn't blame 'em. Well, we laid around for an hour pulling back and forth, but we couldn't see any sign of the whale, and at last we went aboard. There we made our report, and when the captain found that I had bombed the whale we hove to where we were for the night. Next morning when we started to cruise, we saw a "slick" on the water, and a flock of birds up to windward. We beat up there and there we found a dead whale.

It was the luckiest thing that ever happened. That was the last whale we got, and he was a dandy and no mistake. We started to "cut in" at 10 A.M. and never finished until nine o'clock that night. The "case" was so large that we had to bail it alongside, instead of hoisting it aboard, and although we lost about twenty barrels of the blubber by spoiling, we saved ninety-five barrels of oil. That gave us four hundred and fifty barrels for the voyage, and we sailed for home, arriving at Marion without anything eventful happening.

Old man Hadley, the ship's agent, was the most honest man on earth, and he paid me off right away. The captain had given me a good recommend and we came to the understanding that I should come back in the spring and go again in the same schooner as second mate and boatsteerer. I was going to spend the winter at home as usual, so after I had stayed over night at the captain's home, his two daughters took a team and drove me to New Bedford.

I had eighty-five dollars in my pocket and a check for forty dollars more. That was my voyage with the ship's bill taken out, and having so much money made me nervous. I had been to sea and killed whales, but I was still a boy and unaccustomed to cities and the world in general, so I thought that the safest place for me was down on the steamboat wharf. The boat wasn't due for quite a while, but I didn't mind waiting.

Now at this time the bark *Atlantic* was lying in the stream ready to sail around the Horn for an Arctic whaling voyage. Captain West Mitchell, of West Tisbury was to take her to the Sandwich Islands and there turn her over to Frank Wing and complete the voyage as mate. I knew Mitchell of course, he being a Vineyard man, but I didn't know that he was in New Bedford, or, in fact, anything about the *Atlantic*.

Well, it seemed that they were short a boatsteerer and someone had seen me heading for the wharves and had passed the word to old John Wing. Wing was the big-

gest darned land shark in New Bedford, and a curiosity besides. He used to go around waving and flapping his arms like an old-fashioned windmill, or a goose with a clipped wing. He would drop anything, anywhere, to shanghai a man, and I've seen him jump into his wagon on one side and out the other and run down a sailor; I've seen him leave his team in the middle of the street for the same purpose.

Well, as I sat there on the wharf, old Wing hove in sight, flapping his arms worse than common. The first thing he said was, "That boat don't leave for two hours and your uncle is at the store and wants to see you." The store was his "shark-shop," or outfitter's store.

I was suspicious, for I had never seen Wing before, and I asked him what uncle it was. He told me it was Frank Hammett of the Vineyard, who was going as cooper in the bark *Atlantic*. Well, I went with him, but reluctantly, and feeling more suspicious all the time. When we got there, I found Frank all right enough and he told me that he was sailing on the *Atlantic* as cooper but very little else, and in a few minutes he left to go aboard ship.

Well sir, in less than fifteen minutes after he left, John and the other sharks had made me believe that the Arctic Ocean was the only place on earth for a white man to live and I had signed on as a boatsteerer for the eighty-fifth lay. Aboard whaleships wages were never paid. All of the crew from the Captain to the steerage

boy and the greenhands, received certain parts of the profits from the voyage called "lays," which were proportioned according to the rating of the crew. In less than an hour my outfit was bought and was on a wagon bound for the dock, and my bill for it was $183.15. Later, when I broke out my new rig, I found that there wasn't a thing in the chest that I could wear, and when I reckoned up the cost of everything, I found that they had charged me at the rate of three dollars apiece for sewing needles. It was a devilish good thing that they didn't know I had that money in my pocket or they would have had that too. Those cusses would never have let me get away with that in my pocket. Of course I didn't find out about my outfit until I got to sea. In the meantime I had told Wing that I had intended to go home and that I had had no time to write to my parents. He promised that he would do it and—I'll give the old devil his due—he kept his word for once.

I went right aboard the ship, and by the time my chest was stowed the tug was fast and the ship was under way. I was bound around Cape Horn.

Chapter X

AROUND THE HORN TO THE ARCTIC

Everything looked like a mighty pleasant voyage. The ship was large and well-founded, we had a full crew aboard. Two-thirds of them were Yankees, and Captain Mitchell, as well as several others, was from the Vineyard. As for me, you will recollect that in spite of all my experiences I had only reached the age where a boy of the present day graduates from high school, and I was bound around Cape Horn, boatsteerer of a square rigger for the first time. I had been proud before, but I was a darned sight prouder now, and my cup of joy was filled to the gun'ls.

The tug let go of us off Hen and Chickens Lightship and we made sail and shaped our course off-shore, for we didn't figure on making any unnecessary stops on our way south, and besides, the ships on such a voyage as ours always "whaled it" going and coming. They never missed any chances to take oil, unless the ship happened to be full.

The first incident of the voyage serves mighty well to illustrate the saying that a man is never too old to learn, and it also shows up a fact that might not be fully

realised that I was still practically green as a boat-steerer. "Shad" Tilton, short for Shadrach, of the Vineyard, was mate of the ship and had picked me to steer him. Shad was an old-timer in the whaling game and practiced tricks that many other men knew nothing about. Like any other business, whaling developed in all its branches and methods, and old ideas were hove over the side to be replaced by new ones, which waant always as good as the old. So it was with Shad's bag of tricks and I had the opportunity to learn one of them just a few days out.

We raised sperm whales and lowered. It was a dead flat calm and we had to pull. Now, as I have already explained, the boat carried paddles, to be used at such a time when approaching the whale, but of course, as can be understood, this cut down the boat's speed considerable, and moreover, if any "handling" had to be done the men had to ship their paddles and get out their oars. So Shad had been trained to pull on to a whale with oars and had trained his boat's crew to do the same. The way it was done, was to pull when the whale spouted, and to stop the instant that he stopped. A whale's spout sounds very much like an engine letting off steam, only it comes in two or perhaps three quick puffs. While the whale was making this noise we could get in about two strokes that would drive the boat ahead several fathoms, and he couldn't hear us at all.

I was pulling my oar as usual—the boatsteerer pulls

until ordered to stand up—and I had my two harpoons ready on the crotch in the bow. The harpoons used were of a late type. The point was on a pivot held straight by a wooden pin which passed through the bard and shank for the iron. After a whale had been struck and a strain was put on the line, the pin would break, allowing the point or barb to "toggle," as it was called. That is, it would swing on its pivot until it headed at right angles to the shaft and looked like the letter "T". Of course, it couldn't be pulled out of the whale's blubber under any circumstances, providing it was properly driven in.

Well, Shad gave me the order, and I stood up and grabbed my first iron. As I did so, the wooden pin broke, making it useless. I couldn't use it at all, in that condition and there was no time to make a new one. Right beside me on the thwart was a little piece of oakum that I had used to clean irons with. I picked it up, laid it across the iron and jammed the head down on it till it stuck. All of this takes longer to tell than I was doing it. I had to move quick, for we were right on top of the whale, and in about one second after I had fixed my iron, the second one and that one were in that whale "up to the hitches." I shoved the second iron so hard in my excitement that it wouldn't toggle, but hauled out, so that my makeshift repair of the lost harpoon saved the whale, for we killed him without any trouble at all.

Well, when we cut him in and got the iron out I had to put it in the carpenter's vise to get the oakum out. That attracted the Old Man's attention. He came forward to see what I was doing and asked me what the oakum was doing in the iron. Naturally, I told him the truth, expecting to be commended for my presence of mind, but good Godfrey, if he didn't give it to me! Don't say a word. "There'll be no oakum boatsteerers aboard this ship," he said as he wound up his lecture.

I had thought that I'd done the right and proper thing, but it seemed that I was even worse than dead wrong. Howsoever, I lived the scandal down in time. We had taken three whales at this time, which made us seventy barrels of oil, and we sailed on southward for the line.

It wasn't but a little while after that when all the boatsteerers were taken sick. They didn't all come down at once, but there was a time when every one was well under the weather. They broke out with a rash and felt pretty rotten, and the captain didn't know what ailed them and couldn't seem to do anything to help them. The sickest man was one named Kellis, who had sailed with Mitchell before and was in the habit of drinking considerable when ashore.

One day when the captain came into the steerage to see him, he told Kellis that he thought it must be the old whiskey working out. All the rest got well but Kellis, when the captain was taken sick himself, and he

was most awfully sick, too. He got so bad that he decided to run for Brava, in the Cape Verdes, in order to see a doctor, so we changed our course and started across the ocean.

One sunny day the Old Man came on deck, wrapped in a blanket, and sat down in an easy chair. He looked as if he had one foot in the grave and the other one on a banana peel. As he sat there Kellis came along. He was much better by that time and the Old Man asked him how he felt. Kellis replied that he didn't feel very bad and that he guessed 't was only "the old whiskey working out." Sick as he was, the captain had to laugh, and in a few days he had grown so much better that the ship was kept off for the Horn again. We found out later that what we had was measles.

As we got down close to the Horn we rigged the ship over from a single-tops'l bark to a double-tops'l bark, that being a much easier rig to handle in the high winds and gales we expected to encounter. And we did meet 'em. All head winds at that, and it took us forty-seven days to double the Horn after we reached it. The wind would moderate and we would beat up for a few miles, and then it would breeze ahead and storm, driving us back to where we started from, and even further at times.

Once around, however, we ran into fine weather, and we took a good slant on the southeast trades for Honolulu, reaching that port after Captain Wing had given

us up for lost, one hundred and eighty-seven days from New Bedford.

I have already mentioned the custom of giving shore liberty every three or four months and, of course, all hands expected to go ashore for a good time in Honolulu. But almost as soon as our anchor was down we were notified that an epidemic of smallpox was raging and no one was allowed to land but the captain and he didn't stay long. Accordingly, we ran for the island of Kauai to give liberty, but when we got there, by Godfrey, they wouldn't let us land because we were from Honolulu. That settled the liberty problem and we squared our yards for the Arctic.

Twenty-five days later we raised the Fox Islands, and went through Seventy-Two Pass with a fair wind for Bering Straits and next we raised St. Lawrence Island. About the time we raised St. Lawrence we also saw a whaler about ten miles off with her boats down, and within an hour we sighted a whale. I was still "steering" Shad Tilton, although he was now second mate, for all the officers had been reduced one grade when Captain Wing took command.

Well, we lowered and instead of using a regular iron we used a darting gun, which is a combination of harpoon and bomb gun which shoots a bomb into the whale at the same time the harpoon is thrust into him and the recoil kicks the gun clear from the harpoon which remains fast in the whale. The darting gun is then hauled back

into the boat by a small line. When the bomb is darted into a whale to the proper depth, and about seven seconds after entering the body, it explodes. In a very short time after lowering we were on to that whale. Bowheads are shaped altogether different from sperm whales, and I couldn't tell head from stern, but I got busy with the darting gun and in almost no time I had killed my first bowhead as dead as "Tom White's father." He made one hundred and fifty-seven barrels of oil and we got three thousand pounds of bone out of his head.

Then we begun to cruise. We had to fight ice all the time, although we didn't strike any that was very heavy. Captain Mitchell, now first mate, was supplied with a white boat and a white suit of clothes and sent walrus hunting.

The walrus will haul out in a flock on the ice and go to sleep, leaving one on watch. If the hunter is a good enough shot to kill the walrus, he will pick the watchman. As he falls, all the rest will jump up, and if they don't see anything wrong, will drop right down again, leaving another one on guard. I have known a man to get a whole herd that way, but of course if he fails to kill one instantly, they'll get gallied and slide into the water. They can slide when they're scared, too.

We got seven whales that season and a bunch of walrus, and after being afloat for thirteen months we landed in San Francisco with a good catch of oil and fourteen thousand five hundred pounds of bone. We also had one

hundred and fifty-five barrels of walrus oil and the tusks and hides. But it was really the whalebone which counted on Arctic voyages. There's no market for it nowadays. No use to go into details, but women are responsible for its depreciation in value.

When I arrived in Frisco, the pleasure of settling up the voyage awaited me. And some explanation of things is necessary at this point.

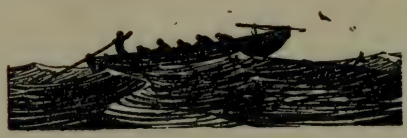
Recollect that I was sailing for J. and W. R. Wing of New Bedford, and when men were shipped they signed articles to settle for home prices. If they called for a settlement before they got home, they had to settle for Frisco prices. It was a darned clever scheme on the part of the owners, for a ship would often stay out on the coast for four or five years and ninety per cent of the men wouldn't want to stay in her; neither did they have the money to pay their way home in order to settle.

The way it worked out in my case was like this. Bone was worth $4.50 per lb. in New Bedford and $1.75 in San Francisco. Well, I decided to settle in Frisco, and begun to reckon things up. First of all, there was my original bill of $183.15 for my outfit. The fifteen cents was tacked on to make it look honest. After I had got to sea I broke out that outfit and there wasn't one thing in the chest that I could wear except an ulster coat, and I couldn't go aloft in that because it held so much wind. They had charged me the top price for every cussed thing and a devilish sight more than the top price

for some articles. I figured it all out and found that I was charged at the rate of three dollars for each spool of thread, and, as I have said, the same price for each needle. But I'm making a lot of leeway here. What I was getting at was this. As my outfit wasn't any good to me, I had to buy another from the slop chest, exactly as the sharks had planned, and of course when we went north I had to buy another outfit of fur and heavy clothing.

I didn't want to sail in the same ship again, but I did want to continue sailing for the Wings, so I took my bill and went up to the office to settle. I was prepared for a row and I think likely I showed it when I showed up. William Wing was the agent who did all the fitting and settling in Frisco, and I had done all my business in New Bedford with John Wing. So when I presented my bill William Wing looked it over very carefully and then said it was possible that some little mistake had been made, and he took off fifty dollars.

Then we settled. Allowing for the three outfits and settling at Frisco prices I was in debt to the ship just forty-seven dollars. As Wing showed me the statement he asked me if I was going to sail for his firm again that year and I told him I was. "Well then," says he, "we'll just draw a line through this and call it square." If we had settled at eastern prices I would have received five hundred dollars. It ought to be clear how those old-time ship owners made their fortunes.



Chapter XI

A DESERTER IN HAWAII

I shipped right away in the Wing ship *Abram Barker* as boatsteerer; that is, I agreed to go, but I didn't sign the articles, and I didn't take the advance money. The reason for this was that the ship wasn't ready for sea and I was given a job helping to fit her out. Captain George Smith of the Vineyard was going as master and was to take his wife along.

Now, when I was in the bark *Atlantic* we had a fourth mate by the name of Norwood and he and I had been mighty good friends. While we were north he had been taken sick; the doctor from the revenue cutter had ordered him sent home and the cutter had brought him down. He was there in Frisco when we came in and of course came to the office to settle for his share of the voyage, but the owners refused to give him a berth again, claiming that his illness had been brought about through his own negligence.

This put Norwood in a mighty bad position. He was on the beach, broke, near enough to it, and couldn't get a berth. Well, I thought it over. I always thought more of others than I did of myself, for it always seemed to

me that I could get by where other men couldn't. So I said to Norwood, "Look here, there are no boatsteerers in Frisco. The Wings have already shipped a couple of men to steer boats that they know are poor. They know you and know that you can handle whale-gear. Here's what you do. I'll back out of going on this ship, and you can go and get my berth." I could do this, you see, because I hadn't signed articles, or taken any advance, so the ship had no claim on me.

So I went up to the office and told them that I had decided not to sail. Good Lord, how they hollered. They told me about the shortage of boatsteerers and of the two poor men they had been forced to ship. They said everything they could, in fact, but I stuck it out and refused to go, and it turned out just as we planned. Norwood got my berth.

Just as soon as he had signed the articles and got his advance money I went back to the office and told them that I had decided to sail for 'em if there was any chance, and you know, they got rid of one of the indifferent men and gave me the third mate's boat on the same ship, the *Barker*.

We sailed from Frisco that same fall, after refitting. Of course we couldn't go north, but the plan was to sail to the south'ard and there re-rig to save expense and also to keep the crew where they were safe. So we went down to the Tres Marias Island off the coast of Mexico, humpbacking. At this sort of whaling the ship generally lays

close in to the land and anchors, while the boats cruise around in shoal water after the whales. The mate's name was Toby—a big husky cuss he was—and we hadn't been whaling long before he began to complain that his boat-steerer was no good. He had missed three whales, and during that same period I had struck four for the third mate and we had saved them all.

So the mate went to the captain and asked him to swap boatsteerers with the third mate when the ship went north. Of course, I wasn't supposed to know of this on the start, but there are few secrets aboard a ship and I found it out all right. It didn't suit me either, for the third mate and I were getting along first rate, and I knew devilish well that whales can be missed from the stern of the boat as well as from the bow. But it came to the point where the Old Man told the third mate that he would have to give me up. Instead of putting up an argument the third mate kept his trap shut, but he came to me and told me not to change boats.

This was putting me in a devil of a box. I didn't want to change, but rules aboard ship were mighty strict and whatever the captain said usually had to go. The ship was about ready to go north when the mate came to me one day and told me to take his boat. I told him as respectfully as I could that I had shipped to steer the third officer and that we were getting along well, and I asked him to let me continue where I was.

He flew right into a fit and told me that I'd go where

I was sent and that if I showed any back water he would bust my head open. I told him, then, that I was satisfied where I was, but that if I was compelled to steer his boat I would do it, but only against my will.

"You'll do as I say," he sung out, "and take care of my boat from now on." There wasn't any more back talk, but he kept nagging at me after that. A good many officers would do that sort of thing in those days if they got down on a man, and he rode me pretty hard.

One day, during my watch on deck they wanted to break out a cask of sugar from 'tween decks. The tackles were already rigged when the mate sung out to me to jump down in the hold and hook on. When I got down there I found a "breakage" in front of the cask. That is, a space left empty so that the cargo can be got at, but it was too narrow for the cask to pass through, so I hooked on to the cask in front to move it and sung out to hoist away.

About that time the mate looked down the hatchway and says, "That's the wrong cask; hook on to the sugar."

"You can't get it out, sir," I answered.

"I know a darned sight better," he ripped out. "Hook on to that cask." So I hooked on, but they couldn't budge it to save their lives.

Then the mate came down himself. "What's the use of sending a man to do a job when he don't know how?" he growled.

Well sir, he worked at least half an hour and then

had to give it up and move the other cask. During this time I had stayed right there giving him a hand when it was necessary, but when I saw that he had to do what I told him was necessary, I turned sideways and smiled a little. Who the devil could have helped it, under the circumstances?

The mate saw me, and picking up a club of cordwood, which in whalers was used for "dunnage" to stow between the casks, he made a move to strike me with it. When he did, I let him have it right from the shoulder and I knocked him in between two casks so hard that I had to take hold of him and haul him out. He went on deck with as beautiful a black eye as you ever saw and I sat down and begun to think. It was almost sure death to hit an officer in those days.

Of course he went right aft and told the Old Man, who came to the hatchway a minute later. Captain Smith couldn't talk plain, especially when excited, and it was about three minutes before I could understand that he wanted me to come on deck.

As soon as I got there the Old Man made a move as if to hit me and I threw up my guard.

"By God," he sung out, "would you hit me?"

"Under these circumstances I'd hit anybody who lays a finger on me," I answered.

The captain then told the mate to go and get the irons, but Mrs. Smith interfered. She came on deck and spoke to her husband. I don't know what she said, but he

answered her by saying: "Go below, Lucy. Mutiny on my ship!"

She didn't go, though, and I didn't have any irons put on me, but I have always felt that if it hadn't been for her, and for the fact that I was from the Vineyard like the captain and herself, I would have been ironed and like enough worse things would have happened to me.

While we were having this little session on the deck I took the opportunity to tell the captain that I had always acted proper and done my duty, but that I had been misused by the mate ever since I had refused to steer his boat except under protest. I told him I wouldn't stand it any longer and that while I wouldn't do any harm I should leave the ship at the first place that we touched. That meant desertion.

"I'm not afraid of that," says the captain. "You couldn't be kicked out of this ship." And that ended the episode, for the time being at any rate, but I didn't forget it, nor did the Old Man.

The next place we touched, shortly after that—this was in 1883—was Kealakekua Bay on the island of Hawaii, where we went to give liberty. There the Old Man went ashore and hired all the Kanakas to cruise around outside of the town and drive back any sailors that tried to desert. I knew that it would be foolish to try to jump ship under these circumstances, and when it came my turn to go ashore I stayed my time and returned aboard as if I had never intended to leave ship. The boatsteerers stood

anchor watch, but I was not allowed to stand my trick, so when Norwood's turn came I told him to call me and turn in. I had it all made up with four of the men forward to leave the ship.

Norwood called me and I went on deck. It was a calm still night, clear and pleasant, and I suppose that if I had been on a pleasure craft instead of a whaler that I wanted to leave, I could have seen a great deal of beauty in the scenery, for the land was very high and the light and shadows on the water was something to notice.

Everybody was asleep, but the four men, and we went forward and singled out the falls on the bow boat and hoisted and swung her out. We put in a bag of hardtack and begun to lower. I had cautioned the men not to make any noise, but that if I sung "let go" to do just that, and that I would look out for all hands. There was a Dutchman in the fo'c'sle who wouldn't go with us, but who agreed to stand guard while we got away. He was at his post.

We were at least twenty minutes lowering, easing that boat down without a sound, and just as she hit the water that Dutchman says "Py gosh, me too," and jumped in. He made a devil of a racket and I hit him for doing it, but no one stirred aboard the ship.

I have said that the land was high. It was so high that the shadow it threw reached nearly to the ship, and we got out our paddles and got into that shadow as quick as possible. We ran straight into the little stone pier

where Captain Cook's monument is, and we anchored there the stern of the boat, made the bow fast to the pier so that she couldn't get stove or come to any harm, took our bag of bread, and started for the country.

There were six of us and we had all taken notice of the way the roads ran, so we didn't make any mistakes as we headed inland and walked until it began to grow a little bit light. Then we struck a native grass hut and I says to the men, "Now what we want to do is to wake these natives and then run." So we made a racket and a man and a woman stuck their heads out and said, "Ka-ha-ha," and we beat it pell-mell, running away from the water, straight along the road.

I knew that we would be chased along that road and so just as soon as we were out of sight of the hut I led the party right into the brush at right angles to the road and set course for the mountains. We travelled right along until it got so light that there was danger of being seen and then laid down in the lava rock and stayed there till night.

At night we went on toward the mountains again and we kept this up for three days and nights; then we laid still. We had bread enough to last us for three or four days more, as long as we kept on a light ration, and I didn't believe that the ship would hang around there long. When our food was all used up we worked along the edge of the mountains until we could see the bay, and finding the ship gone we came down to the farm lands.

Sighting a house, we laid until dark, and then I went to see if I could get grub, telling the men to stand by in case I needed help.

The man who came to the door was a Scotchman named Leroy. He had been a sailor, but he had located there on Hawaii and married a native woman, and was raising cattle. He had thousands of them. This, of course, I found out later. He told me that he had learned all about us, and that the ship had gone, but that a reward had been offered for our capture and that all of the Kanakas were looking for us. "If they catch you they will send you to Honolulu," he said, "for the ship is going there. But I will help you."

I had been helped out once before by a Portugee, and my suspicions were aroused right away. I knew the Old Man would pay well for our capture—as a matter of fact, he offered five hundred dollars—and I decided to play safe. But Leroy gave us a big pail of grub and some coffee and told us to hide somewhere where he couldn't find us, and to come back when we needed more grub. Well, we didn't go back for more until that was all gone, and that was three nights later. Then we sneaked down as before and I posted the men before going to the house. Leroy said that he mistrusted we were suspicious, but he told us not to be alarmed and saddled up his horse and guided us to a shack about two miles away, taking another supply of provisions with him. We stayed at this shack for a week, and he came every night with food. On the

last night he brought a newspaper and showed us that the ship had sailed from Honolulu for the Arctic.

"You are not safe," he said, "but you are safer than you were. The law is that a man must pay his entrance fee to the country and taxes for one year, or he can be locked up." He gave us a good meal and told us that if we got into the country right he would give us a job.

Now then, it was up to us to do something different, so that night we worked out to the main road and there we held a consultation. I felt sure that if we stuck together we would be caught, so I took out what money I had—it was sixty dollars—and divided it among the men and told them they had better scatter. We had a slim lad in the crowd that we called Bones. Pretty smart he was, too, and I told them that I would take Bones with me and give the rest their choice of directions to travel in. They decided to go east, so Bones and I started west with sixty-five miles of lava rock to brush ahead of us before we could hope to strike another town where we were not known.

We travelled fast that night, until we were well past Kealakekua Bay, and then rested. But we couldn't rest long—we had to keep moving. We had some food, not much, but enough to last a while; but we had very little water, and we soon ran out of it altogether. It was no joke hiking without anything to drink and it wasn't many hours before we begun to feel the effects of it, and so when at last we found a big crevice with water in it about

ten feet down, we were pretty desperate, and felt that we must get some or keel over. It didn't take us as long to figure out a way to get it as you might think. We had a bottle that we had used to carry water in, and we cut down a long bamboo, tied the bottle to it with our shoestrings and lowered it down the crevice. We soon had plenty of water and we drank all we could hold. Then we stayed there all night, drank a lot more in the morning, filled our bottle, and went on. Then the food gave out and the travelling got awful. The cords in our legs set up like fiddlestrings, but we didn't dare to stop.

One afternoon we met a native man and woman riding on a horse. News of us had circulated all over the island and they knew us right away.

"You run away ship, you go back," says the man. At the first words I came out of my coat quicker than chain lightning and got into a fighting attitude right there. I says: "Me go back, hey?" and started towards him.

He says, "Oh-h- No-o-o-o" and socked the spurs into that horse and disappeared.

A little while after we came to a hut that must have belonged to them, and there we saw two chickens, the only grub in any form that we could see. We were mighty hungry, and we sat down and tried to decide whether to eat those chickens or not. We knew that we were in a bad fix and we figured that if we began to steal we would be in a worse one, but eventually we decided

to eat 'em, and started looking for them. But they had gone; we couldn't find them anywhere.

That night we reached an abandoned grass hut just at dark, but we had heard all sorts of stories about leprosy, and we didn't dare to sleep in it, so turned in as usual under the sky. Next morning we heard roosters crowing and knew that people were near, although there was no house in sight.

Chapter XII

LIFE ON A PLANTATION

We started on up a little hill, and when we got to the top there was a sight that looked like heaven—a big stock ranch. We went right down and met the rancher, a white man. He asked us who we were and we told him our story. He gave us an elegant feed, and when we had finished we went out and helped with the milking. All of the help was Kanakas, but we stayed for a week, milking night and morning. Then the rancher told us that he couldn't afford to pay white men's wages, but gave us five dollars apiece, and three horses saddled, and we all rode to a sugar plantation.

It was the Naalehu plantation in the district of Kau. A man by the name of Hopkins was manager and he gave us jobs right away—thirty dollars a month and board. The plantation employed a hundred and fifty Chinese, fifteen whites and fifty Kanakas.

I got a job driving a four-horse team, hauling sugar from the mill to Honuapo, the nearest port, where a steamer took it and carried it to Honolulu for exporting. Bones was set to work in what they called the trash yard.

That's where the cane is dried after the juice is pressed out. They use it for fuel under the boilers.

It was a real plantation, and there were some mighty odd features connected with the planting and harvesting of the cane. The country is mountainous and the slopes were not planted, just the flat-lands among the mountains, and this made the fields pretty distant from the mills, a matter of miles in some instances.

Now, they didn't haul that cane to the mills. They floated it. Up in the mountains they had flumes built to hold the water from the mountain streams, and from the flumes, down across the cane fields clear to the mill, were narrow troughs of wood. When they begun to harvest the cane the water was turned on and the cane was thrown into the troughs, where it floated right down to the mill and was dumped out in a heap. "Flume-walkers," as they were called, patrolled the troughs to pick up any cane that dropped over the side and put it back again. Just as soon as the supply of cut cane ran out, the water was shut off.

The sugar was made, refined up to a certain grade, and dried, at this mill. This last process isn't important, and I didn't have anything to do with it anyway, but the first operation was pressing out the juice, which was done by a pair of thirty-ton rollers. The only accident I ever saw on the plantation was when a Chinaman was hauled through those rollers. All the rest of us workmen had to

quit for the remainder of the day. I tell you 't was an awful sight, but it wasn't anybody's fault.

It must be remembered that Bones and I were still deserters and illegal residents of the country, and that the Kanaka authorities were still on the lookout for us. And so when Hopkins, the manager of the plantation, went into the nearest town about two weeks after we started to work, he found out that we had been located and that the police were coming after us.

He came right back and told us, then he paid us off and told his head man to hide us in the hayloft, giving us instructions to stay there until the next steamer arrived for sugar, and then to sail on her to Honolulu and pay our taxes and entrance fees. No one could bother us then, and he told us to come back and go to work.

So when the steamer arrived again at Honuapo, we sneaked down by the back trails and went aboard with the first boat load of sugar. There was no dock. She carried passengers as well as freight, and we bought our tickets and laid low for the rest of the day, not wanting to attract any attention. One thing we didn't provide for, however, because we didn't know about it. The steamer had a regular route among the islands, picking up and discharging passengers and freight, and when she left Honuapo about eight o'clock in the evening, be darned if she didn't run right into Kealakekua Bay, the place where we had jumped ship, and there she anchored for the night.

It was impossible for us to keep out of sight all the time, and the Kanaka passengers had already spotted us, so as soon as we anchored word was sent ashore to the police and two of them came aboard. We didn't know anything about it, and didn't know they were police at all, for it was their intention to keep it quiet until we got into Honolulu and then arrest us. They made the mistake however, of telling the captain, who was an American, and he told us, also cautioning us to keep the information to ourselves.

The next stop we were to make was at Lahaina Bay on the island of Maui, where we were to pick up passengers and more freight, and Maui was quite a place, even in those days. On that island were the seven great Spreckels' plantations with their million dollar irrigating system, and about six miles from Lahaina Bay was Kahulaui, which was a big sugar port and also a port of entry.

I found out all about this, and I knew that if we got to Honolulu the police would nab us sure as the devil, so I planned with Bones to take the first boat ashore at Lahaina Bay, and then charter a team to take us to Kahulaui, where we could pay our fees in regular order.

Says I to Bones, "When we start down the ladder for the boat the cops will try to stop us, but don't you pay any attention to that. You keep right on going and I'll take care of them."

Well, it happened just as I had said. Both of those

cops stood at the gangway, and when we started to go down into the boat they showed their badges and said, "No, we want you."

"Get down that ladder," I sung out to Bones and then I squared off as if I was going to walk right through those cops, and used language that would blister a white oak log. Being a fugitive of any sort don't improve a man's disposition. I didn't have the slightest idea of hitting them, but I knew that a Kanaka is easy to bluff, and they got gallied and jumped back so that I went right down into the boat without any interference. After I had got into the boat with Bones, they came to the gangway and looked down, and I motioned to 'em to come with us, but they didn't have any notion of doing it, not them.

We had a fair start, for there was no other boat to bring the cops ashore and they had to wait until we had landed and the boat had returned. We hired the first team we struck and each of us gave the driver five dollars to take us to the custom house at Kahulaui. We arrived there without any difficulty, paid our taxes and entrance fees and received our citizen's papers, but the police followed us and arrested us a little later. Three days after they took us to Honolulu on another steamer and took us before the officials, but when we showed our papers they let us go and the police had all their trouble for nothing.

Our troubles weren't over, though, not by a "long dart."

The fare back to Hawaii was seven dollars and we didn't have it. It was up to us to find some work and find it quick. We both struck work in a livery stable, taking care of horses, and we stayed there for three weeks. I had saved a few dollars by that time and I told Bones that I was going back to Hawaii. He said that he was pretty well satisfied and reckoned he'd stay where he was, so we separated and I started back to Kealakekua Bay to see the Scotchman Leroy, who had used us so well when we landed.

He was mighty glad to see me and wanted me to stay, telling me that it was a grand place to raise tobacco, and that if I would plant a field he would furnish all the money and everything necessary. I agreed to do it, and under his direction I planted five acres.

When it was about one third grown a buyer came and offered four thousand dollars for it just as it was. I wanted to sell. Kanaka help was cheap and it had only cost about fifteen hundred dollars up to that time. But Leroy said no. It was too prosperous a looking field to sell for the money, he said, so we hung on. But a short time after a drought struck us and the tobacco withered, so that when we gathered it, it only brought us about eleven hundred dollars. It had only taken about four months to raise this crop and Leroy wanted to try again, but I didn't have the courage, so I quit and started back to the Naalehu plantations, where I had worked before.

When I got there I found that Bones had beat me to

it. He had charge of sixty Chinese, planting and cutting cane, and I was given my old job on the four-horse team. About two months later I got a promotion, for the driver of a six-mule team left, and I got his job, which I held during that season of "sugar-rolling," as the harvest making is called.

By that time Bones was tired of the islands, and as we both had several hundred dollars we decided to go to San Francisco. Accordingly we went to Honolulu to take a steamer and Bones did sail, but I didn't.

You see, I had got to a point where I was sowing my wild oats, and what money I had was just about enough for what they called a "honolulu stake," so I stuck around the city and blew it in, instead of coming back to the States, and before I knew 't was about all gone. I realized that I must go to work again, but I didn't quite like to go back to the same plantation, so I went to Maui, where I got a job as field boss over sixty-five Chinese—that's the way they were divided up.

There were fifteen hundred Chinese and five hundred Portuguese, and a lot of Kanakas. All of the bosses and teamsters were white. About three months later, and just about the time that I celebrated my twenty-first birthday, I was given a berth on the plantation police force. I took it because I was green and didn't know anything about the duties.

To give anyone an understanding of the situation I must explain that these plantations were supplied by

contract labour. That is, the Chinese were shipped into the islands by the thousands and signed on articles just like a ship's crew. They had to pay their own passage out of their wages, of course, which were but five dollars a month, and they had to work a ten hour day for three years. There were all sorts of regulations and conditions, one of them being that a man must work three or four days for every one that he was absent from the plantation camp. They were fed, of course, but a Chinaman by the name of Ah Fong had the feeding contract, and about all they got was rice, fish and tea. Some of them were cooks and some were grub carriers, for their dinner was carried to them in the fields. All of this is pretty tough to think about, but it is only a part of it. They had the plantation police to keep order, and had to raid the Chinese camp about once a week to look for opium. When they got hold of that they were dopey and didn't work well. The police were also supplied with a description of each man and his number, for they didn't go by names, and when one ran off he had to be found and brought back.

Here is where the dirty part came in, the part that made it worse than slavery for the Chinese. When a man had nearly served out his time, the field boss would abuse and mistreat him until he would have to desert. The police would chase him and locate him, but would leave him there just as long as there was no danger of his getting clear. Then the man would be arrested and

brought back for what they called a "plantation trial," and by the time his absence and the expense of catching him was figured out and totalled up he would probably have another year to serve. I remember one time when a Chinese turned on his boss with a cane knife and the boss shot him dead. The boss was arrested and locked up in the jail in town, and all of the Chinese quit work and went there, determined to get him out and kill him. All of the white men were armed, the town police were called out, and we had orders to drive the Chinese back to the plantation if we had to kill half of 'em. They went all right, too, when we got behind 'em, and the boss was acquitted. They called it self-defence, when really he was abusing that Chinaman to make him desert.

I held that job as a cop for six months and my conscience wouldn't stand it any longer. I could stand a lot, and had done it, but there was a limit, so I told 'em I was through. They then gave me the position of second boss, under the manager, at a salary of two hundred and fifty dollars a month, "Mex," as they called the Spanish money. That's all they used there then, and three months later when the head boss quit, I was offered that position.

But I couldn't take it. I had never had much schooling, and I knew that I couldn't handle such a job. But I had some pride too, and I didn't want to give my reason, so I gave up my job altogether and went to Honolulu. From there I went to Laupahoehoe on Hawaii, where again

I drove a four-horse team on another plantation. This was the first job I was ever fired from.

You see, I had developed into a pretty wild kind of a man, and I was drinking altogether too much "okulian." That's a kind of native moonshine made from the tea root, and every drink will curl your hair. Well, I was driving the team one day when I wasn't fit to sit on the seat, and the boss fired me, and I walked sixty-five miles to Hilo. I stayed there about two weeks, having a pretty fair kind of a time and then went to Honolulu, where I shipped as quartermaster on the island steamer *Evelina,* that same sugar boat that had taken me to Maui when I went to become a citizen. I ran on her until spring, when the whalers began to come in to fit up for the north.

Chapter XIII

ICE FLOES AND FRISCO SALOONS

The first ship in was the *Fleetwing*, Captain Nye. He had heard that I was in the islands and as he needed a boatsteerer, he had sent for me. I knew that the only way I could ever get away from there was on a whaler, for it was too fast a place to save passage money, so I went to see him. He asked me if I wanted to go north, and I told him I did. Then he wanted to know how I happened to be in the islands, and I told him the whole story of my running away from the *Abram Barker*.

I don't know what Captain Nye thought, but I imagine that he figured that I must have been a poor boatsteerer or I wouldn't have jumped ship, for he told me that the *Barker* was on her way in, that Toby was now master and that when he arrived he, Nye, would ask about me, and if Toby's report was satisfactory I could have a berth.

We left things just like that, and here's what happened, as I found out later. The *Barker* came in and Nye met Toby, telling him that he wanted to ship me and asked about my ability as a boatsteerer. Toby told him that he was in an awful hurry right then, but that he

would give him the whole story later, and hustled uptown. He was short a boatsteerer, too, and he made straight wake for a shipping master and told him to locate me at once.

So it came about that I met the man with whom I had had so much trouble and he told me right off the bat that he wanted me to sail with him. He offered me a fourth mate's lay and said that he would bury the hatchet for good. Then he asked me how much advance I wanted, and I told him two hundred dollars. The deal was closed right there. My name went on the articles, the advance was paid me, and I was all heeled again, as far as money went.

About an hour later I ran into Captain Nye outside the shipping office and he said, "I've seen Toby and I'm ready to ship you." "Why," says I, "I've already shipped with Toby."

"Well, I'll be dashed blanked," said Captain Nye. Boatsteerers were scarce and he was so mad that he never gammed with Toby for the whole season.

Three days later I showed up, according to agreement, to go aboard. I had about ten dollars left and my Arctic outfit consisted of the clothes I stood in and a few little trinkets tied up in a handkerchief. Crapo, the man who had been mate of the *A. J. Ross,* had come out from New Bedford to join the *Barker* as second officer, and Captain Toby introduced us as follows: "Here's a boat-

steerer I picked up for us. Now go aboard with him and tell the mate to get under way and lay off and on, or he'll be ashore again."

We went aboard and the mate did just as he was told. We sailed offshore, figuring to run back under the land in the morning, for we were due to sail north the next day at three o'clock. But that night we got into a calm and couldn't work the ship at all, and the next day we raised a school of big whales.

I had got my boat nearly ready, so we lowered and I got a "try-chance." The mate, who was watching from the mast-head, said afterwards that he had never seen an iron thrown so far, but anyhow, we got the whale and he made ninety barrels. It was four days before we finished trying out and worked back to Honolulu and when the captain found out about the oil he had the ship docked again to discharge it, but he kept his eye on me all the time. He needn't have done it, for I couldn't have been driven away.

That job done, we sailed for the Arctic. I never saw a better master than Toby was, and I was the pet of the ship. The idea was, they had had a boatsteerer or two that missed whales—that's how I happened to get the berth—and I had been lucky enough to be able to show them what I could do before the voyage began.

The first thing I had to do was to draw an outfit from the slop chest and when I went after it the captain wanted to know what I had done with my two

hundred dollars. I told him I had left most of it in Honolulu to help keep the saloons a-going, and he just laughed and gave me all I wanted. I had a good lay you see, and he knew that it wouldn't take much oil to pay back all I owed the ship.

When we made the ice our boat went on to the first whale, and I got him. I have explained before that we used darting guns for Arctic whaling. This was in order to kill the whales quicker and lessen the chance of their going under the ice. Well, he never took out the box-line.

Crapo wasn't used to darting guns, and when he saw that there was no strain on the line he told me that I had missed the whale. "No sir," says I, "I haven't missed him, but he's missed a good deal." Just as we started to change ends the whale came up alongside with his fin out, dead as a mackerel. He never even spouted. Crapo didn't give me any credit then, but picked up the gun and said: "Them are the fellers." I couldn't help answering, "Yes, but there is a little something in knowing how to use 'em, too."

He made us one hundred and ten barrels of oil and twenty-two hundred pounds of bone, worth five dollars a pound, and that gave us a fair start. We worked with the ice and raised whales again off Cape Smith, and I got another, but it came on a calm and the ice drifted in so fast that we had to let go and pull for the ship. Seven ships had boats fast to whales that day, and they

all had to set them adrift for the same reason. That night the ice closed in around us. It was calm with a thick fog. We anchored several times, but had to take up again, and the ships kept drifting north.

At that time there were three steamers in the Arctic, and one of them the *Orca*, came along and towed us into clear water for one thousand dollars. She towed out one other besides us, but the others stayed in the ice and drifted all night, two of them lashed together. In the morning the wind breezed northwest, and the ice drift stopped. The pack loosened and all the ships got out.

We kept on working through the season and got seven bowheads, and call it bragging or not, I got five whales out of the seven.

One funny thing that happened up there that year. Some time after we got caught in the ice, the barks *Eliza* and *Horatio* got caught the same way. They drifted north so far that the crews of both ships deserted them and tried to get ashore. They travelled over the ice, but ran into open water and eventually had to go back to the ships again. Somehow in cruising about they missed their own ships, but the officers and crew of the *Eliza* got aboard the *Horatio*, while those of the *Horatio* got aboard the *Eliza*. After they had got aboard, the ice loosened up and both ships got out. Both of them sailed for San Francisco and when they got there both crews made a claim for salvage. The courts threw both cases out, because, they said, the men were only using

the ships to save their own lives, which was true enough.

Well, we reached Frisco ourselves eventually, and it looked pretty good after being away from the States for nearly three years. Old Wing was pleased with my record and paid me off at home prices, because he figured on my sailing for him again, and when I settled up I had five hundred dollars left.

I had my own ideas about sailing again, though. After my experience in the ice and seeing how the steamers worked I made up my mind that I'd sail north in steam whalers thereafter. So I went over to the San Francisco Steam Whaling Company and shipped in the *Orca* to steer the mate, Thomas Mellen, for the seventieth lay, the best lay given to any boatsteerer in the ship. Sherman, the captain, and a very successful man, had some trouble with the owners that season and Hayes took her north when she went.

I worked around the ships all winter and we sailed in the spring, but I hadn't grown a darned bit better since leaving the islands. I was a kind of cussed hoodlum, in fact, and when we sailed I owed the ship two hundred and fifty dollars, but I had a decent outfit. Frisco was a poor place for a man who was inclined to be wild, and when we sailed I wasn't a bit sorry.

The voyage was entirely uneventful. We were gone nine months and got ten whales, and when we came back to Frisco we brought a cargo worth one hundred thousand dollars. I had six hundred and fifty dollars as

my share when we settled and agreed by word of mouth to sail the next year as third mate, but I hadn't sowed all of my wild oats, as you will see.

We had a half-Kanaka boatsteerer called Fish, who had always been a pretty good friend of mine, and when he got his money he started on a spree and I heard of it. I knew that he had five hundred dollars on him and I was worried for fear he might be robbed, so I went looking him up.

I found him in the toughest saloon on Pacific Street, and that means that there were darned few tougher anywhere. He was treating everybody as fast as the bartender could set 'em up, and was having a high time. So were the rest of the gang, for that matter, and I realised right away that taking him away from that bunch was going to be just about as safe and pleasant as robbing a wild tiger of his breakfast, so I didn't approach him, but called all hands to have a drink, with the idea of getting close to Fish and coaxing him out.

I supposed that everybody in the place was at the bar, but as I picked up my glass a chair came down on me from behind. It hit my shoulder hardest, or I'd have been knocked out. As it was, I lost my drink, but I didn't lose the fellow that hit me. I slewed around and planted him, and he went down. Then I grabbed the chair and sung out to Fish to get out, and I further announced that I'd clean the place out if anyone interfered, and I backed out holding the chair.

At this time the Cleveland-Hendricks presidential campaign was in full swing and everyone was talking about it. Fish had heard of it, of course, and being half corned he didn't have any better sense than to sing out: "Hurray for Cleveland." Someone around there didn't care for Cleveland and swung on Fish and nearly knocked him off his feet. They came together and I didn't mix in, for I knew that Fish could handle one man without any trouble, but when two more started in on him I figured he might need help, and I took a hand myself.

Just about that time a sergeant of police came along. He didn't have any uniform on and I didn't know who he was, but he had a club in his hand, and I didn't know but he might hurt somebody with it, so I handed him one and knocked him down into the gutter. As he fell his coat opened up and I saw his badge. I sung out "Cop!" and started away. The men who were fighting the Kanaka all cleared out, but Fish was just drunk enough to keep right on looking for the man who hit him, and the officer got him.

I followed them along, keeping on the opposite side of the street until they got well away from the scene of the fight. Then I went across and accosted the officer. Said I: "Mr. Officer, you've got the wrong man. I was a witness to this fracas." I noticed at the time that one of his eyes was closed where I had plugged him. But he was out of sorts and gave me an answer to the effect that he was going to run Fish in and that if I offered

any objections he would take me too. Now I wasn't quite myself, for I'd been circulating more or less, and I says, "Be damned if you'll take me."

The officer threw his hand behind him and I, thinking that he was going for his gun, hauled off and knocked him cold, and told Fish to run. Once more that darned fool spoiled it all. He wouldn't move an inch, but stood there singing out: "Bring 'em on as fast as you want to." I saw the officer coming to, so I left.

I couldn't desert Fish though, so I went to the hotel where I was staying and cleaned all up and put on a new suit. Then I went to the police station to bail him out.

The sergeant was there when I walked in, but I didn't pay any attention to him as I walked to the desk and asked the officer if Fish had been brought in. He informed me that Fish was there, and that the charge was "drunk and disorderly conduct." While we were talking the sergeant eased around until he got between me and the door, where he pulled his gun and says, "Yes, he's here and you can go with him."

By this time I was perfectly sober, and I spoke in the most surprised voice in the world: "What do you mean?"

"Just what I say," he growled. "You're the man that hit me."

"Are you foolish?" I came back at him. "Can't a

man come in here to offer bail without being insulted?" The desk officer butted in then.

"You better slow up a little, sergeant," he said. "You may be mistaken."

Things looked pretty good and I began to think that I was coming clear all right, when that cussed Fish heard my voice and sung out from the cells in back:

"Hello there, Tilton, old boy, we did 'em up, didn't we?"

'T was all off then, and they locked me up with him, the fool. It was then about half past ten in the evening and I didn't have any intention of staying there all night, so I got the officer to go to an outfitter close by, a fellow they called "Jew Levi," and tell him to come down and bail us out.

Down came Levi and did his duty like a man, and after we got away I told him the whole story.

"Now," says I, "you get that sergeant to meet us and talk it over. He hain't going to bring no charge if I can help it."

Well, Levi got him and we held some consultation, I can tell you. The result was that we got him to keep still by handing him one hundred and twenty-five dollars, which I made Fish pay, for it was all his fault, and the next morning when we appeared in court the only charge he brought was drunkenness, and we each got a fine of five dollars.

I said before that I hadn't got through sowing my

wild oats, and that was a fact. I had too much money to go to work, so I went sporting and sowed them oats high, wide and handsome. When my money gave out I went to this same Jew Levi and borrowed more. He was in the habit of lending money to whalers, to be paid back from their advance, but when I had got into him for about two hundred and fifty dollars he began to squeal. "You're going too fast," he said, "and the winter isn't over yet."

I didn't blame him any. I had a pretty good room in the Chicago Hotel, and coming home one morning about one o'clock with two-thirds of a bun on, I went to the mirror and looked at myself. I wasn't a sight that anyone would have paid much to see. My clothes were dirty, and so was my face, and I showed the effects of the life I had been leading.

"I wonder what Mother would say if she saw me to-night," I said to myself. And right there, on the spur of the moment, I made up my mind to leave Frisco and never come back until I could take care of myself.

This wasn't so easy as it looked. I owed Levi two hundred and fifty dollars and he certainly wouldn't allow me to leave until it was paid. There was no way for me to pay unless I went whaling again and I wouldn't wait until spring to leave Frisco.

Next morning I turned out, and after cleaning up I went down to the toughest deep water boarding house in the city. A man named Clarke ran it and he was one

hard "hombre." I told him what I wanted to do, that is, to leave Frisco and to ship for a voyage in deep water, and I offered him all of my advance money if he would keep his mouth shut.

Chapter XIV

KNOCK DOWN AND DRAG OUT

He shipped me as bos'un on the full-rigged clipper ship *Ruce* of Portland, Maine,—one of the wheat fleet bound for Queenstown, Ireland, for orders. She was loaded and all ready to sail, then. I was signed on under the name of John Coleman at sixty-five dollars a month and was to be put aboard at dark so that no whalemen or outfitters could see me. I packed my clothes and went down that night and was put aboard in a steam launch, the only man aboard except the man who ran her on the way out to the ship. It was dark and raining, and the lights of Frisco shone through the rain like a bunch of eyes. I had time to do quite a bit of thinking before we got alongside.

The next morning at nine o'clock we towed to sea. There was a strong wind and we made all sail as soon as the tug let go. She was a double-to'gallant-yarder and carried a real spread of duck. About the time that we got her under way, we saw another tug coming out. Levi had got wind of my going and had chartered the tug to come after me, but with that breeze he might just as well have tried to catch the devil in a flytrap.

Five wheat ships sailed that day, all bound for Europe, and racing each other. There was the *M. P. Grace,* the *E. B. Sutton,* the *Glory of the Sea,* and one other, besides the *Ruce.* The whole five went around Cape Horn to Europe inside of one hundred and nine days.

The *E. B. Sutton* was a full-rigged three-skys'l-yarder and we never sighted her until we were off the River Plate, when we signalled her to looward and passed her. Just after that we made her shed her three kites in a squall and thought we had her beat, but when we got to St. Georges Channel and asked a towboat man about the wheat fleet he told us that he had towed the *Sutton* in two days before. She had made it in one hundred and four days. We were one hundred and six, the *Grace* was one hundred and seven, and the other two both came in on the one hundred and eighth—pretty close for that number of ships on a voyage of that length.

It was a tough voyage, though I was about as tough as they made 'em myself, in those days, and 't was lucky for me that I was. We had twenty-four A.B.'s, and they had to be real sailors in those days, two bos'uns, four boys, and two ordinary seamen. Then we had a captain, two mates, a cook and a steward.

She was the black ball liner for fair. It was knock down and drag out all the way. If a man looked cross-eyed he'd get a mallet or belaying pin, and it was drive from one day's end to another.

We bos'uns had a room forward, right alongside of

the cook. The other fellow was some kind of a foreigner —I never knew what—and after we had been out a couple of weeks he began to act queer. One night after I had turned in I woke up and found him in my room, when he should have been on deck. He was hiding behind an oilskin coat, and when I asked him what the matter was he said that someone was going to kill him for his clothes.

I knew that something was wrong. In the first place he never had any clothes to speak of, but outside of that he was acting mighty queer. I wasn't going to sleep with a crazy man around, so I chased him out and then went and told the second mate. The mate had a talk with him and then says to me, "Why, he's harmless."

"Well," says I, "he's darn peculiar acting, anyhow. How do you expect me to sleep with him dodging around?" That was all the talk we had, but when I turned in I slept with one eye open.

In the morning the second mate reported the matter to the Old Man. When the captain talked with the bos'un he broke down and cried like a child. The captain thought that he was harmless, but began to doctor him some, and told him that he needn't do any work, but stay on deck in the day time and turn in at night.

The next night it was my watch below, from eight to twelve. It came on to breeze some and they had to take in the upper to'gallants'ls. The bos'un was on deck, but he wasn't giving any orders. Well, in taking in those

sails, a gasket parted, and one of the seamen lost his hold and came down on deck just like jelly.

The bos'un came tearing into our room and sung out:

"What did I tell you: they've killed one already," and hid behind the oilskin coat again. I asked him what the trouble was, figuring that someone had been shot. She was a hard ship and I had looked for something of the sort, but all he would say was:

"They've killed him. They've killed him."

So I dressed and went on deck to find out. When I found out about the accident I came back and told the bos'un to turn in, and I did myself, but I didn't do any sleeping.

At twelve o'clock I had to go on deck and stay until four, and the watch wasn't half over when I heard a devil of a rumpus in the bos'uns' room. I ran forward and found the cook bleeding like a pig, in front of his door, and the bos'un running for the to'gallant fo'c'sle to hide under it.

It seems that the cuss had got a club hammer and gone into the cook's room to kill the cook as he laid asleep in his bunk. When he hauled off to strike, the hammer had fetched up on the roof of the house, and it broke the blow. It hit the cook all right in the forehead, and dented it in quite bad, but it didn't knock him out. As the cook put his hand on the edge of the bunk to jump out, the bos'un swung again and took off two of the fingers at the first joint; then he ran and hid.

Well, I sung out to the mate and showed him what his harmless man had done and kept a watch on the fo'c'sle-head while he went for a lantern. I called the watch forward, for I was prepared for a fight, but when I called the bos'un and told him that he wouldn't be hurt if he came out, he came without any fuss, and the mate put him in irons and shut him in the room.

The captain patched up the cook as best he could and the next day we cleaned out what we called a sail pen, built a bunk in it and kept the bos'un in there for the rest of the voyage. He was locked in at night and a man waited on him in the day time.

Now, just to show you what masters were like in those days, when we got to Queenstown and were paid off, that bos'un was paid off, too, and turned adrift without any report being made to the authorities. How can anybody tell how many ships he may have sailed on after that or what he may have done? But a master in those days never cared if he could clear himself and that accounts for there having been so many desperate men aboard ships.

Well, when we paid off and discharged at Queenstown, we all took a train for Dublin, then a boat for Liverpool, where we went into a sailors' boarding house. I was beginning to behave. I never touched a drop of liquor while I was there and it was six weeks before we had a chance to ship on the English ship *Austriana*. When you ship on an Englishman you get your "pint

and pound" and no more. She was loaded with rosin, rags and fleas, bound for New York and then for the East Indies. I mention fleas because every time we took off the hatch about nine million would come out. We had to sign on for three years at five pounds a month. She was a good sea boat, but hard on rigging. We had to set it up after every blow, for she slacked something fearful. English officers never believe in finishing a job, but always have about twenty-five started at once, so we never got through. There wasn't anything bad about the ship, but good Lord, when we got to New York I was almost home and I couldn't quite get used to the idea of sailing right away to be gone three years more. I still had some money from my last voyage, and so I took French leave from that packet, bought me a brand new rig throughout, and took the boat for New Bedford.

It was spring, and I was twenty-five years old. I hadn't seen New Bedford for seven years and good as it looked I knew that the Vineyard would look better. The folks didn't know that I was coming home, for we didn't write very often, and I didn't waste any time in getting across the bay and up the North Road to the house. The old brickyard was running full blast, then, and Father was watching a kiln that night, so there was nobody home but Mother and my brother John. When I spoke to her she called me Zeb and then Welcome, but she recognised me while she was speaking, and a happier woman never lived.

Since I had been away from home for so long there was a good deal to interest me on the Island. Besides, I had been dragged around quite a bit and I didn't figure that a little lay-off would hurt me, so I stayed with the folks for three weeks, and then went to New York. I had some money and I hired a room and began to watch the shipping news, for I had decided that the merchant trade was the only thing and I wanted some more of it.

Well, inside of a week I found that the three skys'l-yarder *E. B. Sutton,* the same ship that had raced us from Frisco to Queenstown, was loading with general merchandise for Portland, Oregon. That was just what I was looking for and I went right down to the water-front and looked up the captain. Manson was his name and later he became one of the leading lights of the Boston Marine Society. He was aboard his ship, keeping an eye on the loading, and I went aboard and applied for the mate's berth. I was aiming mighty high, for I was only about twenty-five years old.

He looked me over and then spoke: "Young man, do you know that I carry skys'ls?"

"Yes," says I, "and you carry men to take 'em in, don't you?"

"That's correct," he answered.

"Then," said I, "I can see that they're taken care of."

"Well," said the captain, "you sound all right." And then he began to ask questions. I told him something about myself and assured him that I was going to follow

the merchant trade. The result was that he agreed to give me the berth, but he advised me to think it over well and to consider that a man had to be an honest-to-God sailor to go on such a ship. I got just the least bit haired up and I finally told him that if I didn't do my work right he needn't pay me any wages when he got ready to discharge me. That settled it, and he signed me on.

I took my things aboard and commenced on my duties as first officer. There was no crew aboard at that time. The loading was done by stevedores, but a mate was supposed to see to the stowing and trimming, and look out for a hundred other little things like that. Two days later the Old Man evidently made up his mind that I could be trusted, for he gave me full charge of the ship and went home for a week. At the end of that time the ship was about loaded and he came back and shipped the crew: Twenty-two A.B.'s—and that means able-bodied seamen,—four ordinaries, two boys, mate—that was myself, second mate, two bos'uns, a cook, and a steward. We sailed a few days later, towing down to Sandy Hook and then squaring away for Cape Horn on the voyage to Portland.

We had a fair wind all the way and I never saw sail carried so in my life. It blew some at times but the tops'ls weren't taken in from the time we left New York until we hove-to off the Columbia River bar. There

were things about this voyage worth mentioning, though, because they were new to me.

In the first place, the first thing we did after sailing was to put on our chafing gear. Ships like the *Sutton* had chafing gear everywhere a line crossed another, or crossed standing rigging. This chafing gear was made of burlap, sennit, Scotchmen, and so on, and I guess she must have carried between twelve and fourteen tons of it in her rigging. It was a part of the bos'un's duty to go all over the ship once every watch to see if all of this gear was in its place, and not too badly worn. If he didn't notice a poor place, and a line or sheet chafed off, I want to tell you that he caught Merry Hail Columbia.

All hands had to work. That ship was kept looking just like a picture. There wasn't a particle of dirt on her paint anywhere. You could have rubbed a white kid glove over any part of it, on deck or below, and never soiled it. Every block was bright and her spars kept scraped and slushed. You see we had no afternoon watch below; all hands were on deck then, and unless there was sail to handle, they were all kept at work on the ship.

There were some rules of etiquette too that were rigidly enforced. If a sailor went aft for any purpose he took the lee side. If he passed an officer he always passed to looward, and lifted his hat, unless he was at work. We made the passage in ninety-six days, and next to the last thing we did was to holystone the deck until it was

as bright as a new dollar. After the tow boat had hooked on to us all of the chafing-gear was taken off and the sails furled in "harbor-trim" with the gaskets passed evenly like the whipping on a rope or the flakes in a coil.

After docking, the jib boom was "shipped in," that is, hauled inboard so as to make room, and then the crew were paid off and discharged, except for the mates, cook, and steward. They could go if they liked, of course, but they didn't have to. 'T was a hard ship and a hard life, with only one consolation—there was good grub and plenty of it. The American merchant service articles read, "full and plenty," as regards grub, and the men got it, but they earned their money, for they worked like the devil all the time.

Stevedores discharged the cargo and we loaded with wheat for Liverpool. That was an uneventful trip and we made it in one hundred and thirty-seven days, discharged, and sailed in ballast for New York. When we arrived there the captain told me that if I would stay with the ship for two years more he would quit and I could have her, but I had had just about all of the merchant service that I wanted, and I might say that I had lived up to my resolution regarding rum. As a man became master of a whaling vessel his lay or percentage of a successful voyage gave him much more money than the pay of captain of a merchant vessel. I have cleared as much as seventy-five hundred dollars as captain of a whaling vessel in the Arctic during a period of five

months and twenty-two days, while a merchant captain's pay would only have been at that time one hundred dollars a month. But of course all voyages were not successful and if no whales were caught the captain would receive nothing for his voyage.

Chapter XV

RUM AND BRASS KNUCKLES

This was in the spring and I came home again to find that two of my brothers, Welcome and William, were fishing and lobstering on No Mans Land. They made me believe that there was some money in it and I finally hired a boat and went with them for the spring fishing. On bad days when we couldn't fish I built lobster pots under their direction. I put in the summer lobstering, then in the fall I went cod fishing.

I had "fisherman's luck." Either I didn't know how to fish or else I anchored where there weren't any—I don't know which. Late in the fall I launched one day as usual and went off with the fleet. I anchored and fished in four different places that day and after staying out there eight hours I came ashore with three fish. When I landed, they laid the ladders for me and hooked on with the oxen to haul my boat out.

"Lay another ladder," says I, and when they did, I says, "Lay another."

"Where are you going?" they all wanted to know. "There isn't going to be any storm."

I just told 'em to keep on hauling and when I got that boat up between two fish houses I shored her up and told 'em all that if I couldn't catch more than three fish in a day they would have to be a dam sight bigger than these and I wouldn't haul their heads off pulling them from the bottom either. I got my gear together, took the boat back to the Vineyard and turned her over to her owner, and two days after left for New Bedford. When I got there I found that the bark *Tamerlane* was fitting out for a voyage around Cape Horn to the Arctic. She was a comfortable ship, as I found out later, but she was square at both ends. Why, good Lord, you could have shifted the sails around and sailed her stern first, and she would have gone just as well. The only berth left was a boatsteerer's, and I says "I'll take it." And a week later we sailed. I was going whaling again.

We had officers—don't you ever doubt it. The captain was a Portugee named Bento, the mate's name was Church, and he was from New London, the second, Dick Ellis, the third, Gray, and the fourth, Gifford. Every cussed one of the mates was a hoodlum. How they ever got to hold officer's berths I'm cussed if I know. And as for the Old Man, he was as crazy as a loon. Oh, we had one sweet after-guard on the old *Tamerlane*, that voyage. The crew wasn't bad, though. The boatsteerers were all experienced men and half of the men forward had been whaling before, so the situation wasn't serious by any means. The main line of reasoning was that if the Old

Man could keep the ship in the ocean and the officers could keep her right side up, we fellows could handle her and fill her with oil, so that was all right.

Just as soon as we dropped the land the Old Man got about two thirds drunk, and as soon as he was well saturated all the officers followed suit. Not only that, but they continued to be drunk, never sobering up even for a rest or change of scenery. This might sound pretty serious, but with a big crew like a whaler carried and plenty of trained men, there wasn't much danger unless perhaps if the captain had sighted two north stars and had reckoned from the wrong one. Even then, about the worst thing that could have happened to us would have been to get clean off the grounds. We stood our watches regular and kept a lookout all of the time.

But the Old Man didn't lose his bearings, even if he was as full as a goat. He knew where he was going and he fetched there without any trouble. That was his birthplace, the Isle of Maio in the Cape Verde Islands. He claimed that he wanted more men, the Lord knows what for, I don't. But I rather guess he gave that reason because he happened to think of it first. Anyhow, we laid there three days, and all he did was to boat off rum from the shore.

I won't say 't was all rum—some of it was wine and some was aguardiente and there was a jag of it, too. He traded ship's store for it, flour, hardtack, pork, beef, and everything else—besides, I think, buying some for cash.

When it was all aboard, the ship was just about one quarter loaded with liquor. That cargo would be worth something to-day.

Well, we sailed, and four days out we raised a school of small whales and got three. They made seventy barrels of oil and the Old Man and officers were all drunk all the time that we were cutting in and trying out. Then some of 'em sobered up enough to give us a course, and we sailed for Cape Horn.

Two days later the Old Man came on deck one morning with a revolver and begun to shoot holes in the bulwarks. He was crazy with liquor, and I want to tell you that men were scarce around the after part of that ship for a while. When the gun was empty, the mate and second mate came on deck and took it away from him. Then they got him down below and locked him in his room. They had to watch him all the time to keep him away from the rum, and in about a week's time he had got pretty sober. The officers didn't care a darn for his feelings; they had plenty of rum themselves, and the less the Old Man drank, the more there'd be for them, so they kept track of him. For a while he was in very good shape.

But he fell; he got into some of the wet goods one day and he came on deck with three sheets in the wind and the other shivering like the devil. I was working on the mizzen rigging at the time and he spoke to me,

saying, "By Godfrey, I've commenced to drink again. You go and tell the second mate to come here."

When the second mate came the Old Man told him to call all hands aft and to break all the liquor out there was aboard. It made a pretty good display, when it was all on deck. And then the Old Man told 'em to bust open every keg and jug and heave the liquor overboard. When this had been done he says, "Now, I haven't got a thing to drink." Which was true enough, but the mates had plenty, for they had been stealing it all the time and had stocked up in good shape.

We were working on toward the Cape and we were within five hundred miles or so when we struck a gale that twisted the rudder-head. We had to fish the rudder and steer with tackles rigged over the quarters with three men on each one to haul or slack according to the way we wanted the ship to travel. With this rig we ran for Port Stanley in the Falkland Islands to make repairs.

Now, there is a place about thirty-five miles from Port Stanley, called Stanley Sound, and either through some error in reckoning or some other cause we fetched up there instead of at Port Stanley. There the officers begun to tell the captain that the ship wasn't fit to go north. They talked with him and argued with him and finally got him to thinking that they were right. Then they went ashore and sold the wreck to a farmer.

Oh, no, she wasn't wrecked at all, but she was going to be, as I'll show you. I have explained already that we

were steering with tackles because the wheel was useless, owing to the twisted rudder-head. The wheel could be turned two-thirds of the way to port or starboard, but the rudder wouldn't move. So you can judge for yourself what these gentlemen had in mind when they came aboard.

They announced their intention of beating out of Stanley Sound, and the first thing they did was to haul the rudder-tackles taught, make 'em fast, and put me to the wheel. We were on the starboard tack, heading for the shore, and they gave me the order to port my wheel. I hove it hard over, and held it there, but the rudder didn't move and out she went on to a slate rock beach-ledge as smooth as your hand. We took in all sail and let her lay. They arranged to sell her for enough to cover the insurance, and felt very well satisfied, I suppose, but the fools didn't have sense enough to figure on the tides. We struck at half tide and the wind shifted off-shore and when the tide fulled, she slid off. No payment was made on the vessel, and the Old Man declared himself and said that he had started for the Arctic and that he was going there, round Cape Horn, but that first we would go to Port Stanley for repairs. This we did, reaching there that night, for the wind was fair, and there the Old Man arranged to have his rudder repaired.

But the mates had made up their minds not to go north and they did everything they could to hurt the captain and the ship. They talked to the carpenters and told

them to take all the time they could, so as to make the bill bigger, and when they couldn't stop her from sailing they went into the hold at night and bored auger holes through her planking. They would have sunk her too, but the augers fetched up on her copper sheathing and wouldn't go through. I knew of all this, for I watched them.

Just before the ship sailed they all went to the captain and asked to be discharged, and he let them go. Then he began to promote the boatsteerers to mates and to choose boatsteerers from the men forward, offering the first mate's berth to me. I told him that I wanted to have a private talk with him before we made any deal, so we went below and I told him what the officers had done. "Now," says I, "I'll go mate with you if you'll have the ship hauled out and plug those holes. As she is, I don't call her safe, for if that copper breaks, you're a goner. If you don't see fit to do that I'm going to ask for my discharge."

Well, he didn't want to haul her out. It would be a big expense, he said, and he didn't believe that the auger holes went through her anyway. He didn't want me to tell the rest of the crew, though, and so he gave me my discharge. Then he promoted his men and sailed, leaving me with the mates at Port Stanley. I learned later that he reached the Bering Sea just in time to meet the fleet coming home, swung around, and came back with them. That settled his career.

The former officers who were left at Port Stanley were sent home by the American consul, and he offered to send me with them, but I told him that I wouldn't call on any consul as long as there were any ships afloat, and accordingly went aboard a steamer, working my passage to Montevideo, where I knew there would be plenty of shipping. There were no docks in Montevideo and all cargoes were lightered on and off in big barges towed by tugs, and I went to work on them, stevedoring.

For three months I followed this line, and then took a steamer up to Buenos Aires, where I got another job tallying lumber and bossing a gang of stevedores for a lumber firm run by a man named Dresdale. There was a lot of lumber coming in from the States, and the schooners would come right up to discharge along the mole, but ships had to lay off some distance. At that time Buenos Aires was populated with a mixture of hog, dog, and devil. There was every nationality there that you could think of and they were tough customers—also lazy as the devil. To get any work out of 'em they had to be hazed and I hazed 'em some, which made me unpopular, I reckon.

I had been there fifteen months when one morning as I was going to work I turned a corner and somebody hit me with a brass knuckle, breaking one of my teeth and slewing me half-way round. When I turned to see who it was another fellow, a dago he was, made a run at me with some kind of a long stiletto. As he struck I hit his

arm and knocked it down and instead of hitting my body the knife went right through the thick part of my thigh just clear of the bone.

Right on the corner was a drug store, and just inside stood a big oak chair, placed there on purpose to attract anyone who might feel like resting. I didn't feel like resting, but I was attracted just the same, and I yanked it out and swung on the first man that got in front of me. That was the lad who used the "knucks," and I knocked him cold and broke the chair in two. The one who had the knife got clean away, but a third fellow stepped around the corner and not knowing whether he was an enemy or not I swung on him and put him to sleep.

All this time the blood had been running from the cut in my leg, and by the time the druggist had blown his whistle and the cops had arrived to take charge of the victims I was pretty well soaked. So I went into the drug store and between the druggist and myself we cinched up my leg; then the police came with an ambulance and took me to a hospital. They stuck two tubes in that cut, one at each end, and pushed 'em until they met. Each day they hauled 'em both out a little way, so that it healed from the inside, and it was just twenty-two days before I got out of that hospital.

During the time I was there a lot of foreigners came to see me and tried to persuade me not to appear in court against the man who hit me with the knuckles. They said that if I did I'd probably get done up. I knew that

this was probably true. You could hire a man to commit murder for five dollars down there then, but I told 'em that I should appear and take a chance. Just as soon as I got out of the hospital, Dresdale went to the police with me and got me a permit to carry a gun. When I had got one and loaded it we went to court, and the brass knuckle artist got five years. I didn't know whether the other lad intended to do me any harm or not, so he was discharged, and then I went back to work.

On going back and forth from work after that I took the middle of the street, for I figured that if they got me it wouldn't be until after I had nailed one or two of them. And I was plenty particular to keep 'em all in front of me when they were at work.

About three weeks after I had got back to work a schooner came in. She was the *Henry Libbett*, Captain Howes. Dresdale had told him about my scrape, and he came to see me. "It's foolish for you to stay here," says he. "Those dagoes will get you in the long run, and the best thing for you to do is to get out. Now I need a second mate, and the berth is yours if you'll take it."

Well I didn't study over it long. There was a lot of truth in what he said, although I knew he was making it as strong as he could because he wanted a mate. So I told him that if he would have a tug on hand to take the vessel in tow the minute the last piece of lumber was out of there I'd go. He agreed to this and then I went and fixed things up with Dresdale. I got paid off ahead of

time and smuggled my clothes aboard and believe me them dagoes humped lumber during the last three days. Some of 'em would go out with a load and drop it and never come back, and if one looked cross-eyed I cracked him. Five minutes after the lumber was off the vessel was in tow and I was on the quarter-deck with my gun. The dagoes followed along the bank hollering, "Ha, damn you, you go, eh?"

Chapter XVI

THE MOUTH OF A WHALE

We laid in the stream for two days, and then sailed for Orchilla Island for guano, and from there to Baltimore. I left the vessel at Baltimore and started for New Bedford, arriving there on the day of my grandmother's funeral. It was a rather singular thing, for they told me that for two days before she died the old lady kept telling them that she saw me coming. I went home to the Vineyard and stayed a week and then returned to New Bedford. There the firm of J. and W. R. Wing offered me third mate's berth on the *Abram Barker*, sailing out of Frisco, and wanted to send me out there with four boatsteerers. I had been running pretty straight since I left Frisco and I didn't have any more fear of slipping, so I took 'em up.

We sailed from New York on the steamer *Aspinwall*, bound for Colon, crossed the Isthmus by rail, and took another boat from Panama, arriving in Frisco in just one day short of a month. It is claimed that a man died for every spike that was driven in building the railroad which connects Colon with Panama, and that the last spike driven was of gold. I went aboard the *Barker* and met Captain Gifford, who was going

master, and then I hunted up Jew Levi. Man, he was glad to see me. It didn't surprise him any though, for he had heard from William Wing that I was coming. Out of my four hundred dollars I paid him part of my bill, and in a week we sailed.

Shad Tilton was second mate and West Mitchell was mate, so I was back among friends again. We went through Seventy-Two Pass to the Bering Sea and made the ice on April 25th. We cruised for a few days and raised other ships, and on May 1st we took to the ice to work through. For the first few miles the ice was scattering and the ship went well. On the second day it was my watch on deck from 3 to 7 A.M., and at daylight I went to the masthead. There was a strong wind and I noticed that the ship looked low. Then I sung out to the boatsteerers and asked them if any casks had been filled the day before, but they said not to their knowledge. Just as I came down from aloft Shad Tilton came on deck and I said, "I believe this ship is waterlogged." Shad reckoned I'd been asleep and wasn't quite awake yet, but when I had the main hatch taken off we found the hold full up to the lower coamings.

There was a big hole stove in her bow and it was evident that our provisions and water were all spoiled. We got the two ship's pumps and two force pumps to work and found that we could barely hold our own, so the order came to leave her. We provisioned the boats with such store and water as we could get at, took every-

thing we could to make ourselves comfortable, and left her. Half an hour later she went down and we were in the ice in whaleboats with a southwest storm coming on.

We worked out to the edge of the ice and hauled the boats out, and made ourselves as comfortable as we could.

Now the early part of April, floating on a cake of ice in the Bering Sea, is not the most comfortable place in the world, especially with the thermometer several degrees below zero and the wind blowing a gale. Part of the crew became despondent, especially the blacksmith, who frequently complained. I heard him tell the rest of the crew that Mr. Tilton was trying to make them all believe they would be saved. "But I'll tell you we're all gone," he said. It was here I had to take the matter in hand.

"Look here, blacksmith," I said, "you keep quiet. If you feel that you have to go through all this hardship and then be lost, why don't you go to the edge of that cake of ice and drop out of sight? I'm not any better off than you are and am no nearer land than you." After this he kept quiet.

The cakes drifted in all directions and we soon lost track of the other boats. The next day the mate and second mate were picked up by the *Young Phoenix*. The second day the fourth mate was picked up by the *Orca*. These ships

looked for other boats, but didn't find them or communicate with each other right away.

When I lowered my boat to clear the ship, in addition to the crew of six, there were the cook, steward, and blacksmith, and we were on the ice for fifty-two hours. We weren't suffering any particular hardships, although we didn't have much food and I was waiting for the storm to slack, for I figured on sailing for Unalaska, four hundred miles away. While I was watching the weather I raised a ship under lower tops'ls, sailing along the edge of the ice. She was about five miles off and we put three reefs in our sail, shoved our boat in and started for her. We could just lay a course, and lucky for us the vessel was sharp on the wind heading our way.

She proved to be the bark *Alice Knowles*, Captain Lapham, out of New Bedford, and I never saw anything that looked any better than she did that day.* We'd been a long time out on that ice and I was just waiting there to get in hailing distance of Captain Lapham. He beat me to it and hollered first, but it wasn't to inquire of our good health. "Where the hell," he yelled, "is the *Abram Barker?*" We went alongside and hoisted in our boat and told our story. I didn't know whether anyone else had been picked up or not, so the ship went cruising to see if we could find them. The next day we met the *Orca* and found out that all the crew were safe.

Each boat's crew stayed with the ship that picked them

*See inside back cover.

up until we all got through the ice, about the first of June, and came together at St. Lawrence. There Captain Cogan of the *Reindeer* bought my boat and signed my crew and me on for the season.

We got two whales in Bering Straits in June and on July 5th off Franklin's Return Reef the ice caught the ship, shoved her ashore on the rocks, and tore her garboards out, making her a total wreck. We all got clear in the boats and started off. Some of them went to Point Barrow, but I went with my own boat and crew to Herschel Island, and landed there before the ships that had wintered there got out of the ice. There I met Captain Haggerty of the bark *Triton*, which belonged to the Wings, and shipped again for the season.

When the ice cleared we went cruising off the Mackenzie River and there before we had started to whale it we got caught in the witch currents as we were trying to wear ship and she wouldn't either luff or keep off. A big cake of ice hit her and stove her bow in, and although we were able to patch her up and get back to Herschel's Island, when they called a survey on her she was condemned. Three wrecks in one season and this was only August.

I took my boat and crew and went to Point Barrow. The weather was fine and it was a real pleasure trip. I had made up my mind to sail for Frisco on the cutter *Bear*, for I figured that I had been wrecked enough for one season. But when we got there I ran afoul of the *Alice Knowles* again and found that Lapham had shipped

Mitchell and wanted me to steer him. My boat's crew was divided among four ships and I went on the *Alice Knowles*. We got seven whales before the season ended —not much of a voyage, but still it was better than nothing—and then returned to Frisco.

I had been knocking about considerable up to this time and had decided that I had better stick to something. In spite of the hard luck of the past season I felt that my best prospect laid in whaling. Chances weren't so good at that time, though, for the Wings had a lot of officers that had been set adrift by the wrecks, and the only opening there for me was fourth mate on the *Alice Knowles*, Captain Charles Gifford. Ogden was mate, Church second, and Griffith third, and we sailed for the Sandwich Islands, sperm whaling. There's where I got experience.

About forty miles from Kealakekua Bay we raised sperm whales and all the boats lowered. I got fast to a sixty-barrel bull and as soon as the irons went home he started to run offshore. He ran about five miles, then stopped and went to fighting, and I made up my mind to use a bomb and sicken him. The other boats that weren't fast to whales were chasing me, trying to come up and give me a hand, but that whale was foxy. We would haul in to about twenty fathoms and he would turn flukes and take out about eighty fathoms. He would stay down about twenty minutes, then come up and slowly work away from the ship, but not so fast but what we

could haul up on him again. Then he would repeat the same performance. All the time he was travelling about as fast as the other boats, so that they weren't gaining on us a bit. It was mighty discouraging work, and after we had done it for between two and three hours I made up my mind that when we got close to him again I'd try the gun. We couldn't get close enough to do good work, but I figured that if I could tickle him a little it might change his mind.

So we hauled up on him again and when we got about as near as we had been doing, he didn't go down but started to run on the surface, and I want to tell you he travelled. All we had to do was to hang on to our turns on the loggerhead. I had the gun all ready to let go if he slacked or gave me any chance, when all at once he turned flukes, as if he was going to sound, but instead of going down he turned a complete somersault and came right back toward the boat on his back, with his mouth wide open and his jaw wagging.

The situation couldn't have been much worse. The boat was still going ahead right into his mouth, and we didn't have an oar over, for we had been doing too much hauling to handle oars and we hadn't needed 'em anyway. If he caught that boat he would smash it like an egg shell and perhaps kill a man or two. It is times like that that test a man's nerve, and I'm glad that I didn't get rattled, although our chances didn't look good at all. He was within five fathoms when I got that gun to my shoulder,

and I said—to cheer myself, I guess likely—"By Godfrey, you're coming the wrong way," and I dropped the bomb down his throat.

A bomb gun kicks like the devil at any time, but I must have been careless about loading this one and the bomb wasn't down on the cartridge. Well, sir, she kicked like a whole string of mules. The hammer hit me in the nose and I was knocked into the bottom of the boat! The first thing I knew when I saw that I was under the thwarts, was, that I was in the wrong place, and I wondered which was hurt worse, the whale or me. But I got to my feet in time to see him settling, stern first, without touching us.

We got the oars out in quick time and backed away a good distance. Then I got my gun—it had gone overboard, but we had a line on it—and swabbed it out, loaded it, and kept an eye over the side to see if he was coming up under us or not.

In about ten minutes he came up about twenty-five fathoms off and laid rolling. We pulled straight for him, and when we got near enough I had the boat's way stopped and gave order to go astern. Just as she moved I gave him the bomb, and it went to the right place. The next time he came up he was spouting blood. About that time the other boats arrived. One gave him an iron and the other a bomb and that finished him. He made sixty-five barrels of oil and my nose and shoulder were sore

for two weeks. I could work but I didn't feel a bit normal.

We cruised about the islands and got four hundred and fifty barrels of oil, all told, then went to Honolulu for mail and to discharge before going north. There the captain claimed to be sick and left. The mate took command and the rest of us were all fleeted up a notch. Once more I sailed for the Arctic.

It was a poor season. There was a pile of ice and gales every other thing. We only got four whales and we lost three of our boats, but no one was lost or hurt, and we got back to Frisco safely.

That settled the sailing ship proposition in the Arctic for me. I made up my mind that I would have something more than wind and luck to depend on in the future, and the answer was steam. Actually, however, it didn't make much difference, because if the steamers were more powerful and worked better in the ice, they went in much farther than the sailing vessels, so that in the long run, I suppose, a man's chance of getting in and out of the Arctic safely was almost as good in one as in the other. But after my experience it didn't seem so by any means.

I had been sailing twelve years all told, though not consecutively, for the Wings, and was reckoned a "Wing" man. You see, the owners and agents in San Francisco had an agreement among themselves which barred them from stealing one another's men. That meant not only that one agent could not hunt up another's man and sign

him on, but also that he must refuse a berth to such a man if he applied for it, unless the man severed his connection with the firm he was sailing for, and that had to be dog-gone definite.

So I went to the Wing office there in Frisco and told 'em that I was going home and that I wouldn't sail north that season. This of course made my berth vacant, and I started east. As soon as I got to New Bedford I went to the office of William Lewis & Sons and shipped in the steam whaler *Belvedere* as third mate. Captain M. B. V. Millard was the master. Then I went home to the Vineyard and stayed the winter, for the ship was in Frisco and wasn't due to sail till spring.

Chapter XVII

FROZEN IN

The *Belvedere* was a bark of some four hundred odd tons register, with steam auxiliary. She carried five boats and a crew of forty-eight men all told. With supplies for the summer season, we sailed from Frisco, March 4, 1897, for the Arctic Ocean. It was on this voyage that I ran into the outstanding experience of my career.

Several steamers sailed about the same time: the *Karluk*, *Jeannette*, *Narwhal*, *Thrasher*, *Beluga*, *Bowhead*, *Herman* and *Alexander*. Also some sailing ships, but they didn't go in as far as we did and didn't figure in the yarn. There were also some ships in the Arctic that had wintered there, the steamers: *Orca*, *Jessie H. Freeman*, *Mary D. Hume*, and *Navarch*, also the sailing vessels *Grampus*, and the bark *Wanderer*.

The trip north was not entirely uneventful. Just about half way between Frisco and the Fox Islands we struck a gale that would have blown the hair off a dog. While we were hove to a tremendous sea boarded us, carrying away the jib boom and three boats off the davits and heaving one man against the bulwarks, injuring him so badly that he died from the effects of it before we reached

Unalaska, where he was buried. We patched things up at sea and crawled in under short sail and steam, then laid at Unalaska for twelve days, making a new jib boom, getting out our other boats, and making ready. Then we sailed for the Arctic.

We had smooth weather from then on, making the ice off the Pribilof Islands three days from Unalaska. For three weeks we worked in the ice. Other steamers had joined us and each ship took its turn breaking a channel, the others following along astern. This was done to save coal. At the end of three weeks we got through into Bering Straits and very soon after raised a whale, which my boat captured, running on to him under storm sail, for it was very windy. The fine weather continued, and we cruised in between the Diomedes and St. Lawrence Island, the ships keeping comparatively close to each other, but up to July 1st no ship had more than one whale.

It was customary at that time for the agents of all the ships to get together and charter a vessel to bring up supplies for the fleet, especially coal and vegetables. This ship would come up into Bering Straits, arriving there before the fleet went into the Arctic, and would lay at Teller not far from Nome. Being a sailing vessel, she often had to be towed into the harbour, and the rule was that the ship that towed her in should get her coal first, the rest to coal in the order of their arrival. You will understand that the supply ship might show up before any of the fleet was ready to coal, and then the one that towed

her in would go to sea again before going north. That was the reason for this rule.

Well, this particular year the *Belvedere's* agent hadn't gone in with the rest of the crowd and we had to go clear back to Unalaska for our coal. The supply usually got there about July 15th, and so we left the Mud Hole on the Siberian coast on the second, ran down to Unalaska, got our coal and other supplies, sailed north into the straits and joined the fleet at Blossom Point, about two hundred miles north of the Arctic Circle, on July 23d.

The ice let go in a few days, and we got around Blossom Shoals, the pack laying about five miles offshore and working south. It was the iciest season I ever saw. We usually got to Point Barrow by that time and here we were, close to four hundred miles away. The fleet all anchored inside of Point Lay to wait for a chance to go on, but as the ice drifted south it drifted inshore, too. There was nothing to do but go back if we didn't want to get caught, so all got under way and steamed south along the land. The *Navarch* didn't move. As we steamed along by her Captain Whiteside hailed us, saying: "You fellows must have plenty of coal to steam south like this." The other captains asked him if he hadn't noticed the inshore drift of the ice, but he only laughed. The fleet went on and kept to the south of the pack, and that night a point of ice swung inshore, caught the *Navarch*, and held her.

There is a whaling station at Point Barrow owned by

H. Leibus & Company. The manager at that time was Charles Brower. Brower, anxious to get mail, had come down the coast in a whaleboat to meet the fleet, and had boarded the *Navarch*. A part of the account which follows is his own story, for after the ice had held the ship for two days the wind breezed east, fog shut in, and on the night of July 29th the pack went offshore, taking the *Navarch* with it, and all on board, including Brower, for they all stuck by the ship.

After the fog had cleared the fleet worked back to where we had laid at Point Blossom, and we saw the *Navarch* in the ice about fifteen miles offshore. I should explain at this point that Arctic ice sometimes drifts in a rotary motion, which was the case this time, and the ship was being carried in a northwesterly direction. It is never safe when a ship is caught in the ice and drifting offshore, and at such times it is usually abandoned. The reason is that it is likely to be crushed at any minute and sink, with all the supplies, and a man can't travel far over Arctic ice without food and clothing.

Captain Whiteside stayed with the ship just as long as he dared to, I suppose. The reason probably was that his wife was with him. But on August 3rd, at 9 A.M. the ship was abandoned by all except nine men, who refused to leave her.

The party took three whaleboats, which they dragged over the ice, and travelled for three days in a southeasterly direction. It was wicked travelling over the

ice, for pack ice is covered with shelves, ledges and peaks, and it rained all of the time. On the third day, when about three miles from open water, the party turned back to the ship, leaving the boats—which were ruined from being dragged too far—and all supplies except a little bread of which each man carried his share. They got back to the ship on August 8th, most of them reaching her in the morning but, according to Brower, a few stragglers did not arrive until afternoon.

On the eleventh day of the month, when the ship was off Cape Smith, they again left her. This time the party got separated, Brower and part of the crew travelling faster than the rest and reaching the edge of the ice at 9 P.M. The cutter *Bear* laid about five miles off, but they could not attract her attention because of fog and approaching darkness. Drifting on the pack they passed the ship *William Baylies*, but she was too far away for them to be seen.

They drifted on northeast of Point Barrow, and so on to the eastward, getting their bearings from the sun as best they could, for they had no compass. The captain had carried that. On the second day the steward, Walter Whiting, grew despondent from the hard travel, and shot himself. On the fourth day, the chief engineer, Sands, went insane and died, also one fireman and four sailors, whose names were unknown to Brower. On the seventh day the second engineer, Scanlon, got separated from the rest in the broken ice and was probably drowned.

The same day they lost the blacksmith and three seamen. On the eighth a sailor by the name of Jackson died. That evening, August 19th, the survivors reached the edge of the pack ice and all got on to a small cake upon which they drifted inshore for three days. On the morning of the 20th another man went adrift on a small cake of ice and was never seen again. At 4 P.M. on August 20th they were picked up by the steamer *Thrasher*, after having been out of provisions for eight days and living on ice and the soles of their sealskin boots.

They were brought into Point Barrow by the *Thrasher*, and as the *Belvedere* got there about the same time, I heard the story. At that time, too, the steamers *Newport* and *Fearless* reported a ship in the ice twenty miles off shore and it was supposed that she was the *Navarch*. We went on to the eastward and I found out the rest of the story on my return.

It seems that when the party got separated Captain Whiteside went back to the ship for the second time. With him were five officers, five boatsteerers, and ten seamen, and of course, his wife. There were also the nine men on the ship who wouldn't leave her. Well, when they got back aboard, Joseph Belain, a Gay Header (who died a few months ago), built a canvas boat. It was light enough to be carried but big enough to hold several people. Then they started out once more. It's hard to describe this travelling across the Arctic ice,

because there isn't anything like it in the world. It may be fairly smooth for a ways and then it will be piled up in great shelving heaps, jagged, rough, and full of holes. Then again, as in this case, there will be places where it is more or less broken up, with water showing in the cracks. This was what these people were up against. The men were tired and discouraged, sore from falling down and most likely hungry. As for the captain's wife, the Lord only knows how she stood it. There have been several different yarns spun about that trip, but one thing is pretty certain, Belain took charge and helped to carry the captain, who was taken sick, and he told also of beating men when they laid down and gave up to die. They had one devil of a tough trip and no mistake, but when they got to the edge of the pack they found that it was within three miles of the shore. There, Belain loaded Mrs. Whitesides and some of the others into his canvas boat and took 'em ashore, sending canoes out after the rest, so all were saved.

While I know that this yarn don't have any direct bearing on my own career I have told it just to give an idea of what things were like in the month of August in the Arctic that season, so that it may make things seem plainer when I tell of later incidents where I figured among those present.

You ought to take a map to check up this paragraph with. When I first went into the Arctic in 1882 it was the general opinion that if a captain took his ship in

as far as Franklin's Return Reef he was stark, raving crazy, and had no business being master of a ship. But this season, 1897, we made that reef on the way home and when we reached it considered ourselves safely out of the Arctic. That's how much progress had been made in navigating above the Arctic circle.

It was our custom to go somewhere about seven hundred miles beyond Franklin's Return Reef to Banks Land and Melville Sound, and that might seem funny to a good many people who never sailed north. You see, the polar circle chart made by McClure in 1855 shows all of that ice in there marked "immovable." Well, I have sailed all over that part of the Arctic Ocean, and not only that—there have been times when there wasn't a bit of ice in sight. There were summers, though, when we couldn't get within three hundred and fifty miles of Banks Land. That's how the seasons vary. Any Arctic whaleman will tell you that when a man goes into the Arctic he is a total stranger to conditions every year. The land, naturally, is well anchored and don't shift, but that's the only thing that don't vary. In thirty-two years that I spent in the Arctic, I have never seen two summers alike as regards to ice.

Well, we cruised around Banks Land until the last of August and then started down to Point Barrow, to cruise around Herschel Island, as all ships do when they don't intend to winter in the Arctic. Some of the ships that were going to winter there were working along to the

westward, too. Along about September 1st we got down off Franklin's Return Reef, and laid behind the ground ice waiting for it to loosen up so we could move. It was then that I went off to the *Navarch*, which was still afloat.

A Mr. Gordon, who was assistant to Brower at the whaling station, myself, and three natives, went to the ship, which laid about eight miles out. We found the nine men in good health and very comfortable. Of course, they had been mighty lucky, that's all. That ship was likely to get crushed at any time, and if it had been, well, I've told what happened to the rest of the crew when they got out on the ice. We persuaded seven of the men to leave the ship and come ashore with us. The other two, one's name was Frank Slater—I don't know the other—refused to leave. The wind breezed northwest and the ice broke up inshore, and we had an interesting time of it before we got back to safety. As for the *Navarch*, the last seen of her she was drifting northwest in the pack ice with those two men aboard. No one ever heard of them after. Seems as if Cook or Peary should have seen 'em sitting on the North Pole or somewhere around it.

The weather held fair up to September 8th, and on that day we were laying in young ice three miles east of Point Barrow. Near us were the steamers *Orca*, Captain Sherman, and *Jessie H. Freeman*, Captain Porter, and the schooner *Rosario*, Captain Coffin. That day the

schooner got into a ticklish place and came near getting jammed, but the *Orca* hooked on to her and towed her out where she was safe. I figure that she saved all hands and the schooner by doing it.

At this time there were several ships to the eastward of us, fighting their way down the coast, trying to reach Point Barrow. They had wintered there the season before and were planning on coming out, but they got caught on the ice. On the night of September 8th, a native came aboard of the *Belvedere* with news of these ships and a message asking us to leave all the provisions that we could spare ashore for them, and to go on to safety, as they knew that they couldn't get the ships out and believed that they would all be crushed. They planned to leave them, join us further south, and go home with us.

Well, we worked down to Point Barrow and there we found a heavy ridge of ice laying outside of us and young ice making inside. The ships couldn't get through that ridge, and if they didnt, then they couldn't get out at all. Everybody knew that something must be done and that devilish quick. On the morning of the 9th, the masters of the four ships held council and decided that as this ridge of ice ran all the way along the coast the only thing to do was to blow a canal through it.

The engineers of the three steamers were set to work making cartridges out of powder, blasting powder, and the tonite from the bombs. We used it all from the

shoulder and darting guns. These cartridges were placed in the ends of long poles, shoved under the edge of the ice, and exploded. The ice, you see, went clear to the bottom and what we did was to blow the top off. Mr. Walker of the *Orca* and myself attended to this part, and the rest of the crews of all ships were busy sawing and poling the ice away after it was broken up. Young ice was making all the time, but it was drifting north all the time too, and as fast as the broken ice was poled, the current carried it out of the way.

We worked for three days and nights, stopping only for meals, and used a thousand pounds of powder and tonite, but we cleared a canal a mile and a half in length. If only an easterly wind had breezed up the whole ridge would have gone offshore, but with the young ice making so fast we couldn't afford to wait, and as soon as the canal was open the steamers went through. They had all they could do to make it with sail and steam, and the schooner didn't try it. Captain Coffin hoped that the ice would lift enough so that she could get into the lagoon at Point Barrow, but I learned later that it didn't.

In going through the canal, the *Orca* broke all three of her rudder pintles and was taken in tow by the *Jessie H. Freeman.* We all got through on the 13th of September and anchored, the *Belvedere* and the *Freeman* laying by the *Orca* while the crews of all three ships worked on the rudder. One night was long enough to finish the job and the young ice was cutting by us all

the time we were laying there. If these ships, like most used in the Arctic, hadn't been sheathed with ironwood the ice would have cut 'em in two in no time.

As soon as the rudder was repaired and hung we all got way and steamed south, the ice getting heavier all the time. The *Orca,* being the most powerful, took the lead, and the other two ships followed her. We got to the Sea Horse Islands on the 22nd of September. This was forty-five miles from Point Barrow, and it had taken us eight days to get there.

On that day the *Orca,* while following the *Belvedere* was caught between two great ice floes. The wind was breezing southwest, breaking up the young ice and shelving it or piling it up, which made it much more dangerous. The ship was crushed so that it took the sternpost and steering gear out of her and hove the wheel through the pilot house. The officers and crew jumped out on the ice, but they couldn't get anywhere. The ice was full of holes and dangerous to travel over. We on the *Belvedere* knew that we were near clear water, as we could see the dark cloud that always shows where it lays. But there were the *Orca's* crew on the ice and we just had to swing around and work our way back for a mile to a place where we could pick 'em all up. Then we started once more for clear water. The *Freeman* was then about three miles to the north of us, and we were both forcing our way along in good shape, but about two hours after the *Orca* was caught, bedarned if the

Freeman wasn't caught the same way. Her crew also jumped out on the ice, and it took us three hours to get to her. The wind was now from the westward, forcing the heavy ice against the young ice, and we knew that we couldn't get out.

So, working with the ice, we moved toward the mainland and got into Pearl Bay. The heavy ice grounded outside of us and for a time we were comparatively safe, but we also knew that that ice might pile up like a mountain and smash her like an eggshell and chances were against us for the ice was drifting in all the time. We were a pretty full ship, too. Our own regular crew numbered forty-five men, we had rescued fifty-three from the *Orca* and forty-nine from the *Freeman,* so that there was considerable of a gang to provide for and no safety for us if we stayed aboard the ship. Any day or hour a shift of wind might start the ice to piling, so we decided to go ashore and build a camp. The best place we knew was on the Sea Horse Islands, and we knew, too, that if we could get the ship in behind them, there was a chance that we might save her.

On the 23rd of the month we began the work of getting ready for winter. Part of the men were set to work sledding provisions to the Sea Horse Islands, which were about three miles away. Others emptied the water casks and sent down all the yards and spars to the lower masts, heaving them all out on the ice to lighten the

ship. All lumber aboard, including the bulkheads, which we tore out, was sledded ashore to build houses of, and the blacksmiths were kept busy making stoves out of coal oil drums.

While work was going on another gang was cutting out a canal, and when that was done and the ship made as light as possible, we finally got her in behind the islands, where she was safer than she would be anywhere around there. But we didn't dare to keep anything aboard, and only a few men stayed with her. Everything movable was taken ashore. The provisions were placed in a house that we built, and kept under an armed guard. The spars and gear were also carefully stored, in case we should get out in the spring. Nothing was left on the ship, supplies being sent off for the men there from day to day, for we knew that if she was crushed the men wouldn't have a chance to save a thing.

The *Orca*, in the meantime, was still lying in sight, perhaps six miles off. Although she was badly crushed, the ice was holding her up and as long as it held we knew she couldn't fill and sink. The *Freeman*, too, was jammed in the ice, but was much farther away.

Having made everything as shipshape as possible around our camp, we began to realise that our grub supply was low. Even then the men were on scant rations, and naturally we thought of the provisions on those ships offshore. Walker, the third mate of the *Orca*, volunteered to go to that ship with a couple of

natives and save what provisions he could. He was to signal to us when he arrived, and accordingly set out. That same afternoon we saw smoke rising from the *Freeman* and that night she lit up the whole sky as she burned to the water's edge. We learned later that natives had been aboard, and in ransacking the hold, had dropped a light of some sort.

Three or four days passed without any signals from Walker, and we decided that something was wrong, so I volunteered this time to go and find out what had become of him, if I could, also to save the provisions as he had set out to do. My orders were to loose the gaff tops'l and set the main royal if I reached her, and if Walker was safe to run the flying jib up and down a few times. The camp was to acknowledge my signals from a flag pole by the house.

The ship had at this time been carried offshore by the ice and laid perhaps twelve miles away when I started. The ice was something awful to travel on. It was full of ridges, and the holes and the heavy ice would make cracks in the new ice, sometimes right under your feet. I tell you, it wasn't any place for a man with a wooden leg. But the ship was drifting inshore again and drifting fast, and it wasn't but six hours until I reached her.

I found Walker and the natives at work and the ship nearly full of water. He had been fishing in the hold with long-handled boat hooks, and had salvaged

thirty-two sacks of flour and twenty cases of canned meat, besides other stuff he had piled on the ice. I asked him why he hadn't signalled as agreed upon, and darned if I didn't drag out of him a plan to winter by himself! He knew that provisions were going to be short, and he figured that he could get enough to keep himself going in good shape, which as a matter of fact he had. Before I started from the camp I had been instructed to take charge of things aboard the *Orca*, for the other officers were suspicious of Walker. So I just told him that I was in command and that there would be no more monkey business. Then I signalled to the camp as agreed and went to work.

I hadn't been on the ship three hours when I felt her give a funny motion. There was half a case of canned meat on the deck and I picked it up, threw it as far on to the ice as I could, and jumped after it. Well sir, the ice slacked up and the ship careened at the same time, sliding slowly under the ice. Down, down, she went, out of sight, and that was the last of the *Orca*.

We were pretty well inshore then, for the ice had kept moving, and Point Belcher was only about three miles off, so I sent two natives over there for dog teams. They came back with one, all there was, for there were only three families living there, and then we started to sled the provisions that Walker had saved to the south sand-spit of the Sea Horse Islands, which laid to the

southeast of us, not much farther off than Point Belcher.

We were two days getting them to the beach. It took four or five hours to make a trip on account of jagged ice and rough places where we had to unload the sleds. While doing this we camped on the beach under boat sails, and it wasn't too comfortable either, for the temperature hung around four to five below zero.

The nearest point of safety for the provisions, I mean, was aboard the ship, which had been worked in to about fifteen miles of our camp, and it was to the ship that I decided to freight them. Natives passing our camp while out hunting polar bear told us that more dogs could be had at Point Belcher, and through this information we got hold of two more teams of five and six dogs apiece, with the native drivers. It took six days to get the stuff to the ship and I stayed in the camp to keep track of things until the last load went, returning to the ship after being absent nine days.

When we came to settle up with the natives they wanted to be paid in provisions, but we couldn't spare a pound, so paid them in trade goods: needles, thread, drilling and other articles.

On October 3d, the three captains held another consultation and called for volunteers to go to Point Barrow and carry the word of our situation to Brower, superintendent of the whaling station; and to ask him for such assistance as he could give. Stephen Cottle, second mate on the *Belvedere*, and the fourth and fifth mates

of the *Freeman* volunteered to go. They had to walk and travelled across the ice to the mainland, then followed the coast to the station, making the sixty-five mile trip in three nights and two days.

Brower treated them fine and went right to work engaging all the dog teams around Point Barrow and Cape Smyth. When he had got them together he sent them all to the ship in charge of his assistant, Alfred Hopson, who arrived on the 7th of October. He brought a message from Brower, telling us that we were all welcome to the station, and that he would divide his grub with us to the last pound. Beyond a doubt Brower saved the lives of every man there. I have always said it and believed it. He had over a hundred natives working for him and as soon as he had sent the teams out he supplied these natives with rifles and ammunition, telling them to bring in all the game they could get, and to get enough for themselves anyhow. I don't believe that any man in the bunch forgot how nobly Brower came to our rescue.

Hopson had six dog teams and started back to the station, taking forty men and some provisions. They had a pretty tough time of it. Very few men can stand hardships, and between the hard travelling and short rations a good many of them played out and had to ride on the sleds. The trip took four days, and he started back to the ship again on the 13th, making it in twenty-two hours. Brower had sent an inventory of the

provisions at the station and also of the provisions aboard the ships frozen in to the eastward. We took stock of our own food and found that we didn't have enough to keep our own crew of forty-five men till spring.

Hopson started back the same day he arrived, taking sixty-four men and provisions for a few days. Some of these were the *Orca's* crew, and all were well supplied with blankets and clothing. Captain Millard had outfitted the *Orca's* men, and as for those from the *Freeman*, they had had more time when they left their ship, and had brought all the blankets and clothing they could carry.

On the 15th of the month I got permission to go to Point Barrow and, taking a dog team, arrived there in three days. On the way I ran afoul of some of the men who had left with Hopson on his second trip. They had played out and had been left in an Indian village. I took them into the station on my sled.

At this point I should explain the wretched conditions which we encountered when travelling over the Arctic wastes. The surface of the table and low lands from a distance may appear quite smooth and even, but when approached it is very rough and full of hummocks large and small of various heights, so that a man is never able to find an even footing. It is difficult travelling here in the summer when there is no snow, but when snow covers this uneven land the imagination of one who has not spent a winter in the Arctic can scarcely conceive the ter-

rible conditions which exist. There where it is cold the snow falls dry and flakey, and even after it has lain for many months it does not pack sufficiently hard to support a man's weight much of the time unless he has native snow shoes or webbs. Upon the steep slopes and in the mountains the same conditions exist, but even worse, for here large, jagged rocks and deep crevices make much of the country impassable.

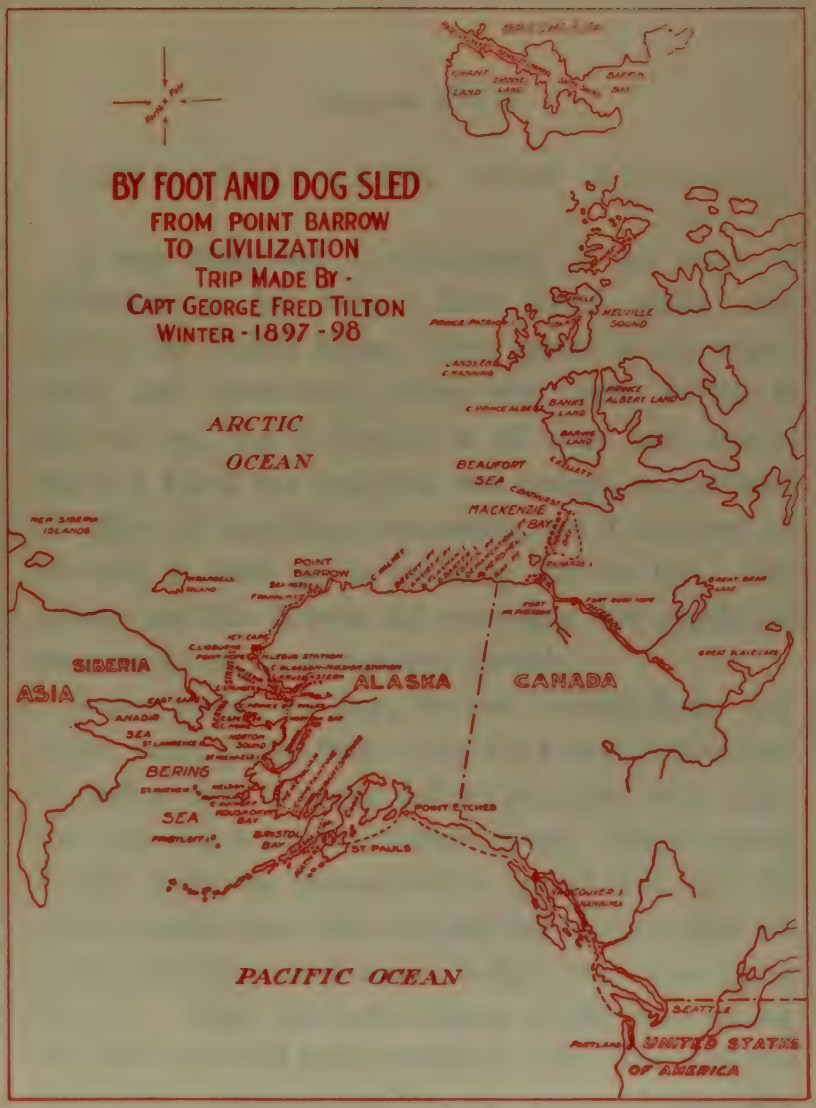
Many of the whalemen who formed the crews of these ships had never before been north and were not accustomed to Arctic travel. Having spent many winters in the Arctic, I devoted much of my time to travelling and hunting while the ships were in winter quarters. I was used to hardships and knew how to travel under such trying conditions. The snow in many places was two feet deep and not firm enough, as I have said, to hold a man's weight. Many of the men would take long steps, breaking through the snow each time, and soon became so worn out they were unable to travel further. In such places I found it was much easier to travel ten miles by taking short steps than to cover a distance of fifteen miles by taking long ones and then be exhausted.

While I was there, Captains Millard, Sherman and Porter came from the ship, having rode the whole distance on dog sleds, assisted by natives, and talked things over once more with Brower. The inventories of provisions were all complete and it was found that our entire

stock from all sources would allow two meals a day for the men of the eight ships until July 1st, but the meals would have to be mighty scant ones.

This meant that half of the men would probably get weak and die, and even if most of them did hold out until July there was no guarantee of relief. I tell you, the winter prospects looked pretty doggone blue.

Whaling in the Arctic


BY FOOT AND DOG SLED
FROM POINT BARROW
TO CIVILIZATION
TRIP MADE BY -
CAPT GEORGE FRED TILTON
WINTER - 1897 - 98
ARCTIC
OCEAN
BEAUFORT
SEA
MACKENZIE
BAY
MELVILLE
SOUND
PRINCE ALBERT LAND
BANKS
LAND
BARROW
POINT BARROW
SIBERIA
ASIA
ALASKA
CANADA
BERING
SEA
POINT ETCHES
ST PAULS
PACIFIC OCEAN
SEATTLE
PORTLAND
UNITED STATES
OF AMERICA

Chapter XVIII

ACROSS ALASKA FOR RESCUE

It was then that I volunteered to go south to civilisation to get help. That meant going clear back to the United States. They agreed to my proposition, and there were plenty who were willing to go with me, but I thought it all over and decided that if I failed one dead man was enough, so I refused all offers of travelling companions, but I accepted all the help I could get in outfitting for the trip. The captains and Mr. Brower did everything they could, and gave me all the encouragement possible.

Brower bought my dogs, the best he could find. Any native would gladly trade a dog for a sack of flour, but we had no flour to spare, and so, purchased with trade, they cost over a hundred dollars apiece. Others turned to and made dog harness and a special sled, and the native women made skin clothing and sleeping bags for myself and the two Siberian Indians who were going with me. They had been shipped on the *Orca* on her trip north and had been wrecked in her. The sled was fitted with a mast and sail to use when the wind was fair, and there was an American flag at the masthead.

It was loaded with provisions for fifteen days, allowing the same ration that all the men were getting—two scant meals a day—and also frozen fish for the dogs for the same period. I expected to reach Point Hope at the end of that time, where more provisions could be obtained.

At 12 M., October 23rd, I hitched up my dogs, set my sail, and after shaking hands all round, started on my trip, which I figure is the only one of its kind on record, that is, walking back from a whaling voyage.

My first objective was the *Belvedere*, where I was to get a boat compass, rifles for three of us, also a shot gun, some instruments for navigating, and a chart. Then there was a portable stove too, that the *Orca's* blacksmith made for us. My first stop was at a refuge station in charge of a man named McIlhenny, who was making a collection of Arctic curios for some institution. Some of the ship's officers were being sheltered there. McIhenny insisted on our having lunch with him, and photographed the outfit, after which we shook hands and I was off once more. A mile further south I met Dr. Driggs and his wife, who were wintering there in a little hut. He also took a photograph and gave me some medical supplies as he wished me luck. That night we camped at a native village called Simroe, and starting next morning at five o'clock, reached the ship in time for supper. Our actual travelling time from Point Barrow was seventeen and a half hours. The dogs were fresh and went well,

and besides a good trail had been made by the frequent travel to and from the ship, so that we could all ride on the sled at times.

The morning I left Point Barrow, Brower had got word from the ships that were frozen in to the eastward. There were several cases of sickness aboard them, and he had got six dog teams with the intention of asking Dr. Driggs to go to the ships with him. His idea was to bring back the sick men and all others not needed to watch the ships. The steamers *Fearless*, Captain James McKenna, and *Newport*, Captain G. B. Leavett, were sixty-five miles east of Point Barrow and five miles off shore in heavy ice. The supply ship *Jennie*, a four masted schooner, Captain P. H. Mason, had also been caught and laid about fifteen miles further to the eastward and the same distance from shore. The bark *Wanderer* laid ninety miles west of Herschel Island, but her exact position was not known. It was the consensus of opinion that the whole fleet would be ground to pieces, but that there would be no loss of life. All the lumber on these ships had been taken ashore and houses had been built to hold provisions and gear, just as we had done. Only a few days' supplies were kept aboard the ships. Roads were also made over the ice from the ships to the shore, so that the travelling was easy.

I got my gear together, also a tent, and left the *Belvedere* on the morning of October 26th, the men

cheering me until I was out of earshot. That night we camped at Point Belcher. Getting an early start, the next day we got as far as Wainwright Inlet. On the night of the 28th we camped at Icy Cape. The wind was blowing a hurricane from the southeast the next morning and we stayed in camp all day, but got an early start the morning of the 30th. That day we struck trouble.

The Utukok River is right handy to this point, and between the heavy wind and the current an airhole had opened up that ran right straight offshore. We travelled from early morning until eleven o'clock that night to get around it and back to land, and when we got ashore we had gained just half a mile. While we were running along the edge of the airhole I lost my axe. The ice was mostly young, with large floes here and there. Salt water ice at that time of year is pretty tender, and it takes quite a thickness to hold up a man and his outfit between the floes. So as we went over these dubious spots I would try the ice with the axe, reaching ahead as far as I could and striking into it. Well, I happened to hit a tender spot and the axe went through. It slipped out of my hand and away to the devil it went. After that we had to test the ice with an ice pick and cut fuel with a snow knife.

We travelled on the edge of the ice on the 31st, for the wind had blown most of the snow off the beach. We made good progress and also the next day, November

1st, when we went about twenty-five miles. That night a gale and heavy snow came out of the northeast and we didn't break camp until early on the 3rd.

At 10 A.M. we came to a deserted Indian village. The natives were on a deer hunt, I suppose. There we found an old axe, which I appropriated, leaving a couple of boxes of cartridges in its place, cartridges being the best legal tender in that section. We kept going until five o'clock, when we struck open water once more, and had to go back three miles to get to the beach, where we camped.

On the morning of the 4th, I sized up the stretch of open water and decided to stick to the land if I could, rather than go out to sea so far. The country is mountainous, and travelling was hard, but we made nearly fifteen miles. On the next day, however, we didn't make over five, and we had to sweat blood to do that. We came to places so steep that we had to unload the sled and haul our goods up on a rope and then haul the dogs up too. In other places where it wasn't quite so bad we packed the stuff on our backs. Either way took a lot of time and it took the pep out of us all. When at last we had reached a pretty good elevation, and found that the travelling was getting worse, we looked down and saw that the floe had worked back to the shore again, and by Godfrey, it seemed providential.

Down we started, and there was no shoving or lifting to do, but there were places where we had to haul back

on our sled line all we could. We even took advantage of the head wind and set our sail, sheeting it forward so that the wind held it back. If the sled had ever got a start on us it would have gone down that mountain like a streak of greased lightning and onto the rocks below. In that case the trip would have been a failure, and besides I would probably have been forgotten a long time ago. It took us eight hours to get down to the beach, and there we went into camp, where we stayed all the next day. The natives were pretty well tuckered out and the dogs were getting footsore, and we were afraid to drive them too hard.

On November 8th we started again. There was a fresh northeast wind, getting stronger as the day went on. We made for the shore about five o'clock in the afternoon for we had been travelling on the edge of the ice, and by this time a regular blizzard was raging an old twister that made a man wish that he was rigged like a turtle, so that he could haul back into his shell. We couldn't pitch our tent at all, so we built a snow house.

It was the first snow house I had ever made, and the natives didn't know any more about it than I did, as they were two young natives who had come from the Russian coast and been wrecked in the *Orca*. The Russian natives in the early days built snow houses the same as the Alaskans and other natives, but in recent

years the younger generation have not had to do this. They live in more permanent settlements of buildings made of drift wood and earth and lined with fur. They seldom travel any great distance, as practically all trading here is done from village to village and the merchandise will be carried possibly five hundred miles into the interior by these short relays, so that the only time they build snow houses is when they are overtaken by a sudden storm, when on these short journeys. So we started a hole in a snow bank. When we had an opening big enough to crawl into we kept scooping out the inside until it would hold the three of us and our eight dogs. We got inside and closed the opening with a block of snow. With a snow knife you can cut out blocks just as handy as cutting cheese; that's what they're for. The temperature was way below freezing, but we felt very comfortable and had a good night's rest.

The wind died out and at 10 A.M. we started again and didn't stop until nearly midnight. Our grub was nearly gone and it won't do to stop to hold any picnic on an Arctic trail when your food is low. That night we reached a native village just back of Cape Lisburne, where we traded cartridges, powder and lead for a small seal. The natives didn't care much about trading—they were short of grub themselves—but by boosting our offer high enough we got the seal which furnished supper and breakfast for ourselves and the dogs. Next we tackled Cape Lisburne.

Cape Lisburne is the kind of a place that a man might dream about when he has the nightmare. It is a high mountain that rises straight up from the water, which is a hundred fathoms deep. There is no beach whatever, and the ice can't ground, but keeps shifting with the wind and set of the currents.

I knew this place well, for I had cruised all around it, and I knew just where the water deepened. For this reason I was afraid to go around the cape on the ice. The idea was this—if the wind breezed to the eastward, we would be carried offshore, and being without grub, that meant starvation, as likely as not, before a shift of wind would set us inshore again. So I decided to try to climb the mountain.

We travelled two days finding conditions bad, if not worse than on our previous attempt to go overland, but we kept on until we came to a solid bulkhead that we couldn't go around or climb over. There was nothing to do but go back, which we did, reaching the same village we had left four days before.

While we were gone the natives had got some more seals and I traded for another one. My trade goods were about gone and so I gave them an order on the ship *Belvedere* for a sack of flour. This is a custom which originated when whalers first went into the Arctic, and has been the means of saving many lives. So far as I know it is still in use, and I will explain the system.

When a man wants to trade with a native and has

no trade goods he simply writes an order, for whatever he agrees to pay, against his ship. This applies whether he is separated from the ship or on it. Now then, when that native sees another ship, it don't make any difference which one it may be, he will go aboard and present his order, and it will be paid. Failure to honour such an order has never been known since whalers entered the Arctic, and the natives all know it. For that reason they will always accept them in payment for anything they have to sell. The ships' captains or agents adjusted these matters at the end of the voyage. The idea of establishing this custom arose from the whalers' desire to protect themselves in case of shipwreck or some such disaster and, as I say, they have been so square about this particular thing that the natives on either coast will always help a white man. They were a great help to me, and I know that I should have starved a number of times if I couldn't have given an order for trade, and starving, if it had only happened once, would have been enough, I guess.

Having failed to climb over the cape, there was nothing to do but go around, and the morning after our second arrival in the native village, we started. It was fifteen miles around, and the worst travelling we had struck. The shelves and ice hummocks were so high that we had to unload the sled and haul up our packs and dogs just as we did in the mountains. The first day we had to do this ten times. We would unload, and carry or haul

up our stuff piece by piece, then load up again, and the job had to be done shipshape. Then perhaps in a matter of a few minutes we would have to do it all over again. It was darned discouraging, and not only that, it took the gimp out of us all.

That night we camped on the ice as close to the shore as we could get. The next day we struck the same kind of going and had to camp on the ice for the second time.

On the third day after we left the Eskimo village at Cape Lisburne we started at daylight and I want to say that we were in a pretty desperate situation. Our grub was all gone and we still had a good distance to travel, whether we went ahead or back.

Well sir, we hadn't gone half a mile before we struck a stream of open water that was at least a hundred and fifty feet wide, and it went to sea so far that we couldn't see any end at all. We thought that we would have to turn back, but on looking over the edge of the ice we saw several floating cakes close in to the land under the shelving edge of the floe. Getting down on one of these we went to work and hewed all day with the axe and snow knife, getting a cake clear. Just at night we got it clear and floated across to the other side. There we camped again and rested. That's all we could do, for we didn't have a thing to eat.

The next morning, which was the second since our grub gave out, we started and travelled until about ten o'clock, when we struck a second stream of open water.

Well, there was an ice cake adrift in this, and it was working toward us. We waited for it, and it drifted in to within a quarter of a mile of the land, where it lodged, forming a bridge, and you can bet your life that we hustled across before it could fetch away. It seemed as if it had been sent for our special benefit. We kept on until 4 P.M. and camped again, keeping as close to the land as we could get. The travelling was still awfully rough, and we were beginning to weaken somewhat from lack of food.

On the morning of the fifth day, when we had been without food for two days and a half, we sighted an air hole, about a quarter of a mile offshore, with some ducks in it. Ducks meant food, and we crawled over the ice, bruising ourselves on the lumps and ridges until we got within range. There, one of the natives shot five of them, but all but one drifted under the shelving ice where we couldn't reach them. We saved the one, though.

Close by we found the carcass of an old whale that had been set adrift by the whalers. We went back for the dogs and cut off a lot of the frozen whale meat, which we loaded on the sled. Then we worked inshore and about a mile around the cape we found a place to land.

Just as soon as we got ashore we built a fire of driftwood and I skinned the duck and boiled it in salt water. I cleaned it all up myself and I never tasted anything

better in my life. Neither did I begrudge the natives their whale meat. It was altogether too rich and gamey for me, but they seemed to like it first rate.

As night was coming on, we pitched our tent and got into our sleeping bags. There was every indication of fair weather, but about 11 P.M. a northwest blizzard struck, and it was an old screecher. It wrecked the tent, tore it all to pieces and slat it galley-west. We dressed in our sleeping bags and got out, scooped a hole in a snow bank, into which we crawled, got back into our sleeping bags, and stayed there for the rest of the night.

The next morning the blizzard was still raging. It was no use to hitch up the dogs, for they won't travel in a northern blizzard. It's hard to do anything with them even after it stops snowing as long as the wind blows, for the snow blows around and around so. But we didn't have anything to eat but that ancient whale and none too much of that, so I decided to leave the dogs and gear and move. I had the ship's mail with me, wrapped in an oilskin sack, so I took that and strapped it on my back and tied myself and the two natives together with a sled line, and we started for Point Hope, eighteen miles away, where I knew there was a whaling station and white men.

We couldn't see a thing, but there was no danger of getting lost, for we followed the beach. It was a great deal longer that way, but I didn't dare to take to the ice. As we went along I would stop and dig through

the snow once in a while. If I struck soil I knew I was too far inland, and if I struck ice, too far offshore, and altered my course accordingly. That's the way we worked along from daylight until dark. When the wind squalls struck, there were times when we would all have to lie down, and later in the day, when within a mile of Point Hope, the natives gave up and laid down and I had to force them to get on their feet and go on. You can get an idea how thick it was when I tell you that I ran into the first house at Point Hope before I knew it, or saw it. I knew it was a house, though, and felt my way along the side, looking for the entrance. The barking of a dog helped me to locate it. It was a tunnel, built Eskimo style, and I ducked into it. I crawled over a dog and found the door, and as I did a Norwegian by the name of Anderson, who had started the station, opened it, and says, "For God's sake, where did you come from?"

I told him "Cape Lisburne," and I had hard work to make him believe it. He didn't think it was possible for men to live in that storm. My natives laid right down on the floor and went to sleep. I sat up and drank the coffee and ate the hard-tack that Anderson gave me and I felt like a new man as soon as I got it down. Grub works mighty quick in the Arctic. The natives wouldn't move, though, or eat a bit, and this may sound funny, but it is a fact that a white man can stand more than a native under certain conditions. A

native in a storm can take care of himself better than a white man. He will dig into a snow bank and stay there. If the storm lasts long enough he will starve before he will move. But if there is an objective, a white man, out in a storm like that and bound for some certain place, or on some special errand, will get there quicker and in better shape than a native. The difference is this, of course, that the native is used to taking his time and will do it in spite of the devil if there is no one to drive him.

We stayed with Anderson for two days. The natives had frozen ears and feet and I had a toe frozen which gave me some trouble. Then when we were rested and our frostbites were better we borrowed a dog team and two of Anderson's natives and started back to Cape Lisburne for our own dogs and gear. The sled wasn't hurt a bit and we found all of the dogs but one underneath the snow. We camped that night in the snow house and the next morning went back to Anderson's. I had to ride, for my toe was paining me badly. On the way back to Anderson's we found the body of our lost dog. He had been blown off a seventy-five foot cliff and killed. That's a sample of just one more kind of death that lays in wait for man and beast in the Arctic.

When I had started on my trip Brower had given me letters of introduction to Captain Nelson, superintendent of the Leibus whaling station at Point Hope. This was three miles south of Anderson's place, and

the next morning after getting my outfit together I started on to his station. The trip was short and uneventful, but when I gave him the letters I received a welcome worth travelling twice as far to get.

It was at this place that my two Siberian natives decided to leave me. They had figured out the long distance that we would have to cover, the weather we might expect, and the certain shortage of grub, and they refused to go on. Captain Nelson therefore advised me to take two of his natives, Tickey and Canuanar, man and wife, who had been employed by him for a long time and were known by him to be faithful and trustworthy. I agreed to do this and never felt sorry. Tickey was a good man and his wife was twice the man that he was.

We had to go to work and refit. The tent had to be repaired and we needed new skin clothes, both for myself and the natives. I also got a new portable stove and Captain Nelson insisted on my taking plenty of provisions. I also got three good dogs. Altogether I stayed there for nine days, mostly on account of my foot, which bothered me a good deal and made me rather afraid to start out.

On the 29th of November we started, after I had promised Captain Nelson to send the natives back at the first opportunity in the spring. We went as far as Cape Blossom that day and there struck another whaling station run by Peter Bayne. Here we spent the

night and I sent Tickey back to Point Hope for some things I had forgotten.

The next morning we found that one of the dogs had run off, but Bayne gave me another and we started. It was mighty hard travelling, but we made twelve miles getting around Cape Thompson, although I was scared to death every minute for fear the dogs or sled would break through for the ice was soft and full of holes.

On November 30th we broke camp at 5 A.M. There was a strong southeast wind and a wet heavy snow coming right in our faces. The Indians and dogs were about all in. All through this trip I noticed the same thing, that is, the natives and dogs played out before I did. I have explained the difference between the native way of reasoning and that of white men that may account for some of this, but there's another thing. It was on my mind every minute that if I didn't get through just as fast as I could, some of those men back inside of the Polar Circle were going to starve to death. I reckon that kept me going as much as anything.

On this day, however, we made very little progress. It was thick and the ice was covered with water and we couldn't hold a course at all. On December 1st we got an early start again. It wasn't storming, but the travelling was worse. The ice was full of ponds and lagoons and we had to travel nearly every point of the compass to make any headway. At 2 P.M. we reached an ice knoll and found that we could go neither ahead nor back;

there was water on all sides of us. We had to stay there for three days. There was no fuel and there was little warmth in our camp, but we had plenty of food, such as it was. We lived on canned meat and the frozen fish that we had brought along for dog food.

The water fell away eventually. I guess I felt about the same as Noah did, while I waited for it, and on December 5th, we made fifteen miles. On the 6th, we got to Clarence Klingenburg's whaling station. Klingenburg did everything possible for me and I sized him up as a regular fellow, and yet, by Godfrey, the very next year he had a little schooner sent up to him and he went trading up around Cape Bathurst. Somewhere on the trip he rowed with his mate and shot him and killed him as dead as a hammer! You can't size up men in a hurry, not every time.

We started again on the 7th and got to Cape Krusenstern on the 13th. This was mighty poor time, but the ice was soft and it was too warm for the dogs to travel well. I had nine dogs left out of the sixteen that I had started with from Point Hope. Their feet got sore and I had to kill them and use them to feed the others. At the cape I met Mr. and Mrs. Samms, missionaries who had been sent up the summer before; also a Miss Hannaheult, who was teaching school. They were mighty kind to me while I stayed there, particularly Mrs. Samms, who cooked up a lot of grub for me. Part of this consisted of half a bushel of beans, which were

cooked with pork in the regular way, and then put into a gunnysack and left outdoors until they were frozen solid. This was provision for the trail through the Napatka country, that is, where we could find fuel.

On making camp we would build a fire, cut off a chuck of beans with a snow knife, bag and all, and warm them up. After picking out the pieces of burlap it was ready to eat, and we never growled if we found an Arctic "pay streak" in them.

During our stay with the missionaries I got another sled and seven dogs from the natives. I was now able to carry considerable more food, which I got from the mission. Among the lot was a sack of flour covered with blood stains. The owner, a miner who had outfitted for a trip up the Selawik River at the head of Kotzebue Sound, had been murdered by his native guide. This was at the time of the gold stampede, which had just started, and the murder requires some explanation.

The matter goes back to five years before I ever went into the Arctic. At that time the natives of Cape Prince of Wales were mighty bad actors, and that is expressing it mildly. The whaling bark *Eliza*, Captain Gilly, was cruising in that vicinity and got becalmed about three miles off the land. This looked good to the natives, who came off aboard with the intention of killing all hands and taking the ship.

They got aboard in large numbers and according to the plan the women and children went down into the

canoes as soon as the fighting started, but it didn't start quite according to the rules, I guess. One native got into a whaleboat and took a lance, which he darted through a man, probably before the others were ready. That gave the alarm, of course, and the captain told his men to kill them all. It must have been some fight, for the whalers killed all but three on the deck. Those three crawled under the to'gallant fo'c'sle and were dragged out with boat hooks, knocked in the head, and hove overboard with the rest. Then the canoes were cut adrift and the women and children were allowed to go.

The natives never forgot it, and children who were unborn at that time would kill a white man on sight if the chance offered, after they had grown up. The guide who had killed the miner was a native of Cape Prince of Wales and had simply followed the teaching that had been preached to him ever since he was born. After he had killed the man he brought the boat and supplies back to Samm's place where he told what he had done, and turned the property over to the missionary.

Well, I had plenty of food, and fish enough to last the dogs until we should reach the Buckland River, and we left on the 16th, making good time for three days. On the 20th, we struck a blizzard and laid in camp all day. On the 21st, we made ten miles. For the four days following we had fine weather and made over twenty miles a day on an average, reaching the mouth

of the Buckland River on Christmas night, where we camped and had our Christmas dinner from food that we had carried and reserved for this special occasion.

We had pork and beans, fried fish, fried bacon, fresh bread, and a tin of preserved California grapes. There was coffee for me and tea for the Indians, who preferred it. We traded with the natives for more dog feed that night.

For the next two days we travelled up the Buckland River making thirty miles a day, then went over the portage, steering by compass in the direction I thought would bring us to the Egituck River. We left the Buckland at 3 A.M. and reached the Egituck at 10 P.M. I had intended to work along the Egituck and make Norton Sound, but the snow was so deep and the river so crooked that I laid a course across country. We didn't have anything left to eat but raw frozen fish and I had to kill two of the dogs to feed the others. The snow was so deep that we had to break a trail for the dogs, and when we struck a place where we could ride, we didn't dare to because the perspiration under our skin clothes would freeze and we would freeze too. We crossed the Egituck four times and then crossed Norton Sound, reaching the farther side at 7 P.M. on December 28th.

Soon after starting on December 30th, we saw the track of a dog team that came from the direction of Galivan Bay. We followed it as fast as we could for

Head of Bone from Bowhead Whale

Dog team and sled in the Arctic. The Arctic ice is no boulevard for a dog team to travel—much less a landing place for an aëroplane.

three days, reaching Unalakleet on January 1st, 1898. There we were received by Mr. and Mrs. Karlson and Miss Johnson, who had charge of the Swedish mission. Karlson told me that he understood that a mail was to leave St. Michael for the States on the 5th, and of course I was anxious to get there before it left.

Early the next morning we left in a blinding snowstorm, taking with us a native runner and guide that Karlson had furnished for us. On the morning of the third we started early and had gone perhaps five miles when I missed Tickey's wife. I was breaking trail ahead of the dogs and waited for the sled to come up, when I asked Tickey where she was. He told me that she had left her pipe at the mission and had gone back after it. I was just a bit peeved at this, but I considered that the trail was broken out and that she could go about three times as fast as we could, so I kept on. We kept to the ice, which was pretty rough, and soon made a headland, where we found water. That forced us to go ashore and start over it. When we reached the summit I looked back to see if the woman was coming, and I saw two men running toward me, waving their hats.

I waited for them to come up, feeling sure that Canuanar had fallen down or had some such accident while hurrying over the ice, but to my astonishment, the men told me that Lieutenant Jarvis and Dr. Call of the revenue cutter *Bear* had crossed the mountain above me and wanted me to come back and meet them. I walked

back about two miles and you bet I was happy when I met 'em. We found a place for their camp and the doctor got dinner while the lieutenant and I gammed.

It was rather curious how we all happened to be there and to meet. A few years previous to this, Sheldon Jackson, the only missionary in the Arctic, had used his influence to have the government send reindeer from Siberia to Alaska, and to teach the natives to raise them for food. About three hundred and fifty of the deer were sent over to Teller and four or five Labrador natives were sent up there to show the Eskimos how to handle them. They were to raise them on a lay; that is, to receive a certain number of the deer out of what they raised, letting the rest live to increase the size of the herd.

All of the masters of the ships sailing into the Arctic usually knew the intentions of the other masters, and the ships that returned knew that it was our intention to return also and so reported that we were frozen in. Now, when the people back east in the States learned that the fleet was frozen in up north, they began to worry about their relatives. Only one or two ships had come down and no one knew who was alive or where they were. They raised such an agitation that the government sent Jarvis and Call, who had spent years in the Arctic, to drive this herd of deer from Port Clarence into the Arctic to feed the whalers. It was the only way to get

supplies there in any quantity, for a dog couldn't handle more than twenty pounds.

I was delighted to know that this attempt to drive the deer through to Point Barrow was being made, although Jarvis expressed many doubts as to whether they would be able to accomplish successfully their undertaking. It was impossible to hurry the deer, for they had to allow them sufficient time to feed, so that they would not be in too poor a condition when they reached Point Barrow. Even at best the deer were underfed during the winter, owing to the scant vegetation at that time of year. They feed by clearing the snow with their horns and hoofs until vegetation is reached under the snow. Along the route through the hills and mountains there were many miles where no food could be found for the deer. Jarvis and his companions were much better provided with food than my Eskimos and myself as they could kill a deer whenever it was necessary.

Realising the uncertainty of the safe arrival of the deer at Point Barrow made me all the more anxious to continue my journey to civilisation. When I talked with Jarvis both he and I knew the conditions of the country and that it was a hundred to one shot the deer would never reach there.

The cutter had left them at Cape Vancouver and they were coming up along the trail on their way to Port Clarence to get the deer, when they met Mrs. Tickey on the

ice on her way to join us. Jarvis knew her, having seen her before, and knew where her tribe lived. He asked her what she was doing so far from home and was able to learn that she was with "a white whaler-man who came from the ship." He knew then that it was probably someone from the fleet.

Jarvis gave me several letters of introduction, one in particular to Colonel G. M. Randall, commanding officer at Fort St. Michael, and told me to put myself in the hands of the government. There were no mails going out, he said, and I would probably be the mail carrier. He told the colonel to supply me with money, food, and anything I needed, and I left him feeling that the rest of the trip would be as easy as man could make it. I felt somewhat easier about the men up north, but at that I knew that it was a gamble whether the deer reached them or not. Anyway, I knew that it was still mighty important that I should win through. Jarvis's idea of helping me was all right and I felt encouraged, as I say, but he didn't back up his letter, and there was more or less trouble over the affair later. I still have his letters to show, even though he denied writing some of them.

I reached St. Michael on January 6th, by my date, but learned there that I had lost a day; it was the 7th. There I received a royal welcome, and there are a number of people to whom I shall always be indebted: Colonel Randall, Dr. Edie, Lieutenant Walker, L. B. Shep-

perd, agent of the North American Transportation & Trading Company, W. M. Herron, agent of the Alaska Commercial Company, Captain Paulson, agent of the Alaska Exploration Company, the editorial staff of the *Aurora Borealis*, and the entire population of the island, in fact, for everyone did all they could for me. I got a dog team and two hundred dollars in cash from Colonel Randall, and after being fitted throughout by the government, left after stopping there for twelve days. This delay was caused by Canuanar's being taken sick, and while she was under the weather Tickey was almost as bad off as she was. It was sympathy, nothing else, for as soon as she was better, he was, too.

During my stay at St. Michael someone stole two of my dogs. Several white men and I searched the village but we were unable to find a trace of them. Colonel Randall then supplied me with one dog team and two extra dogs to replace those that had been stolen. It is here that I wish to make mention of the faithfulness of man's best friend, the dog. After we had left St. Michael, those who had stolen our dogs in all probability released them. They found our trail and two days later joined us.

Leaving St. Michael, well fitted out with three dog teams and a good supply of grub, I headed for the Yukon River. I had an idea of going up to Dawson, through Seventy-two Mile Pass and out by Valdez, which was a roundabout course, but one that was used considerably

at that time and mapped out on the charts. I camped one night and made the river next morning. There I found a small river steamer frozen in the ice. She was loaded with provisions for Dawson and had been caught. The men aboard her told me that there were three others frozen in besides them and that Dawson was starving. Flour was two hundred dollars a sack and you couldn't buy more than ten pounds at a time. 'T was an awful winter for those people, I can tell you.

Well, this news made me change my mind and also my course. I was afraid to go to Dawson for fear that I'd lose my whole outfit. Those people were starving and desperate and I couldn't afford to take chances. So I worked up the river toward Andreafski. Andreafski is about seventy miles up the Yukon, and I was nine days getting there after I sighted the first steamer. The morning before I got there it was cold, so cold that I noticed it, and when I got to Andreafski at three o'clock in the afternoon it was fifty-seven below zero—no weather for haying. We had been hurrying all the way from St. Michael and we were all in—dogs, natives and myself—so we stayed there for four days, then fitted out and started across the mountains for the Kuskokwim River.

The mountains looked close when we started out, but we travelled for five days, camping each night, of course, and stopping one or two days in between to rest the dogs before we reached the foot of the mountains and began

to look for a divide. It was impossible to go over them, but I had been told of two passes that went through to the table land on the other side, and it was up to me to find one of those passes. So we entered the first canyon that we came to and travelled for three days. That travelling was something awful, too. And then we came to a bulkhead nearly half a mile high. There was nothing to do but go back. Once out of the canyon again we went down along the edge of the mountains to a second canyon and travelled up that one for two days, and had to come back. It took longer than the actual travelling time to do all this, for the dogs had to have a rest every two or three days, and we were practically as tired as the dogs. When we came out for the second time we started in the opposite direction, that is, westward, passing by the first canyon we had entered and after four days of travel reaching a third one.

That one let us through, but it was something fearful; not over twenty miles long, but it took us three days to make it. The place was full of jagged rocks and heavy snow, so that we had to break trail for the dogs all the time. It was only light about four or five hours a day, and the average travelling time wasn't over six, but it was plenty.

When we got through we camped for two days, then started on, shaping our course across the table land for the Kuskokwim River. The travelling was much better and we made fairly good time for three days. Then we

came to a big lake. We landed on the shore just at dark and went into camp. The next morning we broke camp at nine o'clock, loaded the sleds, set sails on two of them, and took the third in tow. Then we put all the dogs on the sleds and I took one and the natives the other, starting out on the first piece of real easy travelling that we had had since starting. There was a strong breeze, and just enough snow on the ice to keep the runners on the sled from sliding, and by hauling in and paying out the sheets we kept a pretty fair course across the lake to where we thought there was a village.

Well, we didn't strike the village, although we landed fairly close to it, as we found out later, for the next morning we hadn't made over a mile and a half when the dogs caught the scent of it and headed for what they knew was grub. We couldn't have stopped them if we had tried. All we had to do was to hang on to the sleds and keep 'em on even keel. We got to the village about three in the afternoon and stayed there two days. If it hadn't been for the dogs and an easterly wind, we should have missed it altogether.

After crossing the Kuskokwim River, we now had eighteen dogs left out of twenty-nine; two teams, in fact. So we gave the third sled to the natives and bought fish for the dogs and food for ourselves, paying for it at the rate of a dollar a pound for the fish. We got about fifty pounds, as nearly as we could figure, for we had no way of weighing it, and after getting directions from the

natives we started for the Nushagak River, where I knew there were canneries.

We travelled across the country for seven days, not including rest days, and on reaching the river, ran down to the mouth, where I found the cannery as I had planned. There was a watchman who was stationed there to guard the property through the winters, and three huts of natives. I was shy two more dogs, leaving me but sixteen, so traded with the natives for two more, and about twenty-five pounds of fish, paying them one hundred and twenty-five dollars in money.

In the days before the discovery of gold in this section the price of a dog was a sack of flour. I might say here that trading in dogs is something like trading in horses. Many times a fellow gets stuck. One of the dogs I had purchased was of no account and that night I fed him to the other dogs.

My next landfall, as I had figured out the course, was the Shelikof Mountains, and before I left Nushagak, the watchman, who had some idea of the trail, drew me a map as well as he knew how, showing the course I had to follow through a divide and beyond to a village called Katmai, right opposite Kodiak Island on the Shelikof Straits.

On an old English chart that I carried, Katmai was marked as the headquarters of the Alaska Commercial Company. These people had a lot of boats of different kinds that they had used for hunting sea otter when the

law allowed it and I figured on getting one of these boats, going over to Kodiak, and then finding some sort of a vessel to go on in.

From Nushagak to Katmai we were twenty-one days, striking as hard travelling as we had found anywhere—being in the mountains—and the worst weather. We camped in a blizzard every other day, but we broke camp and got under way every day, even if we only made an hour's run. It was the wind that held us back more than anything. The dogs couldn't stand it at all. When we reached the down slope it took us three days to lower the dogs and sleds down. Then we started for the beach, following a big open stream of water for two days. It was getting warmer, and the snow was melting, which caused this big stream to flow like a freshet, and in accordance with fate's usual plan we were on the opposite side from the village of Katmai. When we got within sight of the place we hunted up the shoalest spot we could find, hove the dogs in and made 'em haul the sleds across, hanging on ourselves and helping what we could. We made it, but we lost half of the camping gear off one sled. I didn't mind that, though, for we had just about finished needing any of our outfit, and we went on down to the village.

There were four huts of natives there and I found out from them that the Alaska Commercial Company's station had been moved from there eighteen months before. There was no grub except game, and not a boat except one

old discarded dory that wouldn't hold pumpkins. Her seams had opened so that when I looked at it I felt that a man would fall through if he wasn't too beamy.

I knew that we couldn't go on any farther with the dog teams. The weather was too warm, and besides, our course laid across that strait, which was all open. So I gave the dogs to the natives; then I tore the sleds to pieces, saving the sinew lashings. Nothing is put together with nails if the natives make it. Then I bored holes in the dory's planking and lashed or sewed her together with the sinews. After that I tore up the only suit of underwear that I had on earth and one of my deerskin suits, and caulked her with the rags.

At break of day on March 17, 1898, we loaded our gear into the dory and started across the strait, a distance of thirty-seven miles, and from the time that we shoved her overboard until we landed on Kodiak—two hours before sunset, I never left the oars, and Tickey and Canuanar never left the bailers. Talk about a basket—she was a whole lot more porous than most of 'em. I didn't lay on my oars but little, I can tell you. That strait of Shelikof is a devilish bad place, and ships dodge it if they can, even in the middle of the summer. But that day it was as smooth as a mill pond and a shingle would have floated us over, if it had been big enough. Less than two hours after we had hauled out and camped on Kodiak, though, the wind breezed to the westward, and with the terrific tide running against it, and the sea break-

ing, that strait was a wicked sight. If we had been caught out there in the strait with that dory we wouldn't have lived three minutes and I thought about it considerable as we were making camp, and remarked to myself more than once, "Once a fool, but never again, not by a damn sight."

On the next day we started to work around the island. We had no dogs now, but went in the old dory, working inside through little sounds and inlets where it was always smooth and safe. We took turns at the oars, and about every half hour when the boat got pretty well filled with water we would shove her ashore and let it run out. I've been afloat in some hard old packets, but I don't think that any of them were quite so porous as she was. In four days we got to the little town of St. Paul.

The Alaska Commercial Company had a station at this place which was run by a man named Herron. He had a little schooner called the *St. Paul* and I gave him my credentials and letters of introduction, also told him my story, and asked him for help in getting to some place where I could get news to the States. I had every confidence that he would treat me right, although I admit that I had forgotten one particular thing, as you will see.

Herron looked over all of my papers, and when he came to Lieutenant Jarvis's letters said that he didn't want anything to do with the government or its affairs, or words to that effect. But the letters from the ship captains interested him, and he made his offer.

He would charter me his little schooner, providing a captain and crew, and take me, with the natives and our outfit, such as we had, to Prince William Sound, which was two hundred miles away. There, he said, a number of steamers were running up on account of the gold strike and I could get passage to the States without any trouble. All this he would do if I would sign a contract to pay seven thousand dollars.

Talk about a hold-up! The only difference between Herron and Jesse James was that Jesse had a horse, but you see I hadn't realised till then that I had struck civilisation. All the way from Point Barrow I had asked natives, missionaries, and whaling company agents for help, and they had given it to me freely, even dividing their food with me when they really couldn't spare it. Certainly I paid for it, but good Lord, you can't eat rifle cartridges or blankets, and up north grub is about the most valuable thing there is. But as I say, all these people who lived in the wilderness were kind and generous toward me, but when I had got clear of the wild country, I ran right into this cussed blood-sucker, and I said to myself: "There's no mistake, this is civilisation."

I thought his proposition over, but didn't think long. Here I was almost to where I could get word to the States, and yet if I got held up where I was, I might just as well be back inside of the Arctic Circle. I had no money and no outfit, but as far as I knew those men might never come out of the Arctic if I failed to get help

for them. So I told him that I would sign his contract, but only under protest. If I had tied a knot in his neck, as I felt like doing, I probably wouldn't have got the schooner.

The weather had got to be pretty warm, and our skin clothes were uncomfortable, so I bought clothes for myself and the natives from Herron's store, signing for them in addition to the seven thousand dollars. He also charged us board for the three days that we stayed there. At the end of that time we sailed for Prince William Sound.

Six hours out a nor'west gale breezed up and we had to heave-to. The schooner was a good sea boat, but she didn't carry sail at all. The gale lasted for two days and we drifted around considerably. When it blew itself out I found that the schooner captain couldn't navigate at all. He was coastwise, but he didn't know an azimuth from the bight of a hawser. There was a sextant aboard and I took a sight at noon and figured our position as twenty miles south of Middleton Island; then I shaped a course for Prince William Sound.

When we got in on the coast we struck some more wind, but we were under the high land, so that by reefing down we managed to get into a little place that the captain knew, called Port Etches, where we figured on laying until the wind was fair, and then going on.

When we got in there, however, we found the gasoline schooner *Albion*, Captain Daniels, on the beach. She had

come from Prince William Sound, bound for Portland and put in for water. A shift of wind had put her ashore. I went aboard to look her over and found that she had gone ashore on a half tide. He had his anchors out over the stern and was holding her all right. I took the natives and what little dunnage we had aboard the *Albion* and then held the *St. Paul* until the gas schooner was afloat. I then told the skipper that he could go back.

The next day the *Albion* sailed for Portland, Oregon, with the natives and myself aboard. We went down through the sounds all the way and got into Portland without anything happening. I had one hundred and two pounds of mail from the army post, missions and whalers and just fifty cents in money, all that was left out of three hundred and eighty-five dollars of my own and two hundred dollars that I had received at St. Michael from the government. So I ordered an express wagon and gave the driver my last half dollar to carry that mail to the post office.

Up on Kodiak Island there was a post office and Herron was the postmaster. When he found that I was carrying mail he told me that I couldn't take it beyond Kodiak legally, unless it went through his post office and was locked in a sack.

I had done this, and so, in order to get into the sacks, they had to go to the general post office. I had mail for the Steam Whaling Company of Frisco, and word had reached them of a mail carrier coming down from

Nanymo, which is in British territory. Two agents of the company boarded the *Albion* as soon as we made fast and demanded their company's mail. I couldn't give it to them and told them so, showing them that it was locked in the sacks. The company was sore with me for a long time. They thought that I had tried to hold their mail.

Well, I went to the post office and told the postmaster my story, asking him to ship out the mail I had brought. There were no stamps on it, you see, and I couldn't have bought enough for one letter. The postmaster agreed to take care of that, and then he asked me if I was the master of a vessel. Of course I told him that I was only third officer. Then he looked up the law and said that when mail came in like that the captain of a ship was entitled to two cents for each letter he brought, but I didn't rate high enough to get paid, even if I did do the work.

As I have said before, I always figured that I could look out for myself under almost any circumstances, and I realised that it was up to me to do some pretty bright looking out right away. Here I was in a big city where nobody knew me from King Tut. I had two natives on my hands, I owed for my passage and theirs on the *Albion,* and I didn't have a red cent. The first thing I did was to telegraph to William J. Lewis and Son, my owners in New Bedford, telling them that I was down from the ships, and I had sent letters and that I was broke in Portland with two natives and asked him to

honor a draft for five hundred dollars so that I could pay my bills and get to Frisco. I got a reply right back that they didn't believe 't was me, because no one could make the trip, but that if it was, then I must have deserted the ship before she ever went into the Arctic. And there was not a word about money. I was still broke. As it happened, I had left four hundred and fifty dollars with a ship chandler on Stewart street in Frisco. I had had some thought of a possible wreck or failure to get a voyage and had this little sheet anchor to wind'ard. So I wired for that and got it, paid the passage money, three hundred dollars, got a good feed, and then boarded a steamer for Frisco, taking the natives with me. The fun started then.

We laid at a dock near a railroad track, and it was in the early evening. There was a passenger train, all lighted up and ready to pull out. I was in my stateroom and the natives had one next to it. Well, all at once I heard them pile out and begin to pound on my door, hollering at the top of their voices; "Kabloona, igloo iluckta,"—"the white man's houses are running off." I looked out and saw that the train was just getting under way. Those Eskimos were the guests of the steamer all the way to Frisco, and I had to lock myself in my stateroom to keep from being talked to death.

As soon as I arrived in San Francisco I got in touch with the agents of several of the vessels and explained the situation to them. They agreed to fit a merchant

vessel to dispatch food and supplies to the men in the Arctic immediately.

The natives had remained with me all the time, following me very closely, and acted as though they were more afraid of losing me than I was of losing them. I felt my responsibility over them as the news of our arrival had spread and more than a thousand people had gathered in the streets.

I then went to my regular hotel, the Russ House, and took the natives too. They had a room there and were fed by themselves. Then I went to Anderson and Lewis, ship chandlers and agents for the owners and told my story. They had to believe me because wires had come from everywhere where the letters had gone and the newspapers were carrying the story. I was nearly broke again paying passages and hotel bills, and told Anderson so. He wired William Lewis and the Old Man told him to give me a hundred dollars on an I. O. U. Pretty generous, wasn't he?

I still had the natives to look out for, but not for long. H. Leibus & Company, who owned the station at Point Hope and had fitted me at Point Barrow, were big furriers in Frisco. They had received letters and looked me up, taking the natives off my hands and looking out for them until they could be sent north again. They were finally sent back to their native home in Alaska aboard a trading vessel that was carrying supplies there for H.

Leibus & Company. So that relieved me of a considerable burden.

Finally the merchant vessel fitted and sailed. When so many ships were lost, what few supplies were left were consumed by the men, so that any ships which might have been saved would have had nothing to work on during the summer had it not been for the arrival of that vessel.

As previously stated, the revenue cutter *Bear* had landed Lieutenant Jarvis and Dr. Call at Cape Vancouver, just east of St. Michael. From there she worked her way up to Unalaska and was obliged to lay there all winter on account of the large ice floes. The following spring, as fast as the ice broke up, she went further north through the Bering Straits, finally reaching Point Barrow about July 22nd, 1898. My shipwrecked companions were rescued and taken aboard down to the States, where they went to their homes.

Of the original fleet of our four ships, the *Belvedere*, *Orca*, *Jessie H. Freeman* and *Rosario*, only the *Belvedere* had survived. The other five ships which were frozen in to the eastward came out all right. These, with the *Belvedere*, remained in the Arctic, whaling during that summer, and in the fall returned to San Francisco. The crews of all the ships which had not been wrecked returned to their vessels, with the exception of a few men who were sick and had already been sent down to the States aboard the revenue cutter *Bear*. The sick men had

been replaced by some of the shipwrecked crews who volunteered to remain in the Arctic for the summer season.

From the men who returned, I learned that Jarvis had succeeded in driving a portion of the herd into Point Barrow and had arrived there on the same day that I had arrived in San Francisco, April 17th, 1898.

Chapter XIX

GOLD MINERS AND A JILTED STOWAWAY

A few days after reaching San Francisco, I got a letter from William Lewis. He had learned all of the facts about my trip and wanted me to go back up north in the spring and join the ship again. He didn't say how I was to get there, so I wrote and asked him if he wanted me to walk back, but I didn't get any answer.

This was the spring of '98, and the Spanish War was going on. I stood on the corner one day, watching the soldiers marching past, bound for Manila, I guess. I had read the news of the sinking of the *Maine* not long before, and I was already to pick up a gun and go along too. I imagine that I would have gone at that, but there are a lot of little things that a man doesn't know if he spends all his time at sea, and he often feels ashamed to ask about them, so you see, the fact was that I didn't really know how to go about enlisting.

This was also the year of the gold strike at Kotzebue Sound, and Captains Cogan and Whiteside were fitting out two ships to take miners and supplies north. Whiteside's ship was the bark *Northern Light*, a windjammer. She had a whole house built over her deck and was

going to take one hundred and twenty-two miners with two tons of freight for each man. Rufe Smith of Edgartown was mate. He was a whaleman and knew me, so one day he looked me up and asked me to go as second mate. He said that it was going to be an awful voyage and he wanted someone who could help him.

"If you will go," he said, "I'll be one happy man."

Being broke, I agreed to go, and Whiteside signed me on.

I had let myself in for considerable of a picnic by shipping aboard of this old windjammer, if I had only known it. The ship was old and pretty poor; we were going to carry a bunch of men that came from God-knows-where, and it promised to be a mighty interesting party, all around.

Just the thought of it sent the mate sculling off to see a doctor almost as soon as I had turned to aboard ship. He claimed that he was sick and I guess he was —sick of the voyage to come. Anyway, I didn't see him again for a week. When he finally showed up he said that the doctor had told him that he had a bad case of something, or other, it didn't matter what, and that it wouldn't do for him to go north at all. I don't know whether he said he would turn yellow and fade away, or swell up and turn purple, but Smith just said that he wouldn't go, so I took his place as mate.

We were booking passengers and stowing freight all the time. Everybody was crazy to get to Kotzebue

Sound, where Captain Cogan had reported gold even in the mud that he brought up on his anchor. Gold-crazy is the word to describe the condition of 'em all, and most of 'em wouldn't have recognised a piece of it, I don't imagine.

I have mentioned that the *Northern Light* and the bark *Alaska* were fitting out together. They were going north in company, so to speak, and this fact was the means of my having an even more interesting experience than I would have had otherwise.

You see the water is shoal up there, and the ships couldn't get within two miles of the shore. That meant that all the passengers and freight would have to be landed in small boats, a long and tedious job. Other companies used small steamers, so Cogan and Whiteside decided to have one also. One, I say, because the ships were going together, and they had a little stern wheeler built—that is, all parts sawed out and fitted—and loaded the parts, the engine, and the boiler all aboard of the *Alaska*, because she was going to sail first. The steamer's name was the *John Riley*, and she afterwards became quite famous in the vicinity of Kotzebue. The *Alaska* was to put in at St. Lawrence Island, break out the steamer and put her together, and then come across and join us, for we expected to be there by that time. They allowed ten days for the building of her, and the *Alaska* sailed a week before we did. I am mentioning all this at this particular time because it happened at this point,

but the result of it all didn't show up until some time later, and I'll pick up the thread of the yarn by the bight when the time comes.

Two days before we were due to sail a lady came into Whiteside's office and wanted to take passage on the *Northern Light*. She claimed to be the wife of a man by the name of Bowman, who she said had gone north on the *Alaska* after deserting her and leaving her destitute. She was a fine appearing woman, ladylike in her manner, and there was no good reason why she couldn't go with us, because Mrs. Whiteside was with her husband, and two of our passengers had their wives with them.

But Whiteside said that the ship was only built to carry one hundred and twenty-two passengers and that there was no room left aboard, and in spite of the woman's story and the way she begged to go, he refused to take her. Everyone in the office pitied her, but none of them seemed to think of any way of helping her out till I dug out a five dollar gold piece and passed it to her; then all the rest loosened up. She thanked us then, and left.

I finished whatever business I had to do there in the office and went downstairs to go back aboard ship. When I got down on the street the woman was there waiting for me. She told me her story again and begged me to use what influence I had to get her a passage with us, and I told her I would. I knew that there was a

spare room aboard that hadn't been sold to anybody. At that particular time it was full of life preservers that would have to be served out just as soon as we sailed. So I went to the captain and tried every way to get him to let her go, but for some reason he didn't like her looks or her story—I don't know which—and he wouldn't give in. As I have mentioned more than once, I have always had a weakness for helping out other folks that I figured were worse off than myself, and that old weakness showed up devilish strong at just about this time. I decided that the woman was telling the truth, and that she had a right to go and look up the husband who had deserted her, as she wanted to do. I further made up my mind that she was going too, in spite of hell or high water, and I began to make my plans.

We were due to sail at 10:30, and besides our passengers, there was a bunch of relatives coming aboard to say goodbye and a devil of a lot of sightseers who wouldn't go ashore until the last minute. I had the job of showing these people around, partly to keep 'em moving and partly to keep 'em from getting into trouble, so I told the woman to get some food and to come aboard an hour before sailing time, bringing a friend with her who would leave the ship. Well sir, she came, and I piloted those two all over the ship and then down below until I came to that empty room. There, I made a hole in the stack of life preservers, and after she had

got inside, I covered her entirely up with them, locked the door, and went on deck. A short time after, the ship sailed.

This yarn is shaping up in good story book style, and it becomes even more so, because at this point the villain shows up, and he was a mean cuss and no mistake.

The day before we sailed our steward had done something or other that riled the Old Man and Whiteside had fired him and hired another. Getting fired like that made this fellow pretty mad and he started out to get even with the whole afterguard. So he slid over to the custom house and told the officers that the *Northern Light* was half loaded with rum; that we were taking it north to sell to the natives. I can imagine that he told a pretty good story; anyhow, they swallowed it, hook, line, and sinker.

As we went down the bay, the cutter came a-boilin' after us and hove us to just inside the Golden Gate. The officers came aboard and said that they were there to search the ship, so I, as first officer, was obliged to help 'em search. They went over that bark with a fine-tooth comb and never found any rum at all, but naturally they found the woman. Then I got busy with my powers of speech-making. I told 'em the woman's story, and then I reminded the officers that they were there to look for rum and not stowaways. In the end they agreed to keep mum and all was well, but we lost the tide and had to wait until the next day. I was

rather glad of that, for the deck was covered with luggage and freight and it gave me a chance to get it all stowed away before we got outside.

The ship was leaking bad, and we had to pump it, off and on, all the time. If she hadn't had a steam pump she never would have made the trip in God's world. But the passengers, being mostly from inland, didn't take much notice of that at first. They had never seen salt water before and they were so green about it that they wouldn't believe a salt water fish could be fresh. We steered for the Fox Islands, and with the pumps going about all the time, some of these miners begun to notice it, and to discover that things weren't just as they should be. In fact, they began to think that they were taking a pretty big chance, which was an actual fact.

Two days out they came aft in a crowd and began to ask questions, and talked excited-like. It didn't look good at all. There were some gentlemen in the crowd, but there were also some tough hombres, and if anything like a panic had struck 'em why the ship would have been theirs right there. It wasn't just by chance that they wanted me to answer their questions. I was among them more than the captain, and I suppose that we were better acquainted. So I told 'em that when the custom house officers came aboard to search the ship they had bored holes in all of the water casks to see if they really contained water and not rum. I explained that

the motion of the ship kept slopping the water out of these holes, and that we had to pump it out to keep the freight from getting spoiled. They believed it, and went off satisfied, which was a good thing all around.

Shortly after, I went into the forepeak to listen for leaks and I found two trunnel-holes. The trunnels had rotted, I suppose, and dropped out. After I had plugged these holes the ship was fairly respectable, but she still leaked a good deal.

During these few days that we had been at sea, I had found a chance to get some grub down below to the woman and had taken water or coffee below also, but now that we had things snugged down in good shape it was time to serve out those life preservers and I sent a couple of men down to break them out and put one in every berth. They hadn't been below more than three minutes when one of them came running and says, "There's a woman aboard."

"Of course there is, three of 'em," I said. "Are you scared of 'em? Go to work."

"No," says the man, "but this is no passenger, by Godfrey; she's under them life preservers."

Well, I acted as if I was the most surprised man in the world, and went below with the seaman. There was the woman, sure enough, and I asked her what she was doing there. I'll give her credit, she could put up bluff. She said she was a stowaway and begun to cry. I told her that she would have to go aft to the captain, and

I went along with her, reporting the finding of her according to rule and custom. Whiteside recognised her right away and asked her why she was there and how she came aboard. She just said that she had to go north and that, being broke, she had stowed away aboard of us. There was nothing to do but fix up that room and give it to her, and then she was put to work in the cabin, waiting on the three women passengers. Everything worked fine and no one knew the inside of the story until after the voyage was over.

We were about two months getting to Kotzebue Sound, quite a bit longer than we had expected to be, which made more trouble for us. Our water ran low and we had to put all hands on a ration. O, but those miners were wild, and didn't they give the Old Man hell!

Then I had a talk with them. I reminded them once more of the custom officers' visit, and told them that it wasn't the captain's fault, but that we had lost the water through the auger holes that the officers bored in the casks. It pacified the passengers as far as the captain was concerned, but believe me, it would have gone hard with a custom house officer if they could have got hold of him just then. When we got into Kotzebue Sound the *Alaska* hadn't arrived, and neither had the steamer, so we anchored, got a supply of fresh water, and waited for her to come. As time went on the passengers got uneasy and begun to make all kinds of threats. Things looked rather bad, taking it all in all.

We found out afterward that when they started to put the steamer together they couldn't find the spikes, and after looking for them a spell they decided that we had 'em. So they laid in St. Lawrence Island until the blacksmith had made spikes enough for the job. When they finally got the freight out of the ship, they found the spikes just where they had been put. Proper stowing would have prevented the delay, you see, but before we learned all this a number of things happened.

Things got worse and worse aboard the ship as time went on and the *Alaska* didn't show up. The miners were afraid that they would lose the summer and that they wouldn't be able to get their storehouses built, and they blamed Whiteside for everything. They threatened to do all kinds of things if something wasn't done, and none of us felt any too easy. You see, we of the afterguard had about made up our minds that the *Alaska* was wrecked, and if she was, well, the way things were up there at that time, we were in a pretty pickle, as I will show.

There were a number of small steamers that had been brought up that year to be used for the same purpose as the *John Riley,* and I talked over with the captain the matter of chartering one of them. I knew that if we didn't get those people ashore devilish quick there was going to be serious trouble. After talking things over with Captain Whiteside and agreeing on what we must do, we called all the passengers on deck and told

'em to choose a committee of three to go ashore with me and try to charter one of the other steamers. Well, we went, a boat's crew and we four, but it was impossible to get a boat of any sort for love or money. One firm did say that they possibly might let us have their boat for five thousand dollars and all we had was about two hundred and fifty tons of freight.

We went back aboard and told the passengers what the situation was, and I tell you they didn't like it at all. They raved around worse than ever, until I finally told them to lay quiet for a couple more days and then, if the *Alaska* didn't come, we would start landing their stuff in whaleboats. This would have been an awful job and an almighty slow one, which is why we didn't want to do it.

But the *Alaska* didn't come when the two days were up and I went ashore for the second time to see the people who had said that they might possibly charter their boat. When I got there I found that she had gone up the Selawick River with freight, and there was nothing doing anywhere else. I was ashore about four hours on this trip and I got just a little mite gloomier every hour, so that when I was going back aboard it would have taken considerable of a joke to raise a laugh out of me. I had all kinds of ideas about what was likely to happen if those passengers broke loose, but I didn't know what had actually happened, for the damage was done when I got aboard. They had seized the ship.

They told me the minute I landed on deck. They had taken possession of the *Northern Light* and elected the second mate Norton to take charge of her and sail her somewhere. They didn't know where or how. The captain and the two married men had taken their wives and barricaded themselves in the after cabin, but there hadn't been any violence to speak of—not so far.

I went aft and called to the captain, telling him who I was, and he let me come below. He told me the story, which without the details was that the passengers had accused him of fooling them and had threatened to kill him. He felt pretty well worked up, having women aboard and all that, and he knew that he couldn't do anything with that crowd because they figured he was responsible for all their hard luck. So I told him I would try to get things straightened out, and I went on deck to begin.

I never had occasion to make many speeches up to that time. But I knew that I'd got to make one then, and that it had to be one that would take hold of that bunch. So I called 'em all on deck and then I stood up on the booby hatch, about four feet above the deck, and begun. Says I:

"You men have taken possession of this ship. Now, what are you going to do with her? There's one hundred and twenty-two of you, and twenty could take and hold her, so there's no danger of any of us trying to take her away from you. But you've put a man in

command that can't navigate. Now, where do you think he'll sail her to?

"Another thing, this ship is anchored in Alaskan waters. There is no port of entry; it is just the same as the open sea; there are no customs or law; and your seizure is mutiny. Just figure that there is always an afterclap to a thing like this, and the minute that this ship gets in to any port, you folks will be held accountable.

"I've done all I could for you up to date, and I'm ready to do more, even to boating your stuff ashore if the *Riley* doesn't show up."

Well, I talked along that strain until I won 'em over, and that afternoon the *Alaska* and the *Riley* hove in sight. By Godfrey, I was glad to see 'em.

I took charge of the *Riley* right away and took the passengers and their camping gear ashore from the *Northern Light* that night. I knew that if they were on the beach they could not do the ship any harm, and I was mighty glad when they were all landed. Whiteside was a tickled man, too, and when we got back to Frisco he gave me a suit of clothes; tailor-made they were, and set him back sixty dollars.

Now I had to take the *Alaska's* people ashore, and I went right at that next. I found it was a fact that the man Bowman was aboard of her, and I looked him up and told him that his wife was aboard the *Northern Light*, for she hadn't landed with the other passengers. Bowman said she was not his wife, but I didn't know

anything about that, nor I didn't care, and I landed her right after I landed him. When she landed there was some scenery. Unbeknown to me that woman had a gun, and the minute she met Bowman she pulled it on him and told him that he would take care of her or she would drop him right there. The miners all sided in with her and said that if he didn't do the right thing they would make him. So he took her—there wasn't anything else for him to do—and I don't know what became of them. I never saw them after we left there.

We landed the freight, helped the miners build their storehouses, ballasted the ship, and sailed for Frisco. When we got there Whiteside wanted to fit the ship for whaling and send me to sea in command of her, but I said, "No." I knew her faults too well, and I knew that she was not seaworthy. She was built for Captain Gilbert Smith of Vineyard Haven, and she had been a noble ship, but her day was over, that's all. So she was sold to a couple of Scandinavians, loaded with lumber, and sailed for Honolulu, but somewhere at sea she got waterlogged and was abandoned. That was the end of the *Northern Light*.

Chapter XX

MASTER OF THE "BELVEDERE"

I was back in Frisco with some money in my pocket. It was early and the whalers had not come in, so I started east and arrived home to spend the winter. The next spring I sailed second mate of the *Belvedere,* which I had previously sailed in as third mate, for William Lewis and Son, Captain Devoll, master, and went into the Arctic. The next season I went mate of the *William Baylies,* Captain Steve Cottle of the Vineyard.

Then I came home and got married. You know, when I used to come home for the winter at different times I'd often take some girl around to mite societies and prayer meetings, and very likely get quite fond of her by the springtime. But, good Lord, by the time I got home from another voyage, that girl would be married to some other chap that did business nearer home. However, one of them waited for me, and I married her.

I stayed home just two months and then sailed mate again in the *William Baylies* with Cottle. All three of these voyages had been fairly good ones and uneventful, as we liked to have 'em, while they were going on, but the fourth season brought a turn of luck.

I sailed mate in the *Belvedere* with Captain Devoll once more, and things went bad. We lost our propeller in the ice and had to jog around under sail. We couldn't get in where we wanted to go and as a result we only got two whales. Then when we came out of the Arctic, we struck a gale and got blowed so far to the westward that we were a month overdue and were given up for lost. When we got to Frisco the owners ordered me home for the winter. They said that they wanted me to sail again in one of their ships, but they didn't know which one, as they had several at the time. So I came home, but on the way I had an experience that I'll never forget.

I didn't wait to settle up the voyage, but drew three hundred dollars, bought some clothes, and went to my hotel to get my baggage together before taking the train. Well, I wanted to change into a new suit, so I cleaned out my pockets, changed my clothes, put the others into my trunk and started. Now I had my three hundred dollars in a wallet and some loose change in another pocket. There were a five dollar gold piece, a silver dollar, and a fifty cent piece, and I scooped them up, shoved them in my pocket, and took the ferry for Oakland. It was on the ferry when I first happened to reach round to my hip pocket, and by Godfrey, my wallet was gone.

This was a devil of a mess. I had my ticket, but it was only as far as Boston, and five days on the train ahead of me with meals selling at a dollar a throw.

Then the fare from Boston to New Bedford was $1.35 at that time, and I couldn't get any money until I landed there. Of course I could have gone back to the agents, and drawn some more. I thought of it, and then I thought again. They'd think I had been on a drunk and lost it or blown it in, and I had been sailing mate for them long enough to make my prospects of getting a ship fairly good. No, I decided, I'd be darned if I'd go back. My luck had taken me through worse difficulties than that, and I'd go on. So I did.

That was the hardest trip I ever made across the country. I didn't eat only now and then, and when I did I hit up the lunch counters where we stopped. I bought my ticket in Boston, and when I landed in New Bedford I had just a nickel left. Right across the street from the depot was a barroom with a sign carrying a picture of a big schooner of beer and the price—"5c"—alongside. I studied a minute on whether to ride downtown on the trolley or have some beer and walk, and I decided in favour of the beer. I knew the proprietor of the Parker House and he met me when I walked in.

"Back again, Tilton?" he sung out. "What can I do for you?"

"Get my trunk for me," says I, "Give me the best room in the house, serve me up grub enough for four men, and lend me fifty dollars.

"I'll do it," he says, and started right in.

In the course of time I found myself in my room

unlocking my trunk, and I hauled out the suit of clothes I had taken off in Frisco. As I chucked out the pants, they landed with a thump, and when I looked through the pockets, bedamned if there wasn't my three hundred dollars. I had forgotten to take it out.

I came on to the Vineyard and spent the winter sort of finishing up on my breaking in to married life.

Along towards spring I got a letter from the owners, asking me to come to their office in New Bedford. Well, naturally I went, and when I got there they wanted me to sign articles as mate of "some ship." They didn't say what it might be.

I didn't quite like the sound of that proposition, and when they said "some ship" I said, "What's the matter with the *Belvedere?*"

They hemmed and hawed some, but finally said that they didn't know who was going master of her.

"Well, why?" says I. "What's the matter with Captain Devoll?"

"Well, you know," says the Old Man, Lewis, "he made a pretty poor voyage last year—only got two whales, and some of the owners are kicking. We really haven't decided whether we will give him a ship or not."

"Well then," says I, "it's no use for me to keep on whaling."

"Why not?" the Old Man wanted to know.

"Because," I said—and I felt pretty mad too—"if you're going to throw a man down because he makes a

poor voyage, and when he is disabled at that, it's no use for me to keep on going whaling. I can come out of the Arctic with a clean ship, just as well as anybody else, and if I get hove over the side for that, then I've had all my work to get a master's berth for nothing!"

We had a little more talk, but the Old Man found that I meant what I said. Finally, he asked me if I would go mate of the *Belvedere* if he gave the ship to Captain Devoll, and I told him I sure would. That settled the thing, and Devoll and I went north together once more in the spring.

That year the *Belvedere* was high hook, with eleven whales which netted over a hundred thousand dollars. You can bet that there was nothing too good for Captain Devoll that fall when we came home. It just goes to show how a man is figured. Whaling is a risky business; and the best man will make a poor voyage sometimes, and it's pretty tough to be condemned for one failure.

Well, the captain and I came east together, and on the way he got me to promise him that I'd go mate with him again if I didn't get a chance to go master, and I agreed.

After spending the winter at home, Captain Devoll and I went to Frisco together, fitted the ship out and sailed for the north once more.

Ten days out the captain was taken sick with pains in his left side near the heart. We always sailed north, in order to save coal, and I advised him to get up

steam and get into Unalaska where he could see a doctor. No one under heaven would consider putting back. He refused at first, but he kept getting worse and finally, when Unalaska was about three hundred miles away, he gave in. We got up steam and drove the ship as fast as we could. The day after we started steaming, the captain came on deck at eleven-thirty to take the sun, and as I looked aft I saw him holding on to the rigging, and I knew he had grabbed it to save himself from falling. I went aft and took his sextant, telling him that he'd better go below and lay down. I told him that I would take the sun and look after the ship. He didn't say much but went below. I went ahead and took the sun and then went down to report the latitude. When I spoke to the captain I got no answer, and I called again, but got no response. I laid the sextant down, and going into the captain's room I hauled back the berth curtain. There he laid, dead as a mackerel and straight as a string where the pain had caught him and straightened him right out.

I called the officers and tried to revive the captain, but I knew 't was no use; he was gone. There was nothing for me to do but take charge of the ship.

First of all I looked at the chronometer, and I found that the rates had been figured out for two weeks ahead, just as if he had expected to die, which he probably did. Then I fixed up the body as well as I could and had

a casket built of oak wood and lined with calico which was stuffed with oakum.

The afternoon of the next day we made Unalaska, and I set the colours for a doctor. When he came aboard I told him the story of the captain's death and asked him to prepare the body so it could be salted and brought home for burial, but he wouldn't do it. I could have done it myself, but after being a close friend of the man as long as I had, I didn't feel like carving him up. So I had a grave marker made and gave him a Masonic funeral at Unalaska. Then I wrote to his wife, telling her all the circumstances and also that if she would send a metallic casket north I would bring the body home when I came. But when I finally heard from her she said that the captain had always wished to be buried where he fell and so he has never been disturbed from the spot where I helped lay him to rest.

I cleared the ship, fleeted up the officers a notch, and sailed for the Arctic, master of a ship at last, and I want to tell you that I felt my responsibilities. As a seaman, or whaleman, I knew my way about, and I didn't have any idea that I couldn't get along with any crew that ever shipped. But recollect that I had seen a bunch of ships lost in the ice by men who had sailed as masters for years. I knew they couldn't help themselves, and I knew I couldn't either if I got into such a jam.

I was anxious to get oil, too, but as it happens every three or four years, this was a poor season, and we only

got two whales. None of the ships got many and some got none at all. I heard from the owners in July. I wrote them, of course, from Unalaska, and they had given me quite a puff, saying that they were mighty glad that the *Belvedere* had carried a mate who was competent to take the captain's place and go on with the voyage. And so when the season ended and I only had two whales, I begun to think of the way they had figured on taking the ship of Captain Devoll two years before. It wasn't a real comforting thought.

But when I got to Frisco I found that Old Man Lewis was dead and that his son Edgar was running the business. Edgar told me that he was going to overhaul the ship and that I should have her in the spring. So I came home for the winter once more and I don't know as I can be blamed if I felt just a little mite proud of myself.

The following spring I sailed from Frisco as master of the *Belvedere,* with all the hopes in the world of making a good record for myself. I didn't fall down exactly, but I had some difficulties, as you will see.

Seven days out of Frisco a man was taken sick, and after I had looked up his symptoms in the doctor's books I found just as I knew darned well in the first place, that he had small pox. I didn't dare to risk any sort of a panic in the crew, for I knew they'd be scared to death. So I told 'em 't was the Canadian chicken pox and had a room built for the man in the 'tween-decks,

where I tended him myself, and made for Unalaska. I fumigated the ship every day, and by the time we got to Unalaska, twenty-seven days later, the man was about well and came out all right. We laid there eleven days and no more men were taken down, so the doctors gave us a clean bill of health and we sailed for the Arctic. I always figured that the man probably caught the disease from some old second or third-hand clothes that some "crimp" or land shark had outfitted him with.

We made the ice off the Pribilofs May 2nd, and just before we got there, there had been a two days' gale from the northeast, and it had split the ice, leaving a channel four miles wide clear to St. Lawrence Island. I hooked that ship right up and let her go and when I got to the Island I ran in and anchored behind the sandspit earlier in the season than any whaler had ever reached there. I was sure that I was ahead of the school whales, and as the straits generally break up first I knew that if I could only hold on in there I would make a noble season.

Every once in a while a big airhole would open up in the straits and we would steam out there, lower the boats and wait for whales to come up. They would naturally come to these airholes to blow after swimming under the long stretches of ice. When the bergs began to come along we would pick up our boats and steam back, so as not to get caught. Sometimes it would be three or four days before another hole would open up

big enough for us to get around in. We struck five whales in the airholes and lost every one with a tub of line on each. They went under the ice and we had to let go. The ice was going north all the time.

One day, when an air hole was larger than common, we went out and got one whale. While we were cutting in, we saw a big floe coming, so we took the head off and let the carcass go adrift and made for the sandspit. As we went in we were obliged to run between two small floes, through a passage not much wider than the ship, and our propeller struck a prong of ice that snapped the shaft off flush with the stern bearing. It was darned lucky for us that the ship had on enough headway to shoot in under the sandspit, where we let go both anchors.

This made a windjammer out of us, and we didn't dare to go out again until the ice was gone. We laid there for twenty-one days until the ice broke out, and during that time we saw hundreds of whales go by. All we could do was cuss our luck, for it wasn't safe for the boats to go out. Even if they had gone and killed a whale or two, they couldn't have towed them back.

By the time the ice had gone, all the ships were in the straits and had got one or two whales apiece. Then we went out and got one more. We went into Port Clarence in July and waited for supplies, and then went north under sail. Of course, we couldn't go into the

ice like the steamers, and the ship made a mighty poor windjammer, but by taking all the chances I dared to without actually running her into danger we managed to get seven whales. On October 8th we left for Frisco with a good paying voyage, but nothing like we would have had if we could have used our steam.

It was the custom of all steamers to go out through Unimak Pass, but being in a sailing ship I didn't dare to take a chance on it, and shaped my course for Seventy-two Pass. We had fair wind and weather all the way across the Bering Sea until we got to the entrance of the pass and then it breezed southeast dead ahead, for us. I had been long enough north to know just what that meant. Eighteen hours of heavy storm, followed by a nor'west gale. Our only salvation was to run back into the Bering Sea far enough so that we couldn't go ashore on the Islands when the wind shifted, so we swung her off and let her run before it. That night at about twelve o'clock the wind dropped to a flat calm and then breezed nor'west with heavy snow squalls. We had only run six hours and I knew that we were too close inshore to ride out a gale, for I knew our position well. The wind grew to a gale, though, and there was only one thing to do.

I put the ship under fores'l and fore-tops'l with double tacks and swung off once more, heading for Seventy-two Pass and hoping that I'd strike it. I figured that we would get there around daylight, but the snow

was so thick that you couldn't see a thing. All I could do was to shape my course as nearly as I could judge and drop the log over.

When the log read, as nearly as we could figure, that we were five miles from land, I went on to the bow with a boatsteerer. We had two men at the wheel, two of our boats had gone off the davits and it was a case of making the pass or losing the ship and all hands. Every once in a while I would send a man to look at the log and when the figures told us that the ship was close to the land I didn't feel too good, but I hadn't lost my nerve.

We kept her going—there was nothing else to do. It's eight miles through the pass and when the log read five miles I began to feel easier, for I had allowed for the "wash home" of the log. Sailing before a storm, the waves will wash the log toward the ship, thus not recording all the distance made. This discrepancy in recording the distance is spoken of by sailors as "wash home." But still I hadn't seen the land at all and there were plenty of things to feel uneasy about, because the reckoning was all made from an unknown point to begin with. A few miles farther and the sea began to wash on the ship's beam instead of the stern and I knew that it was the sea on a lee shore and that we were through. It kept working further aft until it was right astern again and I knew that we were in the Pacific

Ocean, safe as a church, with plenty of sea room, homeward bound with a howlin' nor'wester behind her.

I told the mate that I was going below to turn in and not to start, tack or sheet, unless something blew away and then call me. We never saw land at all, and the ship ran before the gale for three days. When we finally got the sun we were eight hundred and twelve miles south of the Falkland Islands, which isn't bad for a sailing ship. We kept putting on more sail as the wind dropped, and on the fourth day we had everything on her and were heading for Frisco, where we arrived November 20th with all hands well.

The *Belvedere* was refitted from trucks to keelson that winter and her engines were steeple-topped, which made her much more economical on coal. In the spring, I went west and sailed master once more. The voyage was uneventful—nothing happened out of the ordinary —and we got nine whales, which gave us a good voyage.

Chapter XXI

HORSE RACING AND A MUTINY

The year before, I had gone into the pound-fishing business with my brother Welcome. Squeteague were plentiful and the traps were making money, and so when I returned from this second voyage as master I decided to stay at home and fish. I stayed two years and the fishing improved each season. We shipped eighty-two thousand squeteague the second year, which netted us a good season's work.

That same year my father was taken sick and after several months' illness died. There was one thing came into my life during those two years that got me more publicity of all kinds than anything else I ever mixed in. That was my horse racing. You see, I had always been in the habit of buying a horse every time I came home. Automobiles were almost unknown on the island and hardly anyone depended on them at that time because they were so likely to die on you just when they were needed most. Besides, I had never had any experience with them but I *could* tell which end of a horse went first. The horses that I owned were "drivers," built to travel along in fair shape, and as there were any

number of driving horses on the island at the time it was natural that I should get into a brush on the road now and then.

The bunch who were always racing for anything from a plug of tobacco to a sack of oats used to meet pretty regular, and were called the Hot Air Association. Of course, I was just as hot as any of 'em. In time they organised a driving club in which I held an office. I don't remember many of the regulations, but I do recall that there were to be no horses entered on the track that couldn't go better than 2:40, and none faster than 2:10½. I don't believe there was a horse in the bunch that could do a mile in three minutes. George Smith, over on the Edgartown Road, got the idea at this time of laying out a race track. He carried out his plan and made a good track, and we induced quite a number of men to bring horses from the Cape and New Bedford to race at this track, Girdlestone, and Whiting's track at West Tisbury. The result was that the time began to get better. Fast horses were brought to the island, and faster horses were bought by the Vineyard boys, so that we made a pretty good showing every time we turned out.

My horses were all pretty slow. I usually got beat, but I never was beaten. I always came back for more. I never had had any chance to do anything of the sort before, and I got a big new thrill out of it. But I knew that I was only one "among those present." I

raced my horse, but no one expected me to win, and I begun to sort of wish that I could own just one fast horse and give some one else a chance to eat dust. So I went up to New Bedford and bought a horse called Edgar M. He had a record of a half mile on Evergreen Track at 1:06, and I brought him home with the idea of cleaning up the crowd.

About the same time some of the Vineyard Haven boys bought another fast one called Coasterine, and the public began to prick up their ears. As soon as I got my horse home he was taken sick, and for a week he was under the weather. Then a big race came off and everyone wanted me to enter. My horse was better, but he wasn't fit to drive too hard, and I hesitated. It was the custom to race for the best three heats out of five, so I told 'em that if they made it the best two out of three I would enter the horse. This was agreed upon, but when I got to the track I found that my horse was entered to race five heats and so was the other fast one. I simply refused to race, tied my horse to a post, and watched the rest.

The new horse Coasterine won over five others without turning a hair and the crowd boohooed me, claiming that I was scared. I finally told 'em that I would drive one heat against time, which I did, and made it in just two seconds less than the winner. I didn't think anything about it, but later I found the second prize ribbon hung on my horse's bridle. Someone stole it before I

got home, but I didn't say anything about the affair at all.

Naturally the race was talked over a good deal in the club and they all said that my horse was slower than the other. The President, being sore, because I hadn't raced, led the argument. I finally asked him how much money he had to bet on the other horse and when he told me I covered it and told him to name the day. The arrangements were made on the spot and that race was the talk of the county.

My horse was light and the other was heavy. Both were pacers and both raced in hobbles. The articles read "catch weights" for drivers, and most people who had seen the horses go felt like backing Coasterine. I placed fifty dollars with a friend to bet on my horse. Then I went to John Whiting, a light man and the best horseman on the island, and after a good deal of coaxing I got him to drive my horse. When the day arrived I went to the track with a little more money to place on my horse, but the crowd was a little shy, maybe on account of my driver, and I couldn't get a bet. So I told John to take up the hobbles a couple of notches and also a notch on the check rein. The race was for the best three heats out of five and I wanted to lose a heat.

I did lose one, by a length. Then I lost the second one, but by that time I had placed my money, and I told John to let the hobbles and check rein out where

they belonged and to let the horse do the work himself. The old critter took three straight heats, cleaning up the crowd, and some of the bunch were just a mite sore when they came up to settle up, but they all got over it. Well, I owned the horse for about a year, and cleaned up in good shape with him. I lost my last race trying to distance the rest on a muddy track, and I sold him right there on the spot for just what he cost me. That ended my horse racing, but it was good sport while it lasted.

The spring before, 1906, Captain John A. Cook came to me and wanted me to take the steam whaler *Bowhead*. He had been master of her for several years and owned a share in her. I agreed to go north, for if the truth were known, I had been just a little homesick for salt water, and I went to Frisco to fit out, after buying a third interest in the boat. When I got there I found that the ship was libeled for eighty-four thousand dollars, by a crew, for what they claimed was abuse. I don't know whether their claim was justified or not, but I couldn't fit or sail without a release. Dan Fields of Brockton owned a share, I owned a third, and Cook owned about all the rest, so I telegraphed Cook to come to Frisco, but he didn't care to do it. Instead, he turned the ship over to me. I told him and the other owners that they would have to put up a bond to cover the libel before the ship could be released. The crew could fight the bond then. And after this had been done, which

took a great deal of time, I told 'em that I didn't want anything to do with the fitting out, under the circumstances, so Edgar Lewis was appointed agent.

On March 2nd, 1907, I sailed from Frisco for the Arctic. I had a good, competent afterguard, mates and boatsteerers, but I had a picked-up crew of beach combers and every other cussed thing, forward. We got into Bering Straits, reached the Arctic, and got two whales by the middle of June, but things weren't going dog-gone smooth. The crew were causing trouble, one man in particular. I had patched up a number of disturbances between the officers and crew, because I didn't want to punish the men if I could help it. I always tried to be square with them, but there are some who will take advantage of a skipper who treats 'em right, and I had a few aboard.

We were laying to an anchor over on the Russian coast, just about ready to leave for Port Clarence to discharge bone and get fresh provisions, when the trouble broke. It was a flat calm and fine weather. Everyone was loafing, and at dinner time all of the officers went below together, leaving the ship in charge of no one in particular, for things were so quiet and peaceful that none of us had any suspicion of trouble.

This man I have spoken of was the ringleader of the bunch forward, and as we found out later, had been planning for some time to leave the ship. Three other men had thrown in with him, and they figured on steal-

ing a boat and clearing out. Maybe they would have gone over to the Russian coast. As things shaped up, I think it very likely that they would. Well, this troublesome cuss was crooked as well as mean. He had broken into the ship's magazine and stolen black powder and blasting powder, and had made several five-pound cartridges with fuses on 'em. He just rolled the powder up in several thicknesses of newspapers, so that they were something like dynamite sticks. These cartridges or bombs were to be used in case we followed them. They couldn't get any guns you see, so they were going to light the fuses on the bombs and heave 'em at anyone who chased them.

Well, they took this particular time to leave, broad daylight and every man wide awake. But still they might have made a getaway at that, with all of the officers below, if they had been sailors instead of a devilish lot of clumsy landlubbers. They hoisted and swung the boat without making any noise. Then they got into her, and I don't know how it happened, but they cut the falls. Down she went, clean from the davits, and struck the water with a crash that you could have heard for a half mile.

We all heard it and jumped on deck before the boat could get clear of the ship's side, and I jumped down into her. Just to show you what a pack of lunkheads they were: all whaleboats have a plug hole in the bottom to drain them if it should rain, or if any water is left

under the sheathing when they are hoisted out; these men had dropped their boat over without putting the plug in, and one man was holding his finger in the hole while the rest were hunting for the plug. I saw the cartridges, and without thinking what they might be I picked up one and socked the leader over the head with it. It broke in two and the powder ran out, and I don't suppose it made me feel a bit better natured when I discovered what the thing was. I grabbed the tiller then—a tiller makes a handy club—and took command. We were maybe fifty feet away from the ship, and I just told 'em to paddle alongside or I would brain all hands.

They did it and hove up the boat's warp, and then I drove 'em over the rail and told the officers to stand guard over them and keep them aft. After we had rove off new falls and hoisted in the boat, I called the gang to me and read the riot act. I questioned them all and satisfied myself that only the leader was to blame, and then I gave him a little extra lecturing. I reminded him of the trouble he had caused before, and I told him once more that the officers were decent men. Then I gave him a good idea of the seriousness of his offense in getting a mutiny started.

When I got all through, I told him that he should have a fair show, that I would give him his choice of three things. He could go into irons and stay there, getting bread and water twice a day, or he could turn

to with the crew and get three square meals a day and just go into irons at night—either of these until I could land him and turn him over to the authorities for trial. The third choice I gave him was to take off his coat, go down in the waist, and fight it out with me. I told him that if he licked me he could leave the ship, but if I licked him he should turn to and the whole thing would be forgotten, as long as he didn't crook his wake.

He chose the last, which I rather wanted him to do, for it goes against the grain with me to put a man in irons. We went right down into the waist, and he did his best, but a sadder looking hobo was never carried forward than he was when I got through operating on him. I had him put in his berth and I patched him up —then we got the ship under way and started for Port Clarence. I kept him off duty for about a week, and when he was pretty well straightened out, I called him on deck and told him to turn to. I told him that I shouldn't hold anything against him, but if he didn't go straight, to look out for squalls.

We laid at Port Clarence until the 1st of July and the supply ship didn't show up. Then two or three of the captains there thought that they'd steam around to Cape Nome, which was the whalers' name for this large town, get some supplies and fresh meat there, and have a run ashore. So the *Bowhead* sailed with them.

Two days after we got to Cape Nome a couple of officers came aboard looking for a man that they claimed

I had in the crew. I didn't recognise the name, but I told them to look the men over, and I called them on deck. As soon as the crew was mustered, the officers picked out my mutineer leader and showed me his picture, which they had brought with them. He was their man all right. It seemed that he was a long-termer at San Quentin and had broken out after serving fifteen years of his sentence. They carried him off and I never saw him again. The rest of the voyage was pretty smooth.

We went into the Arctic, and up in the Mackenzie River country we got six whales, which made us eight. Coming out before the season was over, we ran to Herschel Island and got four more before we sailed for home. Our voyage brought a hundred and four thousand dollars.

After spending the winter at home I bought another small interest in the ship and sailed again, with the intention of making a clean-up. I got just as good a voyage as I did the year before, too, but when I got back to Frisco the bone market had gone to pieces and you couldn't give it away. I was eighteen thousand five hundred dollars in the hole.

The whaling industry was dead. As the ship wasn't good for anything else I sold my interest in her to a moving picture concern and came home. The movie people towed the ship outside and tried to sink her with a cutter's guns, but finding that she was too solid they

beached her and set her on fire. So ended the *Bowhead*, one of the staunchest whalers that ever went into the Arctic.

As for myself, I went back to pound fishing and followed it until that went under, too, which wasn't a great while after. Then I went into the meat business, and I was just about as fit for that as the devil is to have a powder horn. When I met a man who didn't have the price of a piece of meat I gave it to him, and you can understand why I didn't make any success of that. There was still some sperm whaling going on, and I got the idea that there might be a little money in it. Donald Campbell, one of the Vineyard boys, wanted to go, and between the two of us we planned to get a vessel. Friends of both of us put up money and we went looking for a schooner that would do, but we didn't locate anything that would answer the purpose. The season got short, so we had to return the money. It was a good thing at that, for sperm oil dropped until we couldn't have got a new dollar for an old one if we had filled the ship. I farmed a little and did a little freighting with a small schooner. Then the World War broke out.

Chapter XXII

GOLD BRAID AND SALTY MITTENS

I didn't believe that I had gone by entirely, and I decided to volunteer for sea service and do what I could. I figured that with my experience I might be able to hold some kind of a berth, but I had the idea that any man in the government service must be right up to scratch, and I didn't aim very high. I went to the recruiting office in New Bedford and after having a talk with the officer I volunteered to enlist in the navy as a bos'un. I was examined and accepted right away. Two weeks later I got orders to report at Newport for duty.

After reporting at the war college I was assigned to the mine sweeping base under Junior Lieutenant Munn, and was ordered aboard the mine sweeper *Mansfield*. She was certainly a boat to be proud of! She couldn't wear, tack, jibe or run down hill with a fair wind! There was an ensign in command, and she carried an engineer, fireman, eight deckhands, and bos'un, which was myself.

The next day after I went aboard we were ordered to Block Island on what I figured was a practice cruise. I didn't know anything about it, only that we were to

sail at nine o'clock in the morning. I was rooming uptown, so I got aboard at eight. There wasn't a soul aboard and no fires under the boiler, and when I went nosing around I found that there was no compass in the wheelhouse, nor any kind of a chart. And we were due to sail in an hour. I hung around until the ensign showed up and asked him if he intended to sail. He said he did.

"Well then," I said, "it wouldn't be a bad idea to locate a crew and get the fires up. And a compass, chart, parallel rules and dividers are apt to come in handy, too."

Well, the ensign finally concluded to get the crew together, but I told him that it would take him three hours to get steam up without injuring the boilers and that he had better report to Munn and get ready to sail later. We got the stuff we needed and then I begun to find out about my commander. He couldn't read the compass, couldn't steer or lay a course. In fact, I don't believe he could even find his way out of the harbour. Here I was with a master's ticket for sail or steam, and with years of experience in about all the waters of the world, sailing bos'un under a man like that.

I begun to discover that a man didn't have to know so much to hold a commission in the naval reserves. I'm not saying a word about the real navy. I imagine that those lads are on to their jobs. And I know too, that this was a case of emergency, when these yally-

"Cap'n George Fred" in the Naval Reserves

The *Charles W. Morgan*
Dressed with House Flags

hoots were gathered up by the ton and dressed up in uniforms. But influence helped out a lot of thumb-hand-sided shoe clerks and the like while a good man didn't fare as well.

But this ensign was a mighty good chap, and I told him that I'd help him out all I could. We sailed the next day at ten o'clock and I found that she was a very dull craft. We struck some head wind and tide and got to Block Island at 6 P.M. When we got off the breakwater the ensign wanted to know if we hadn't better get a pilot. I told him that I had only just entered the service and I hated like the devil to disgrace it so soon by doing a thing like that, so I took her in and anchored while he sweat blood for fear the little "punkin" seed would strike bottom in water where a liner would go.

Well he went ashore with his orders and came back about nine o'clock with orders to return to Newport. We would sail in the morning, he said. I advised him to start right away. The wind was fair and I knew the boat was slow. I pointed out that it might breeze ahead by morning and I told him that ships sometimes sail at night; so I got him to start. We got in Newport at daylight. The wind had breezed ahead and when we ran into the dock we had to steam full speed ahead to hold our own.

I had two men forward to pass the line, for I had sized 'em up and I knew that it wouldn't do to depend on one. The first man to heave the line held on too

long, and it went behind him and never reached the dock at all. I wasn't used to that sort of thing, and I daresay I didn't use the proper sort of language in telling the man what I thought of his seamanship. There were several officers standing on the dock looking on. I didn't know who they were, or what, except that they wore as many stripes as a zebra. But after my second man had managed to get a line ashore and we were made fast, two officers came aboard and nailed me. They said that my language wasn't considered appropriate in the navy and wouldn't be stood for, not for a minute. Well sir, I couldn't remember what I had said to save my soul, and I told 'em so. I promised, however, to steer clear of such expressions in the future, if they would tell me what they were. So that passed off all right.

Being free for the rest of the day, I went up to my room, and then to the tailor's where my uniform was being made. I wasn't used to a uniform, nor a tight collar either. I figure they made them that way to keep a man's head up and give him a better appearance. But I know that it was uncomfortable, and I had to stand on a box at first in order to spit clear of it, but I got used to it in time and begun to take account of stock.

The survey didn't please me worth a darn. I watched everything that was going on and mourned because I was only a bos'un and would have to remain so. The more

I saw of the handling of boats the more I thought that I ought to be admiral of the whole cussed fleet.

A couple of days or perhaps longer passed by. I don't remember just how long it was, for I was pretty busy trying to give myself orders and then carrying them out. But anyhow, one day I got orders to report to the commandant, O'Brien, at the war college. As I went over there I kept thinking to myself, "What in the devil have I done now? And will I be court-martialed or just hung?" When I got there I had to pass through the hands of six or eight officers, each one striped like a barber's pole. They wanted to know who I was, what I was, where from, where bound, and why. My Lord, I got tired answering questions, but finally I reached the commandant's office and reported.

"Sit down," said he, and I did so.

"Your name Tilton?" was the first question.

"Yes, sir."

"George Fred Tilton?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well," says the commandant, "there's been a party here requesting your release from the service for four months to take an expedition up to Hudson Bay and supplies to Cape Fullerton, also to look up a lost schooner and crew that sailed eighteen months ago and has not been heard from. What do you know about it?"

I answered him with absolute truth: "I don't know a darn thing about it, sir."

"Well," says the commandant, "who are you, anyhow, and what sea experience have you had?"

I told him, then, something about myself and what I had done. "What are you doing here as a bos'un?" he wanted to know next. "Well, sir," says I, "I figured that a man must know his job in order to hold a berth in the government service and I felt that I could stand promotion a whole lot better than being derated."

"I'm going to release you to go and do this job," says he, "and when you come back report to me and I'll see if I can't do something for you."

So he sent me back to Lieutenant Munn with an order to let me go, and Munn told me to go ahead.

I was free, as far as I knew, but I didn't have any pass or paper to show it. Being ignorant of such things I didn't suppose it was necessary, or rather I thought that if it was necessary they would give it to me, so I left for New Bedford according to my instructions, for I had complete sailing orders.

When I got to New Bedford I went to the custom house and there I was introduced to a fur dealer who was interested in the trading posts on Hudson Bay. He had owned the schooner *Gifford* and had sent her up eighteen months before with supplies for the post at Cape Fullerton and to bring back a two years' catch of furs. The schooner had never been heard from, so he came to New Bedford, looking for a man with Arctic

experience to take another vessel and go looking for her. As it happened, there wasn't another man available at the time but me and he had gone about getting a hold of me as I have explained. It didn't take us long to reach an agreement, and I signed articles right away.

My first orders were to go to Gloucester, and buy such a vessel as would be needed, and bring her to New Bedford to fit and load supplies for the trip. I came home for one night first, and then started. I had a suitcase that cost me fifteen dollars in Frisco with a new suit in it. All my toilet articles and several suits of underwear were present. When I boarded the train at Woods Hole I put the suitcase in the baggage rack overhead and sat there until we got to Boston. Well sir, when I got ready to leave the train the suitcase was gone. In its place was an old empty grip with a hole in the bottom. Believe me, if I could have caught the lad that took my suitcase they would have had to pick him up with blotting paper. But I never found him.

I met the agent of the fur company, bought some new clothes and a suitcase—not as expensive as the one I lost—and started for Gloucester. There we picked out the ninety-ton auxiliary schooner *Pythian* and bought her the next day. I had her hauled out, cleaned, painted, and sheathed with oak, and rudder pennants and tackles put on. Then she was launched and the sails bent, and with four fishermen for a crew we took her around to New

Bedford. We fitted at Kelley's Wharf, Fairhaven, and we carried almost everything you could think of. There was grub of all kinds for the post, gear, traps, clothing, blankets, trade goods, and a lot of rifles.

When the schooner was about half ready I got orders to report at once to Newport. Of course I had to go, and the fur dealer and custom house officer went with me. It was a good thing, too, for I didn't have any paper to show that I was released from duty, and the commandant, O'Brien, had been transfered to command the *Leviathan*, I believe. But when we all went to the new commandant and told our story, he acted all right and told Munn to let me go, and to give me a ticket of release this time, which was done.

We finished loading the schooner a few days after I got back, and about the time we got through I got a letter from the authorities at Newport, asking me what my cargo was. I immediately wrote back giving them a copy of the manifest. Then right straight back came an order for me to again report to Newport at once. And when I got there and reported I got bawled out for carrying firearms.

"What would you do if you met a submarine?" they wanted to know.

"It all depends upon the circumstances," says I. "I've got nothing whatever to defend myself with. The rifles are all in cases, and if a submarine was to shove a gun under my nose, I believe I would throw up both hands."

"Well," they asked, "you won't be apt to run out there and give that cargo to 'em, will you?"

" 'T aint likely," says I, and the incident was closed.

I went back to New Bedford and got my crew together and sailed. Two or three of the men were from the Vineyard, and one had already enlisted in the Naval Reserve, unbeknown to me. We struck a gale, off Cape Sable that twisted our rudderhead, and we put into St. John's, New Foundland, for repairs. When I went ashore I found a whole bale of telegrams from all ports along the coast, telling me that I had this man who was enlisted and to look out for him and be sure to bring him back.

We reached Hudson Bay and made Cape Fullerton, where we discharged our cargo and loaded the furs. I found proof that the schooner had caught fire and burned until her gas tanks blew up and sunk her, and I learned from the natives of three men who landed in a small boat and died from burns and exposure. All of this information was gathered from the natives, but when I got back the insurance companies settled on my report.

On our way back we ran into St. John's for gasoline, and I had a suspicion that my naval reservist was going to take French leave, so I had to watch him. Sure enough, he lit out, but when the train he was on stopped, five miles out, there was someone there waiting for him, and he was brought back to the schooner. I got my

clearance papers from the custom house and came down aboard to find the vessel disabled.

A big barkentine, loaded with oil and bound for New York, had got under way half a mile looward. She had tacked across the harbour, securing her anchors, for it was rugged outside, and on her last tack she had stood in close to the wharves where the *Pythian* laid and struck her square amidships, cutting three planks to the water, splitting the rail, and staving also one rib. Then she backed out and went to sea.

The mate and crew were all aboard when it happened and I had seen it myself from the shore, for the schooner wasn't over a hundred yards off. We shifted the cargo to get at the leak, broke out a bale of oakum, plugged it, and started the pumps. Then I went ashore, reëntered the vessel at the custom house, and entered a protest. We ran the schooner over to the Gorton Pew Fish Company dock and took out part of our cargo—salt fish that we had agreed to take for them.

As soon as I knew that the vessel was out of danger I went to the agents of Job Brothers, owners of the barkentine. They said that they had seen the incident, too, but refused to do anything until they heard from their captain, which would be when he reached New York. I talked quite a while, reminding them that I was in a foreign port and that I'd have to go through a lot of red tape to get repaired. I also reminded them that their

captain had gone off without making any effort to find out what damage he had done.

They finally showed that they were tired of listening to me and I left.

I went to the United States consul and told my story. Then I wired my owner, and on the next day, while waiting for a reply from my owner, I went to Job Brothers once more. They absolutely refused to do anything until they heard from their captain, and that meant anywhere from ten days to a month. Well, the consul got permission for me to repair the vessel, and we got the job under way. Then I wired to my owner, giving him the name of the barkentine, and telling him to slap a libel on her for twenty thousand dollars the minute she stuck her flying-jib boom into New York harbour.

Just ten days later I got word from Job Brothers to come and see them. I knew what was up and I sent word back that if they had any business with me they would have to call on me at the consul's office. They agreed to meet me and I was there at the appointed time. So was the barkentine's agent.

"You have libelled my ship for twenty thousand dollars," were the first words the agent spoke. "Do you know that if you libel for an amount greater than your damages you are liable to a fine?" he went on.

"Yes," I says, "I am fairly familiar with the laws pertaining to ships and shipping."

"Well," says he, "under the circumstances, aren't you willing to modify it some?"

"Not a dam bit," I told him. "I only wish I had libelled her for thirty thousand dollars instead of twenty. It's too late to try to do anything with me about this thing. I came to see you twice and we could have settled, but you didn't use me decent. Now it's going to cost you some money to clear your ship, and I'm glad of it."

He came to see me two or three times, but I gave him the same answer each time. I had him tied up in good shape, and he knew it.

About the time we finished making our repairs, which were only temporary, there was a vessel finished loading and fitting for Gibraltar. Men were mighty scarce and they offered my mate two hundred and fifty dollars a month to take command of her, if he could get clear of the *Pythian.* I knew that it was his big chance, told him to go, and came home without a mate.

We had a rough trip. We struck fog as thick as pea soup when we crossed the Bay of Fundy, and then we ran out of gasoline and struck a seven day gale off Cape Sable that blowed us seventy miles to sea. When we made Cape Cod there was a gale from the northwest and there were a dozen reasons why I didn't want to work up to Gloucester, so I kept her off and ran for Vineyard Haven. There I got more gas and took the vessel into New Bedford, where I reported to the owner and also

to the naval authorities. They gave me ten days to settle up the trip and report for duty at Newport.

At the end of my allotted ten days I had straightened out all of the details connected with the Hudson Bay voyage, and reported for duty at Newport.

I have mentioned that the commandant, O'Brien, who was going to do something for me, had been transferred. The new fellow sent me right back to Lieutenant Munn and the cussed old tub of a minesweeper. Lord, but I hated that craft. She seemed more clumsy than ever and meaner, and slower than the wrath of God. I haven't ever been able to figure out what she was built for, but I rather suspect that some time or other a bunch of ship carpenters got drunk, planked up the sides of a bath-house, maybe, and launched it by mistake—and that's how she happened. As for the men, well, they say that it takes all kinds to make a world, and I know perfectly well that most all kinds can be made into sailors of some sort, but I'll tell you that there ain't but one way of making 'em when they don't have salt born in 'em, and that particular method wasn't practiced in the naval reserves.

More and more I kept feeling that I was in the wrong place. I never had been used to seeing things done aboard ship in any way but the right one, and it certainly went against the grain to have to do things that I knew were absolutely dead wrong. Orders were orders, though, and

I carried 'em out, but I didn't do it cheerfully—not by a darned sight.

I finally went to Lieutenant Munn and asked permission to go to New York and be transferred from class four to class three, which would give me a rating. He talked very fair and said that he thought it a good idea, although he would like to keep me at Newport. He made out the order or permit and passed it over like a little man, and that night I started on my trip seeking promotion.

I reported next morning to the assigning officer who had charge of promotions and was in an office at South & Whitehall Streets. I don't remember his name. I turned my papers over to him and told him who I was, and then I got a sort of a knockout.

"The navy needs such men as you," he said, "but I've been advised by telegram not to accept you, but to send you back to Newport." He then went on to say that I could get a rating all right and a good many other things in the navy, but that I must get clear of Newport first, and in the meantime to go back there without losing too much time.

I was pretty well stirred up. I had received permission to apply for my transfer and believed that the ways were greased, and here I fetched up against a solid bulkhead, you might say. But I went back to Newport.

I waited until nine o'clock the next morning, and then eased into Lieutenant Munn's office, where I found him and told him what had happened. Then I asked him who had sent the telegram.

Munn said that Lieutenant Epley, who had charge of promotions and assignments in the war college, had sent it. Epley was quite a high official and had considerable authority, but I decided that I'd call on him and see if I could get any information.

"Then Epley is the man I want to see," says I to Munn, and I started for the war college.

My interview with Lieutenant Epley was short and sweet. I located him, introduced myself, and asked him why he had sent that telegram. He answered that he had done it at Munn's request, because Munn had told him that my services were needed at Newport! He said that he thought my move was a good one and that he would help me all he could.

Well, I could see things a whole lot clearer then, and I started back for Munn's office. I hadn't been feeling any too good before, and I was pretty near rank poison by this time. There was not much ceremony in my entrance into Lieutenant Munn's office, and there wasn't a bit in my speech. I told him that I thought it was a darned poor way to treat a man, deceiving him, as he had done me, and as I talked on I got even more het up.

"It's my intention to leave Newport," says I, "I hold an unlimited master mariner's license and I'm going to

the Secretary of the Navy, along with a full report of these devilish proceedings! I've wrung more salt water out of my mittens than you have ever sailed over, and I'll tell you, I'm going to get out of class four, by Godfrey."

You see, I knew that Munn wasn't on to his job, and I wasn't afraid to take some advantage of him. Under most circumstances this would have been a mean thing to do, but after the way he had used me my conscience did not bother me.

Munn thought for a few minutes and then says, "Well, I guess I'd better let you go."

"Well," says I, "write it out right now," and bedarned if he didn't. Not only that but when he passed the papers over he wished me success.

Once more I went to New York, and that time I was accepted. The officer there wanted to know how I got away so quickly, and I simply told him that the Newport bunch decided to let me go, that was all. Then he told me that he had any quantity of men on his hands who were looking for promotion, that it was my own fault that I had volunteered as a boatswain and that the best rating he could give me was a junior lieutenancy. This was quite a boost, and I gladly accepted it. I went out, got my stripes changed, and reported back.

My first job was to take an inventory of the cargo of an interned ship that laid over in the North River, and I was sent there at once. I begun the work and had kept it for three days when an ensign came over with

orders to relieve me and finish the job, also for me to report at the office. I wondered what the trouble could be. I had thought it a peculiar place for them to send me when I found that the ship had about five hundred tons of Holland gin aboard. It was prime stuff too, as I found out, for every once in a while I ran across a broken case, and naturally I sampled the cargo. But I had got along all right, according to my own ideas, and I couldn't help wondering just what was going to break loose.

Well, on arrival at the office I reported and turned in my report, as far as I had gone. The officer looked it over, said it was very good, and then told me that he was going to make me a full lieutenant. If I had done any worrying before, I knocked off right then, I can tell you. After getting my orders I went to the rating officer and presented them.

"Say," says the rating officer, "who the devil are you, anyway? I just promoted you about three days ago, and if you keep on at this rate you'll be President of the United States before this war is over."

I suppose that was the chance of a life time for me to open up and spin a yarn, but I didn't. I got the promotion though and went back to the office wearing a full lieutenant's stripes.

"Now," says the officer, when I showed up, "I can't do another thing for you until you have made a trip across."

"All right, sir," says I. "You got a ship?"

"None that I can assign you to at present," says he. "There are a lot of lieutenants and lieutenant-commanders looking for ships, but you can report here every day, and your opportunity will soon come."

So then I asked if I couldn't get ten days' leave to go home and straighten out my affairs. I knew that heavy weather might develop if I was going across at that time, and I had one or two things on my mind.

I got the ten days and started for home, stopping off at Newport to call on Junior Lieutenant Munn, and it gave me quite a bit of satisfaction to see him salute me. But he shook hands with me, congratulated me on my promotion, and said that he would have been glad to keep me at Newport, as my class of men were badly needed there. I knew very well they were, but I went on home feeling pretty well satisfied.

The day after I reported back from my leave I was assigned to the steamship *Vandick*, a ten thousand five hundred-ton Dutch ship that had been interned and transferred to American registry. Lieutenant Commander Keyes was her skipper—a man about my own age who had volunteered, the same as I had, from the merchant marine. He and I got along just like brothers. He knew his business from A to Z, and he knew that I knew mine. There wasn't the slightest thing came up between us, for although I had never sailed on a ship of that sort before I learned my way about mighty quick and in about three

days after I joined her felt as if I could put her in my vest pocket. We loaded army supplies at Hoboken—the work all being done by stevedores—and then shipped our crew. She carried one hundred and forty-seven men, all told. Those forward were most everything—a few sailors, but darned few. About all the officers were from the Pelham Nautical School—good boys, but they didn't know anything about a ship.

We got orders to join a twelve-knot convoy off Sandy Hook, and accordingly set out on our first voyage to France. Le Palais was our destination, and we got there on time and in good order. We had a little engine trouble, but it didn't amount to anything, and we got back into the convoy without any difficulty. You see, the ships could do better than twelve knots, but that gave them a chance to gain any ground they might have lost, the same as we did. There was more or less excitement among the crew at different times, for every porpoise, dolhpin, and finback whale they saw was a German submarine, but actually we never sighted anything of the kind, as far as I ever knew.

This was my first trip to France, and I liked the place fine, but we didn't stop around long. As soon as we finished discharging, we steamed right back to New York again, loaded for La Rochelle, and started back with the same crew. There were thirty-eight ships of us, and that time we lost one, the *Tippecanoe*, which was torpedoed off the coast of France. The convoy kept

right on, for that was our orders. Destroyers were supposed to pick up the men when a ship was sunk. I suppose it was the only way to do things, but it seemed tough just the same.

The third time that we loaded in New York, Lieutenant Commander Keyes, my skipper, got several days leave of absence. He had a pretty good idea of when we were due to sail, and had shaped his plans accordingly.

I was in charge of the ship, and as executive officer I opened the ship's mail, which ordinarily would have been the captain's job. One morning I got our orders to sail at ten the next morning—three days before the captain's leave was up. I telephoned to headquarters right away, telling them that Lieutenant Commander Keyes was on leave and that I didn't know where he was. They said they would locate him and maybe they tried, but anyhow the day passed and he didn't show up. Next morning the fires were started, I got steam up, snugged everything down, and cast off all but two lines. Then I waited till ten sharp in hopes that he would come, but he didn't, and right on the second I ordered the lines cast off and sailed to join the convoy.

I really had the biggest job I had ever tackled, but I didn't feel a bit uneasy. I had seen enough of it to know just about what to do, and of course sailing a ship across the ocean is about the same one time as another, barring gales. Everything went smooth and we made the coast of France without a mishap, landing at

Bordeaux. The first man that I met after landing was Keyes, who had been sent over on a transport to join the ship.

Everybody praised me for carrying out the orders, but that's a mate's job, to take hold of things when anything happens to the skipper, and I should have considered myself to be a poor stick if I had done anything else. That ain't all, all the rest of 'em would have thought so too, and probably would have climbed all over me.

There was quite a fleet laying there discharging, all of them working night and day, and the noise was enough to drive you crazy. Even a deaf and dumb man would have had the blind staggers, if he had stayed around there long, and I begun to get tired. I couldn't sleep, neither day or night, and I finally asked for forty-eight hours to go somewhere to rest my head.

I took a train to a small town that I ought to remember the name of, but don't, and there I found an aviation base in charge of Lieutenant Roberts. This Roberts was one of the slickest flyers of the time and once held the record of staying in the air longer than any aviator. He also hailed from Massachusetts, as I soon found out, for we got to talking and comparing notes, and when I found that he was from Waltham and told him that I was from Martha's Vineyard we got quite chummy.

This base he had was a refitting plant, where planes were sent after being more or less used up at the front.

They would fit them all up and then test them out, and there were planes in the air about all the time. I made the remark to Roberts that I had always wanted to fly, but was afraid that I'd never get a chance, and darned if he didn't take me right up on it.

"I'm going to test out this afternoon," he says, "and if you want to go, you can."

You can bet I was back there on time, and we went up. We flew for twenty-five minutes and saw all kinds of scenery, but we didn't go anywhere near the fighting. It was great stuff, though, and if another war comes along before I get too old, I'm going to enlist in the aviation corps.

That was the last I saw of France, for about the time I got back to New York the armistice was signed and I was relieved from overseas duty and sent to a government salvage base, at Staten Island, part of which had been taken over from the Merritt and Chapman Company. I helped to float several ships that went ashore, one of them being the steamer *Northern Pacific.* This steamer recalls to my mind a vessel of similar name, the *Northern Light,* which I have previously mentioned, and an incident which happened during my Arctic career.

A few days before I sailed from San Francisco in the *Northern Light,* a young man came aboard and asked for a chance to go in the vessel. I knew that he was under age and asked where he was from. He told me his name was Stockton and that he had run away from

his home in Brooklyn. Taking a liking to him, I had the cook give him something to eat and asked him to stay aboard the ship and I would see what arrangements could be made for shipping him. I then notified the police, related the incident, and asked if they had received a report concerning any missing boy. Not having any such report, I then asked if they thought it would be safe for me to take him along, as I had no right to ship a minor without the consent of his parents and had no time to communicate with them, as we were to sail in a few days. The police did not think there would be any trouble so I decided to take the chance of shipping him rather than leave him alone in San Francisco. I then told him to write his folks as to his whereabouts, which he did.

He proved to be a capable fellow and learned seamanship very quickly. When we returned to San Francisco I looked out for him, taking care of his money, and when I started east for home he came with me as far as Buffalo. I then gave him his money and advised him to start for home.

That was in 1898, and I heard nothing from him up to the time of the World War. A letter from him was forwarded to me in New York from Vineyard Haven, asking me to recommend him as an able seaman in the Naval Reserves. I made arrangements to meet him, and

through my recommendation he was accepted. Before the war ended he had a rank of Junior Lieutenant.

Stockton's folks were very appreciative and whenever I was in New York during my service in the Navy they insisted upon my making my home with them.

After the salvage base was returned to Merritt and Chapman I asked for my discharge, but was refused, and so I served out the full four years of my enlistment. I'm not sorry now that I did it, for when the time was up I received a discharge that I am proud of. So ended my naval career.

FROM A PORTION OF PAINTING

THE *CHARLES W. MORGAN* AT SEA

BY

HARRY NEYLAND

Chapter XXIII

THE "CHARLES W. MORGAN"

Back home on the Vineyard once more, I tried again to fit a round plug in a square hole by going back to the pound fishing, where I had sunk money before. I sunk more money, and gave it up. Then I tried the meat business for the second time, and for the second time I failed.

I think that the love for adventure and the uncertainty that accompanied the hazardous industry of whaling, along with the beauty of our ships, must have had an influence that made for the whalemen many friends. Possibly many of the whalemen themselves were responsible for this, but be that as it may, whalemen have always had friends, no matter whether in the Arctic, Antarctic, cannibal islands, or civilized ports.

The next episode, which possibly has had the greatest influence on my life is without doubt best explained by G. Warren Hirshson, in his book, published by George H. Reynolds of New Bedford, Massachusetts, entitled *The Whaleship "Charles W. Morgan,"* which gives in full the history of this famous vessel. It is with much pleasure that I am able to quote Mr. Hirshson as follows:

In 1915, Harry Neyland, nationally known marine artist of New Bedford, Massachusetts, conceived the idea of having the city of New Bedford buy one of the old whalers to keep as a memento of the fast declining industry. At that time, however, several whalers were actively engaged in the old pursuit, and the waterfront still held many interesting sights and relics of New Bedford's famous vocation. The idea was characterised by the press as impractical, and little interest in the project was displayed by the public. Foreseeing the complete extinction of whaling within a very short period, Mr. Neyland was determined to have his idea materialise despite the lack of interest, and continued adding to his fast growing collection of old whaling gear and relics.

Fascinated from childhood by the romance of the sea, Mr. Neyland lost no time, when first coming to New Bedford, in recording on his brilliant canvasses the life of our old whalemen. Since that time, hundreds of paintings depicting the now defunct industry have been done by his masterful brush. One whaler, the *Charles W. Morgan*, particularly attracted him, and never an opportunity was lost to study and paint the historic vessel on her arrival in port or while under sail. From tugs and fast motor boats he followed her when outward and homeward bound. Upon the frontispiece is reproduced one of his prize paintings.

In 1921 Mr. Neyland, who was instrumental in forming the Whalemen's Club of New Bedford, suggested that the club buy the old *Morgan* as a club house. Moored alongside one of the wharves, she could serve not only as a club house but as a particularly appropriate whaling museum. Although the suggestion was enthusiastically received, a definite decision was long coming, the ancient mariners being reluctant to leave their comfortable quarters in a modern office building. The project was finally abandoned.

A second disappointment served only to stimulate greater interest in the *Morgan* by Mr. Neyland. This attraction for the old whaler grew to the proportions of buying shares in

her ownership and continued until he had acquired controlling interest.

Without disclosing his authority, the new owner again in 1924 negotiated with the city government of New Bedford. This time, with the sanction of his co-owners, he offered the vessel to the city as a gift, with the provision that it should be maintained as an object of interest that would keep alive the industry which built New Bedford.

As months passed without any definite action being taken by the city, Mr. Neyland sensed another refusal of his offer. During this time several proposals by outside interests to purchase the old whaler for exhibition purposes were received by the owners. But the ocean-scarred *Morgan* was not for sale.

Tenaciously determined that the splendid old ship would be preserved in or near the city in which she was built and claimed as her home port, Mr. Neyland approached Colonel Edward Howland Robinson Green with a proposal should the city reject his offer. For fourteen years the *Morgan* had been owned by members of Colonel Green's family, for it was in 1849 that the ship *Charles W. Morgan* (that was her original rig) was sold to Edward Mott Robinson, maternal grandfather of Colonel Green. The *Morgan* continued in this ownership until 1863.

With much interest Colonel Green had been following Mr. Neyland's patient efforts to secure a permanent resting place for the old ship. The letter which is reprinted herewith graphically describes the result of Mr. Neyland's proposal.

ROUND HILLS HOUSE
SOUTH DARTMOUTH, MASS.
October 2, 1924

Mr. Harry Neyland
New Bedford, Mass.
DEAR MR. NEYLAND:

Referring to our conversation of a month or two ago and the article that appeared in this morning's paper, concerning the old whaling ship *Charles W. Morgan*, I note that you have

become the owner of the controlling interest in the ship. I presume that your only interest in her is the preservation of the old bark and also the memory of whaling in this section of the country.

I have given the matter considerable thought and have concluded that, for sentimental reasons, this particular whaler the *Charles W. Morgan* should be preserved, not only for the pleasure that we of the present day would derive from seeing one of the "old timers" still with us but as a historical heirloom for the generations to follow us. In passing, I may state that, as you know, my grandfather and others were owners of the ship many years ago.

My understanding is that you have attempted to secure the coöperation of the city of New Bedford and its citizens in the laudable cause of preserving this ship and if it can be accomplished in this way, I shall be delighted to contribute five hundred dollars towards that end. If, however, the city of New Bedford and its citizens do not evidence sufficient interest in the perpetuation of her memory, I am willing to make you and her co-owners the following proposition, after, of course, giving those interested a reasonable time to decide:

If nothing is done by the city of New Bedford and its citizens, and the ship can be turned over to me by October 15th, 1924, at 12 o'clock noon, I am willing to take her over. A reliable contractor of New Bedford has informed me that October 15th is the latest date he would be willing to take charge of the ship and guarantee to place her on the south beach of Round Hills Farm, with proper wharfage, breakwater, cofferdam, etc., and complete the work necessary to insure a permanent resting place for her, and make it possible for us to celebrate and lay a memorial tablet on July 4th, 1925.

If your efforts in other directions should fail, and the ship is turned over to me by October 15th, I shall undertake to preserve and maintain her to the best of my ability, and make her a credit to the whaling industry. I have today seen the result of the storm of September 30th on the bark *Wanderer*,

she was smashed to pieces. If the *Charles W. Morgan* is to be preserved, it must be done at once.

Very truly yours,
E. H. R. GREEN.

With this assurance Mr. Neyland delivered an ultimatum to the city government that they must act upon his communication and accept or reject his offer before midnight, October 10, 1924. In a letter from the city clerk, Mr. Neyland was informed that the city government voted to write him a letter of thanks for his generous offer, but felt that it was not warranted in going to the great expense necessary to take over the *Morgan*.

Being relieved of any obligations to the City of New Bedford, Mr. Neyland renewed negotiations with Colonel Green, whereby arrangements were made to form a corporation to be known as Whaling Enshrined, Inc., which corporation Colonel Green willingly agreed to finance and endow as a perpetual memorial to the whaling industry. The objects of the corporation are to enshrine and preserve the whaleship *Charles W. Morgan* and other relics pertaining to the whaling industry, to cradle and foster interest in the history of whaling and trades relative or subsidiary thereto. In addition to the complete re-equipping of the *Morgan* there has been preserved a complete whalecraft shop fully equipped for making harpoons, lances and iron work of any kind pertaining to the building of whaleships. It has also been planned to build a museum, boat shop, sail loft, counting rooms, ship chandlery, oil refinery, and candle works.

Mr. Neyland struck a very responsive chord when he

said that Colonel Green had given a memorial that would be enjoyed for many generations to come, and a fitting memorial inasmuch as it was whaling which had the greatest influence on our national development and international relationship.

After negotiations had been completed for the formation of Whaling Enshrined, Inc. ship carpenters, riggers and other workmen were engaged to start the refitting of the *Charles W. Morgan,* which then laid in a dejected, forlorn condition at a Fairhaven wharf, just across the river from New Bedford.

Mr. Neyland carefully supervised this work and frequent consultations were held with the contractor, Mr. Frank Taylor, who was engaged to repair and refit the bark into her original rig, also with the many whaling captains among whom was myself. I can recall with much pride the many conferences in which I was privileged to take part.

It can well be understood that many of the inhabitants living in a city that had been built by whaling were naturally interested in our last whaleship. No matter who the owners were they too felt that they owned an interest in her, and many had expressed the desire to be allowed aboard the vessel when she was taken to Round Hills. This of course was out of the question, as practically all the ballast had been removed and what little remained was placed forward so as to float her

"Cap'n George Fred" To-day

The Phantom Ship:
The *Charles W. Morgan* at Night

into the cofferdam which was to form her last resting place.

On May 1, 1925 I met Mr. Neyland at his request, and at that time a secret code was arranged whereby he was to notify me of the date when the *Morgan* was to be towed to Round Hills. On May 6th I arrived in New Bedford. At two o'clock on the morning of May 7, 1925, Mr. Neyland and I went aboard the *Morgan*, then rigged as a ship. Preparations had been made and tugs quietly steamed down the harbour and took us in tow, and when the inhabitants awakened the *Morgan* was not in sight. However, many of them were at the dock at Round Hills awaiting her arrival, a few hours later.

Immediately I was put in charge to see that the vessel was placed in the cofferdam, properly trimmed in ballast.

So here I am commanding a ship set in the sand. True, she lays alongside of a wharf as she always did and her spars and sails, rigging and fittings are correct to the last halyard on the belaying pin, but there is no life in her, because there is no water under her keel.

Perhaps we two, the ship and myself, compare pretty favourable. She is considerably older than I am, being eighty-seven years off the stocks, but both of us have been tumbled around by the waters of every ocean, and now that we are not wanted to hunt whales any more, we are laid up here so that people can get some idea

of how the business used to be done. The ship is on exhibition, and I sometimes think that I am too.

Recorded in the New Bedford Customs House are the sales of thirty-two 1/32 shares of the *Morgan.* These shares were sold by Mr. Neyland to people who were selected because of their interest in the old ship and who wished to be identified with the plan of preserving her. During the time Mr. Neyland was negotiating with the city to take over the *Morgan,* a number of public-spirited citizens, some of whom had owned in whaleships or were descendants of noted whaling merchants, had many kind words to say for the old vessel. When the public learned that a corporation was to be formed which was to be endowed by Colonel Green, everyone wished to own an interest and have his name appear on the bronze memorial tablet which is located on the wharf alongside the ship.

I am proud to say that a share was reserved for me and that my name appears among the owners. I am also proud of my position. There are no more such ships as the *Morgan,* and there are only a few of us old whalemen left. After spending about all of my active years in learning the whaling business there is a whole lot of pleasure, now that I can't get aloft as handy as I did once, in telling others about it, and explaining how it was done.

From June 1, 1927 to June 1, 1928, 189,851 people came on board to inspect the ship, coming from all parts

of the United States and even from foreign countries. They are all interested in whaling, and as the captain of the only old-timer whaler left I can show them just how the work was carried on, giving every detail and leaving out nothing but a view of the whales themselves —and I've got parts of them aboard, by Judas!

There isn't a thing aboard that ship from her keelson to maintruck that I haven't had my hands on, and there isn't a thing that I haven't worked on or with, sometime in my life.

I have said that the ship lacks life. 'T is so, just as I do with soil under my feet, but there is this consolation. Neither of us is dead or near to it. Shovel away the sand from the *Morgan's* sides, caulk her, and she'll go around the world—and I can sail her, by Godfrey!

THE END

WALTERS & SONS
BOUND
JAN 29 1937
CHICAGO, ILL.